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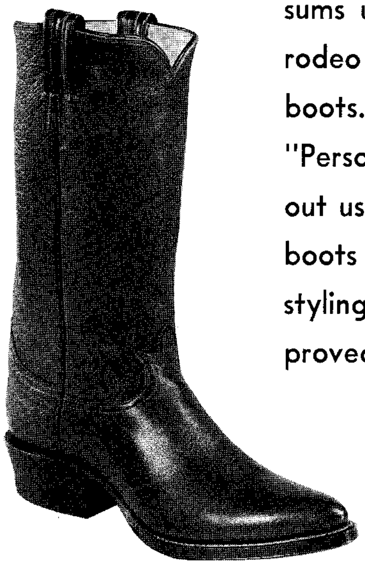

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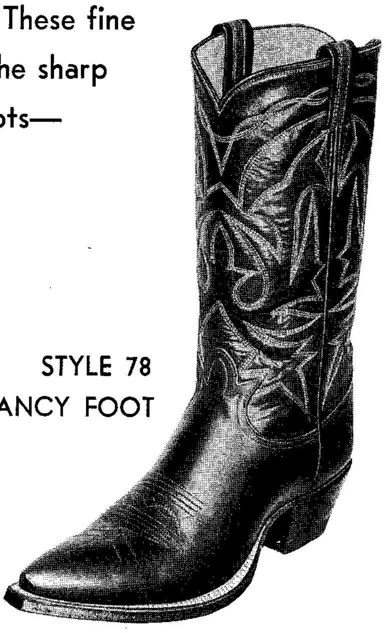

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FRONTIER TIMES

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By Josef Muench

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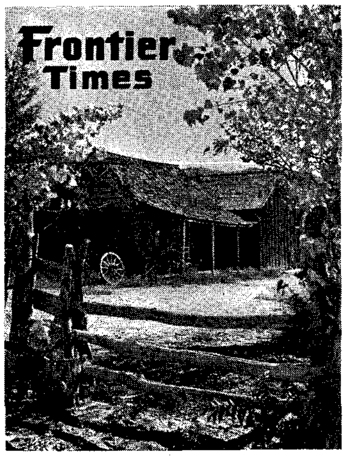

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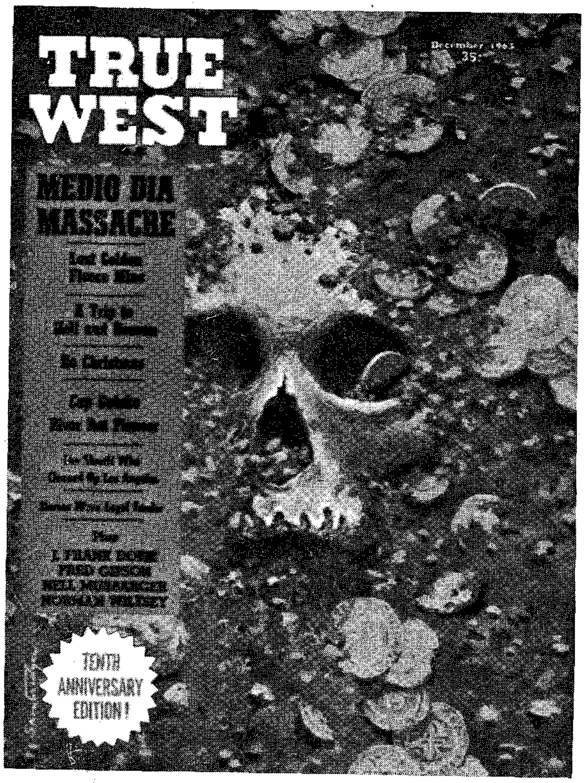

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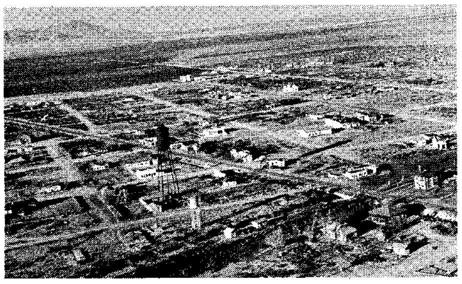

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FRONTIER POST

The Madstone

Dear Joe:

I would like to give you a true account of an incident that happened in our family at Jim Town, Indian Territory, in 1895. I hope it will be interesting to people who are inclined to downgrade the madstone, which you had a story about in the November issue of FRONTIER TIMES.

At that time my brother and I were attending school in a one-room box schoolhouse where our grandfather, Billie Nelson, was teaching. During the noon hour a bunch of small kids were playing in a sand bed under a large oak tree just in front of the school when a big, black, shaggy Shepherd came galloping along the road dragging a long section of heavy chain and frothing at the mouth. The dog was traveling from the west in an easterly direction. The kids jumped up and ran to the schoolhouse hollering, "Mad dog!"

My brother Joe jumped up and looked in the wrong direction and the dog whirled to one side and bit him in several places on his back. Grandfather mounted his pony which was tethered nearby and pursued the dog for quite some distance but, as he had no firearm, he had to give up the chase and return to school.

The rabid dog followed the road for a couple of miles into the Red River bottom where a man by the name of Tom Patton and another man were riding after cattle. Tom dismounted from his horse and attempted to catch the dog by the chain that he was still dragging The dog turned on him and bit him several times on the leg.

My stepfather, H. B. Tucker, put Joe behind him on a horse and headed for Gainesville, Texas, which was about thirty miles to the south across Red River. He had heard that there was a madstone located there. On their arrival, the stone was placed on the wounds but failed to adhere (or stick, as we called it). My stepfather returned home convinced that the dog was not rabid and went back to plowing corn.

He had not much more than got his team hitched to the plow when here came a rider with a message from Tom Patton who had also gone across the river into Texas to a madstone that he had heard of. He said that the madstone was sticking and to bring Joe on over at once. My stepfather unhitched the team from the plow and hitched them to a covered wagon and loaded the family into it. With the messenger as a guide he lost no time getting to the madstone. It was still sticking to Tom's wounds, there being several and each having to be treated separately.

When applied to a fresh wound it would stick for a while before it would fall off. Then the attendant would place it in sweet milk over a fire in the fireplace as they did not have a cookstove, and boil it for a few minutes until the milk turned a yellow-green and became slimy. After this, it would be re-applied to the wound. Each time it would stick for a shorter period of time until eventually it would not stick at all. Then it would be placed on another wound. On Joe, it adhered tightly for several hours before it came loose.

These folks lived in a two-room log cabin with a side room or lean-to attached. The family consisted of the father, mother and a teen-age daughter. The daughter, as the story was told to us, had a hobby of collecting what she called "pretty" rocks, and in her collection she had one rock that she was especially fond of. One evening a

(Continued on page 64)

Grandfather Billie Nelson and Allen Tucker

THE WAY IT REALLY WAS!

TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES never get out of date. Filled with the timeless sagas of the Old West, the back issues are *fascinating* to read, and to keep. Begin the interesting hobby of collecting them, and watch their value grow as they become more and more scarce. As soon as we sell out of a back issue, collectors immediately begin asking $1, $5 or more for a copy—and getting it!

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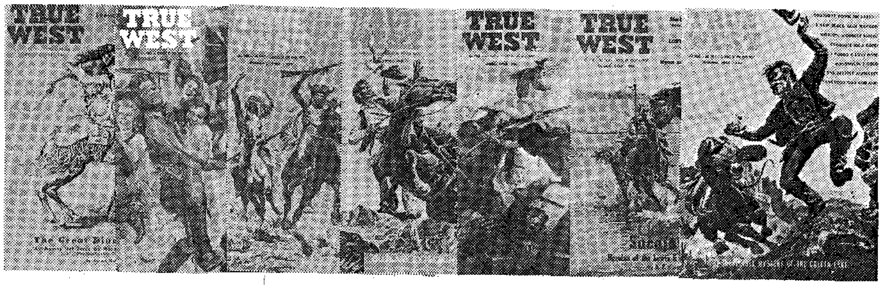

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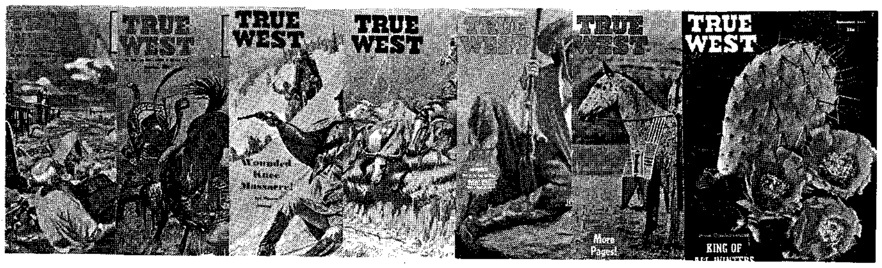

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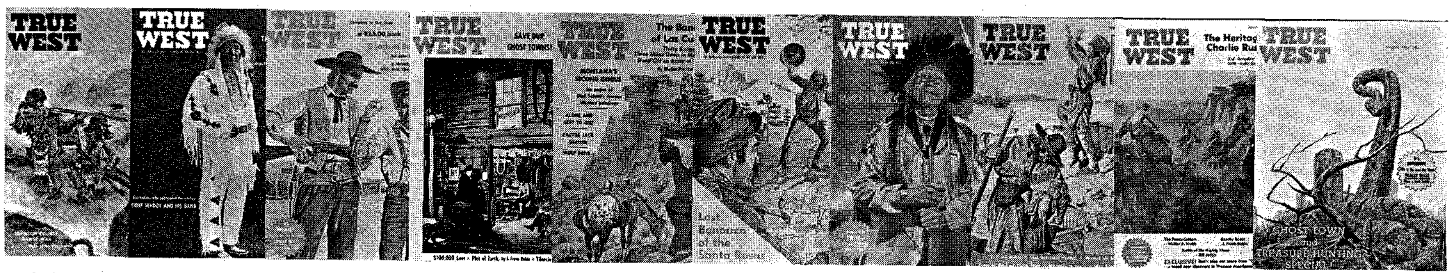

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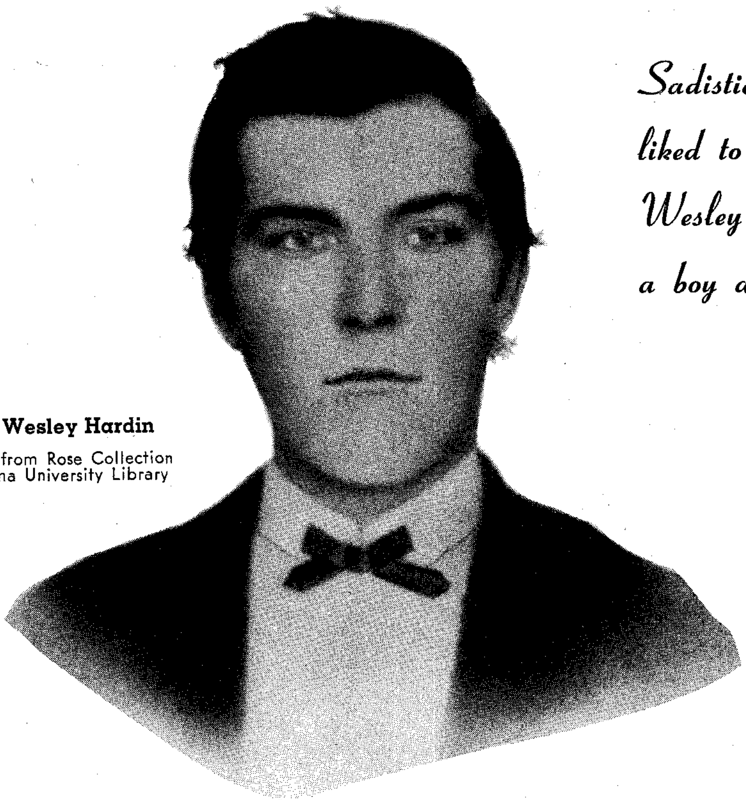

John Wesley Hardin

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Sadistic, cold-blooded, a killer who took life because he liked to see men die? They are still arguing about John Wesley Hardin, a man who embraced violence while still a boy and was faithful to it all his life

40 TIMES A KILLER!

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Author's Note: Ever since the roaring heyday of the Old West, a hot and endless controversy has raged among students and writers of Western Americana as to just *who* was the fastest, deadliest gunfighter of them all. Some experts passionately believe that Wild Bill Hickok was the ace pistoleer of all time. Others, equally passionate, salute Ben Thompson, Wyatt Earp or Bat Masterson. Clay Allison of the Washita has his ardent devotees; so has Bad Bill Longley and the "Long-haired" Jim Courtright.

Yet, since the primary function of a man with a gun is to *kill*, the heated arguments are ridiculous. Slice it any way you wish, first choice in gunfighters must be dictated by lethal performance with firearms and nothing else. Judged solely by that grim standard, the bloody award goes to John Wesley Hardin—hands down. Hardin studded a gory career with forty-odd killings. No man kills forty human beings, no matter what the provocation, unless he *enjoys* killing. That gruesome fact does much to explain the spine-chilling enigma of Wes Hardin. Today, he would be judged a psychotic multiple murderer, and quickly disposed of as a menace to society. In his own day, he was a figure of terror and mystery and even romance—a handsome, arrogant pistol expert who considered himself above the law, crudely boasting that he took "no sass but sassparila (sarsaparilla)" from any man.

WES HARDIN started his career of wholesale slaughter as an undisciplined youth of fifteen, when he shot and killed a Negro who he claimed had threatened him with a club. Fifteen-year-old boys didn't usually carry six-guns, even in post-war Texas in 1868, and Wes was no exception. But when the Negro threatened him, he rode to his uncle's house and borrowed a Colt .44. Returning to the field where the Negro had come at him with a stick, Wes emptied the six-shooter into the man's body and left him dying in a ditch. One shot didn't satisfy Hardin's raging blood-lust in this shooting; nor did it ever in *any* shooting. Admittedly, he loved to pump lead into a squirming victim until his pistol was empty—it clearly shows in his written account of his first killing:

"I stopped in the road and Maje (the Negro) came at me with his big stick. He struck me, and as he did, I pulled out a Colt .44 six-shooter and told him to get back. By this time Maje had my horse by the bridle, but I shot him loose.

"He kept coming back and every time he would start, I would shoot again and again until I shot him down. Then I went to Uncle Clabe Holshousen and brought him and another man back to where Maje was lying. Maje still showed signs of fight and called me a liar. If it had not been for my uncle, I would have shot him again.

"Uncle Holshousen gave me a $20 gold piece and told me to go home and tell my father all about the big fight, that Maje was bound to die, and for me to look out for the Yankee soldiers who were all over the country."

At this time, three years after the close of the Civil War, Texas was under military rule. Soldiers came hunting the boy killer, only to find him vanished. Wes had taken off for the open prairie in Trinity County and holed up with a rancher friend of his older brother Joe. The Morgan Ranch was in remote country, and Hardin figured he was safe there until the courts were no longer in the hands of Yankee judges. Then, he promised himself righteously, he would surrender and stand trial.

Hardin's pledge was never put to the test, for brother Joe came racing a tired horse one midnight to warn him that a detachment of cavalry was coming to capture him.

Wes buckled on his gun-belt, holding two Colt .44s. "How many are there?" he asked quietly.

Joe swore in angry amazement. "What difference does it make? You can't fight the United States Army! Hit the trail—and *fast*, if you want to save your life."

"No bunch of Damyankees are going to run *me* off like a scared jackrabbit."

"Have it your way," said Joe, tight-lipped. "You always *were* stubborn as a jughead mule—and now, damned if I don't think you're *loco* as well! Go commit suicide if you want —I can't help you any more."

Photo courtesy Brenham Banner Press

The shortage of "hitchin' space" indicates some interesting goings-on at the courthouse in Brenham, Texas, on this day in the 1870s.

Joe rode back toward Trinity City. Wes headed south, toward the approaching Federal soldiers.

THE SHOWDOWN came the following afternoon, after a friendly rancher tipped off Wes that the cavalrymen, only three in number, were but a few miles away.

Near a ford where the trail crossed a creek coursing through a gully, Hardin carefully prepared his ambush. He tied his horse in a clump of bushes, drew both six-shooters and waited. He was tense, but cold and steady. From his hidden position, he commanded a clear view of the trail as it rounded a bend and approached the ford.

He hadn't long to wait; in less than an hour he heard the sound of horses' hoofs down the trail. Three troopers, one Negro and two white men, rounded the bend at a lope, then slowed their horses to a walk as they spotted the ford. Hardin froze them to a halt with a piercing Rebel yell.

"What the *hell*!" exclaimed the corporal leading the small detachment, pulling his Colt. "Hey, Reb! Come out of there—the war's over!"

"I'm John Wesley Hardin. If you want me, come and get me!"

Suddenly the corporal spied Hardin's horse, bulking dimly in the thicket. He whipped up his six-gun and fired, the bullet grazing the fugitive's hat. Wes' answering slug drilled the corporal through the heart.

Taking instant advantage of the confusion caused by the corporal's fall, Hardin mounted his horse and charged, shooting. Before he toppled from his horse mortally wounded, the one remaining white soldier, aiming deliberately, put a bullet through Hardin's left arm. The Negro whirled his mount and tried to escape while Wes raced his horse after him, yelling, "Surrender in the name of the Confederacy!" At fifty feet, Hardin put two slugs into his back and brought him down.

Neighboring ranchers helped Wes bury the three bodies in the creek bed, after attending to his wounded arm. The clothing, saddle blankets and saddles of the soldiers were burned; the U.S.-branded horses shot and buried. Not a vestige of evidence was left for Army patrols to uncover when Hardin turned his horse back toward Morgan's place.

Morgan was worried when he heard Wes' story of what had happened. "Boy, you'll hang sure if those Yankee soldiers ever catch you! I got a friend down on the Brazos. I'll grubstake you and you hit for there *muy pronto*. Hide out during the day and ride at night until you get there."

Hardin shrugged carelessly. "Don't worry about *me*, Pop—I'll never hang. I'll hide out for a while, then get a job on a ranch. The Brazos is as good a place as any, I reckon."

Hardin drifted about the southern range for several months before moving back north. In a Richland saloon, in the southern corner of Navarro County, Wes again ran afoul of the Yankee troopers. He stood at the bar drinking when a squad of cavalry clattered into the town square, dismounted, hitched their horses to the tie-rail and headed for the saloon.

Quickly, Wes pulled both guns and headed out the front door. He got the drop on the troopers and held them off at gun-point while he backed to his horse and made his getaway. He took out for camp with his horse on a dead run.

In camp, three miles away in the Richland bottoms, Wes had left his nineteen-year-old cousin, "Simp" Dixon. Simp, despite his silly nickname, was no man's fool. He saw the troops chasing Wes and hurried to saddle his horse and get ready to ride.

Hardin came galloping into camp half a mile ahead of his pursuers. "Grab the rifles, Simp, and ride along with me!" he yelled. "We're goin' to ambush these fellows farther down in the swamp."

Hounding the fugitives' broad trail through the thick underbrush, the squad of soldiers ran full into the ambush the deadly cousins had set up for them. From behind cypress stumps, Wes and Simp killed two of the soldiers in the scrap that followed. Hardin gives an account of this fight in his autobiography:

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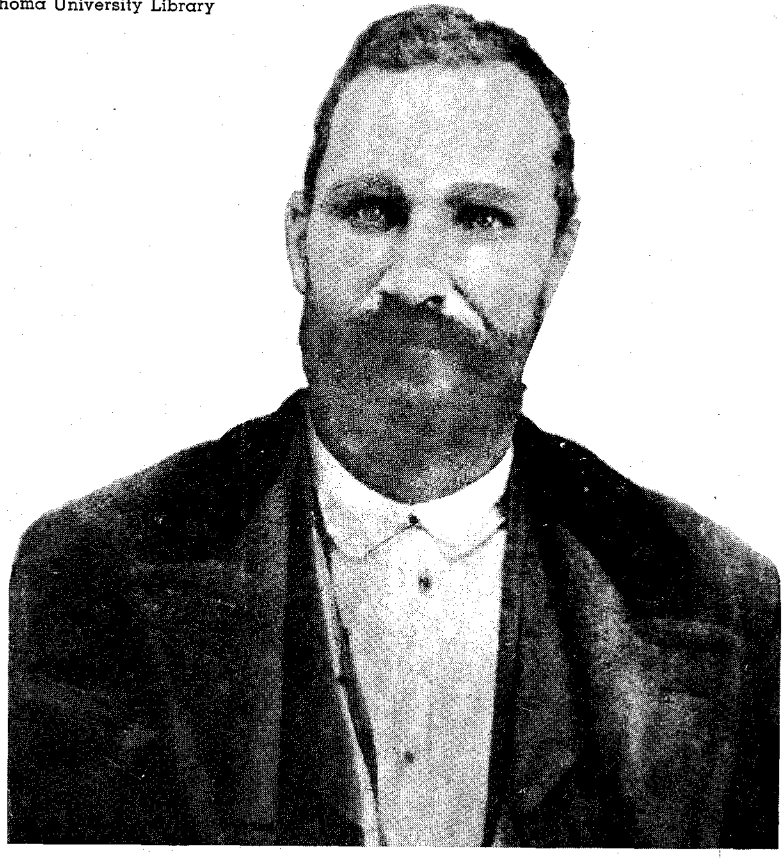
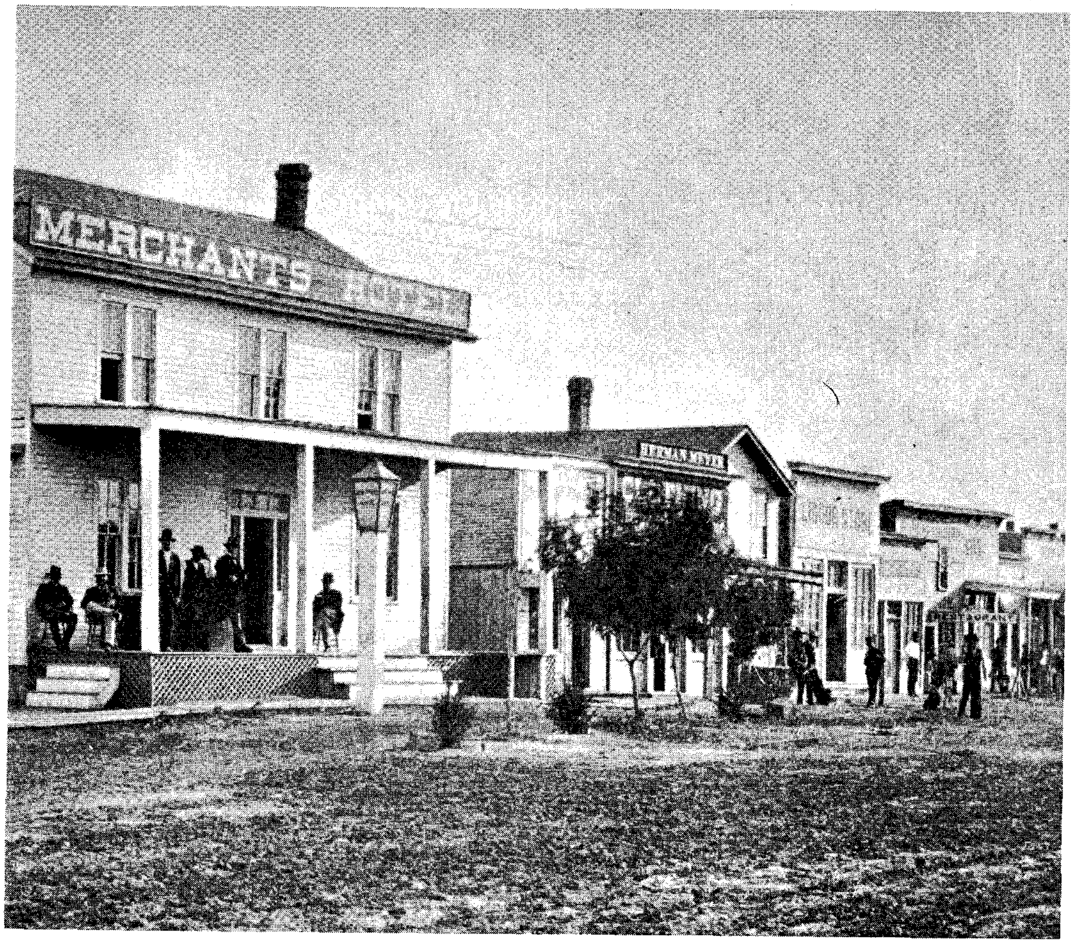


Above, John Selman, the gunfighter who gunned down Hardin in the Acme Saloon. Below, a street scene in Abilene, Kansas, as it appeared in the 1870s.

Photo from Kansas State Historical Society



"I had a cousin named Simp Dixon who belonged to the Ku Klux Klan and was sworn to kill Yankee soldiers as long as he lived. He had been raised in north Texas, but was forced to fly from there because his mother, brothers and sisters were tortured and killed by the United States soldiers because of their loyalty to the Southern cause. Simp, therefore, had good cause for hating the Yankees. There was a big reward for Simp, and of course I sympathized with him. On one occasion in a Richland bottom a squad of soldiers ran upon us and a pitched battle ensued. It was a free and fast fight. When the battle was over, two soldiers lay dead. Simp killed one and I killed the other, while the rest escaped. Simp was afterward killed by a squad of soldiers at Cotton Gin, in Limestone County (Texas)."

READING between the lines of this drab, unemotional account, one gets a vivid picture of the savagery and terror of the times. Texas in this period was under the stern command of General Philip Sheridan. The terrible War Between the States was over, but the hatred of all things Yankee lingered on. Thousands of Texans had died defending the Confederacy; those who survived were in no mood to accept an iron-fisted Federal dictatorship.

In this turbulent Reconstruction period, all Texans who refused to take the "Ironclad Oath" of allegiance to the existing government could not vote. Heavily armed soldiers in the hated blue Federal uniform were stationed at every voting place to guard against any "irregularities." The hectic times were ripe for the development of outlaws and desperadoes of all types. Fiery-tempered Wes Hardin, seething with a sense of injustice and persecution, became the worst of a bad lot.

Nothing in Hardin's background provided the slightest hint that he would become the deadliest gunman the West ever produced. Born in Fannin County, Texas, on May 26, 1853, Wes came from an excellent family. His mother was a cultured gentlewoman and his father a pioneering minister, a circuit rider, who braved all sorts of danger and hardship to bring the Gospel to outlying settlements in Fannin County. Even the roving Comanches failed to stop the Reverend Hardin from making his rounds and completing his religious duties. The preacher rode a fast horse and was a crack shot with either the rifle he carried in a scabbard handy to his right hand, or the heavy Dragoon Colt he packed in his saddle-bag. Proficiency with shooting irons Wes learned from his stalwart father, even if he inherited none of his finer qualities.

Wes himself blamed the war and the hatreds and pressures it engendered for the waste and ruin of his life. "But for the war," he was fond of saying in later years, "I would have been the preacher or lawyer my father wanted me to be." Perhaps he might have been; certainly he possessed the necessary intelligence. But the war did explode like a frightful storm sweeping the land, and Wes Hardin did go terribly wrong. He became one of an army of wild, young Texans drifting about the West from the roaring Kansas railhead towns to El Paso on the Mexican border. He differed from his contemporaries only in the quality of his icy nerve and in the uncanny skill with which he handled a six-gun and a deck of cards. He was unequaled in the deft manipulation of both.

SAMPSON & HENRICKS

Congress Avenue in Austin, Texas, showing the old Capitol top center.
Courtesy Rose Photographic Collection, University of Oklahoma Library

Hardin's sadistic psychological quirks popped up again in the wide open town of Towash on the Brazos on Christmas Day of 1869. Tough-nut gamblers from Hot Springs, Arkansas, frequented the town to race their horses against one another's and engage in sky-limit poker games when darkness called a halt to the races. Self-proclaimed "chief" among the hot sports was a huge, red-faced bully known as "Big" Jim Bradley.

It was inevitable that Bradley and the slim, smiling, sixteen-year-old Hardin would clash. Wes loved horse racing as much as he loved poker, and he promptly matched his fast black mare against Bradley's best horse. The mare won easily and Wes cleaned up $500, most of it won from Bradley himself. Big Jim promptly tried to buy the mare. Young Hardin laughed at his offer, and Bradley stamped off in a towering rage. The stage was set for trouble.

Wes sat in on a poker game that night against Bradley and several of his henchmen. Recognizing the fact that he'd be one against many, Wes brought his friend, Jack Collins, along to see that he got a fair shake. Collins didn't play: he merely sat near Hardin and watched the proceedings.

The experienced Arkansas gamblers figured they had a "pigeon" in the sixteen-year-old Wes. They couldn't have been more mistaken. By midnight Wes had cleaned out the "money man," Bradley, and reduced the others to a few dollars apiece. Coolly the youth picked up his gold and turned to leave. Bradley grabbed him by the shoulder and spun him around.

"Where do you think you're going?" he snarled.

Hardin twisted free from the big man's grip. "Back to camp," he smiled. "You're clean, and these boys of yours have about $20 between 'em. I can't make any more money here; I only stand to lose what I won already."

"You gotta give me a chance to get even!" roared Bradley. "I'll stake my best horse against that $300 you won."

Hardin laughed. "What do you take me for—a sucker? *Adios, mi amigo.* I'm going back to camp."

RIGHT THEN, for the first and next to last time in his life, Wes Hardin was outsmarted. The gambler seated on his right reached swiftly with deft fingers and relieved Hardin of his Colt. The boy gunman was disarmed and helpless. He was also barefoot, having removed his boots for comfort during the game.

"Now, kid," grinned Bradley, "hand over that money belt of yours!"

At that tense moment, Jack Collins leaped and knocked Bradley's pistol down with his left hand. The big Colt blasted with a deafening report, throwing a slug into the floor. In the same split second, Jack drew his Remington .45 and covered the three Arkansas gamblers. Hardin darted out the door, and Collins backed out behind him. Under cover of darkness, both youths got away fast.

Wes didn't run far. He stopped abruptly and said in disgust, "Now why in hell am I running away from that bunch of tinhorns?"

"Come on!" urged Jack. "We can get clean away."

"And leave my boots and my pistol for those crooks? Not much! Give me your pistol and I'll go back and collect 'em."

"Don't be a fool! They'll kill you sure!"

"Mebbe so, mebbe not. Give me your pistol!"

Jack reluctantly complied. Swiftly Wes made his way back toward the log shack. He had almost reached it when Bradley and his two henchmen came out, laughing and talking.

Hardin stepped forward, a shadowy figure in the darkness. "Bradley!" he snapped. The trio froze. "*You*, big man," said Wes softly. "Go back in there and get my boots and pistol. But drop your gun-belt first."

Hardin recounted the fight as follows:

"He commenced to fire on me, firing once, then snapping (misfire) and firing again. By this time we were within five or six feet of each other, and I fired a .45 Remington at his heart and right after that at his head. He staggered and fell and said, 'O, Lordy, don't shoot me any more!' I could not stop. I was shooting because I did not want to take any chances on a reaction. The crowd ran, and I stood there and cursed them loud and long as cowardly devils who had urged a man to fight and when he did and fell, deserted him like cowards and traitors."

The above paragraph is one of the most revealing in Hardin's book if properly analyzed. Note that Hardin kept shooting *after* Bradley was down, defenseless and begging for his life. Typically, he tried to put the blame for the killing on Bradley's comrades. Again and again in his life story, Hardin attempted to justify his murderous career with similar absurd statements. There is only one valid explanation: *he loved to kill!*

Bradley was shot in the body and in the head with .45 caliber slugs at a range of six feet; yet Wes kept pumping lead into his body until his gun was empty. This action was purely that of

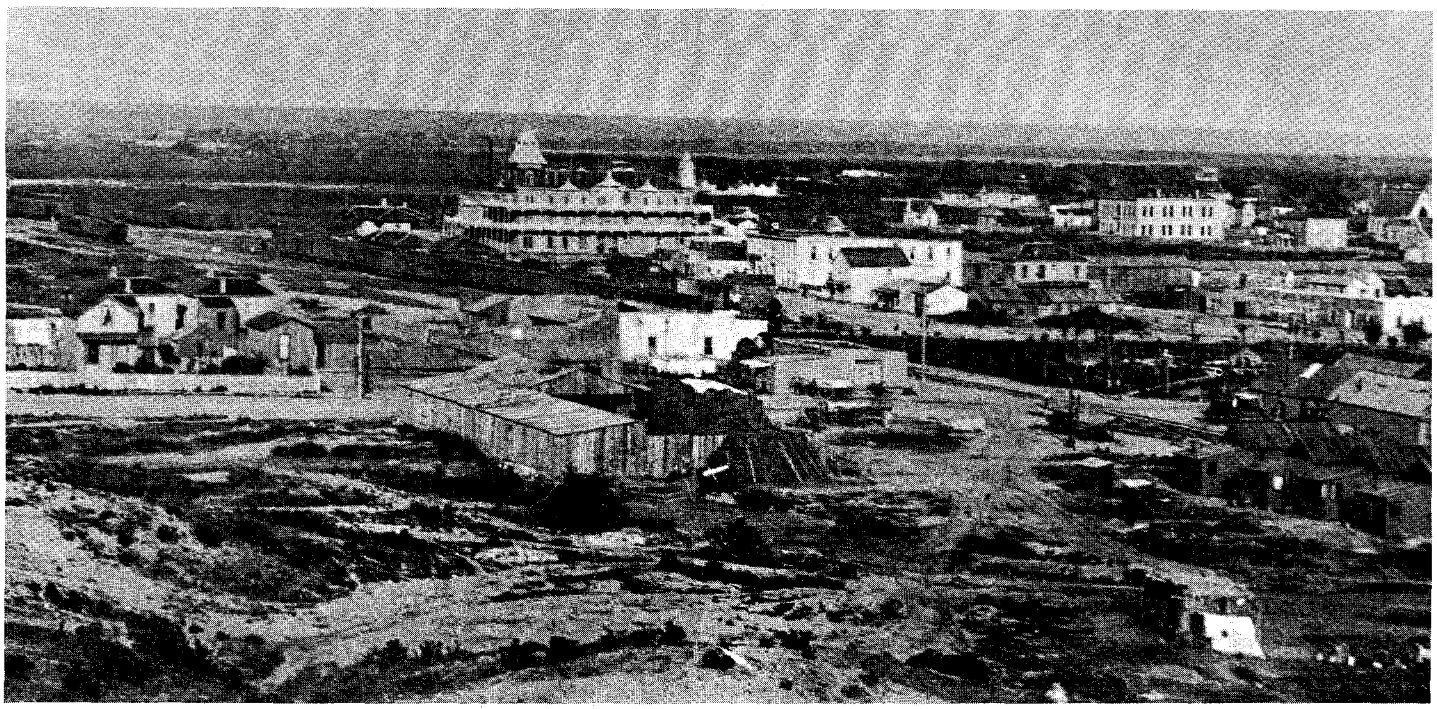


Photo courtesy El Paso Chamber of Commerce

El Paso was already a sprawling town of the Plains in 1883. It was here two years later that Hardin was gunned down.

a psychotic killer; certainly not that of a sane man.

Bradley's friends banded together after the killing of their leader and moved to drive Hardin out of Towash. Tipped off by faithful Jack Collins, Wes rode down the Brazos with the mob only a few miles behind him. The hunted youth forted up in a deserted cabin on the west bank of the Brazos below Page's settlement. His pursuers surrounded the cabin at daybreak and called upon Wes to surrender.

Hardin cut loose with both guns. The leader of the gang ducked behind a tree and bellowed to Wes to stop shooting. "Surrender and you'll get a fair trial," he promised.

"You don't say!" laughed the sixteen-year-old—and knocked bark from the tree with a carefully placed bullet.

"I mean it," repeated the leader nervously. "Give up and I'll pledge you my word I'll turn you over to the sheriff."

"Take me safely down to Austin and I'll surrender," yelled back Wes.

So it was agreed. Two men rode up to the door of the cabin and waited for Hardin to admit them. "When they came," wrote Wes, "I covered them with a double-barrel shotgun and told them their lives depended on their actions, and unless they obeyed my orders to the letter I would shoot first one and then the other.

" 'Tell your friends out there', I said, 'that Hardin has surrendered and that they had better go home or meet you at Jim Page's, that Hardin is afraid of a mob.' They did so, and the crowd moved off toward Page's. When they were out of sight, I made both men lay down their arms. One had a double-barrel shotgun and two six-shooters; the other had a rifle and two derringers. They complied with my request under the potent persuasion of my gun leveled first at one and then the other. I then got my horse and told those fellows to follow their pals to Jim Page's, that I would be along directly and to wait for me there. I reckon they are waiting for me there yet."

THAT'S Hardin's version of the affair. Another story has it that Wes was taken prisoner by the mob and then escaped in a running gunfight in which he shot two of his pursuers and was himself wounded. Either way adds up to quite a performance for a sixteen-year-old boy. In any event, Wes got clean away and drifted through Texas working his way on cattle ranches as he went. Eventually he built up a stake and started gambling for a living in and around Brenham, in Washington County.

At Brenham and in the neighboring town of Bryan, young Hardin mingled with such experts with pistols and pasteboards as Ben Thompson, the deft-fingered Austin gambler, and his brother Bill; flamboyant King Fisher; handsome, suave Phil Coe and other tough gentry. Coe took a liking to Wes and named him "Little Seven Up," because Hardin always called for the game on dealer's choice.

Wes held his own with the best of them at the card table, and—after carefully sizing up the cool, smiling youngster—not a gunfighter in the crowd cared to test his nerve and skill at pistol play.

It was during this period in his career that Hardin met "Bad Bill" Longley, reputed to be the fastest man with a six-gun in all of Texas. The meeting occurred at a race track at Evergreen, a few miles west of Brenham. Something about the assured youngster impressed Longley so much that he made no move to bulldoze Wes.

"The kid's got the eyes of a gunman," explained Bill to a friend. "I don't mess with that kind unless the chips are down and it's me or them."

The pair met later at a poker game in town, and Wes cleaned Bill out of his last dollar by topping Longley's ace-high full house with four jacks. Even then, Bill didn't lose his smile.

Texas Rangers, under fearless Captain Leander McNelly, moved into the Brenham section shortly after Hardin's meeting with Bill Longley. Wes figured the Rangers were after him, and took off hurriedly for the Louisiana border. He wanted no part of McNelly, slick gunslinger though he was. Wes hid out in Louisiana a few months, and then ventured back into Texas to try his hand at gambling in the little border town of Longview. Here he stepped into more trouble his first hour in town.

Two members of the Texas State Police moved in on him as he stood drinking at a bar and arrested him at pistol point. The officers took him to the local jail and locked him up with four other hard characters suspected of various crimes. Hardin took one look at his grimy cell-mates and yelled for a lawyer. His request was granted, and the mouthpiece just about had him sprung when the police came up with a warrant charging him with a killing in Waco. Wes indignantly denied that he was ever in Waco, but the lawmen made the charge stick. Two officers were detailed to escort Hardin to Waco to stand trial for the murder charge.

Realizing that action and not words were needed at this point, the young gunman bought a Colt .45 from one of his fellow prisoners and a heavy overcoat from another. (How a man under arrest in a jail cell managed to conceal a six-gun on his person is not explained in any contemporary account.) Craftily, Hardin hung the Colt under his left armpit with pieces of twine and started out with his captors on the long ride to Waco.

A blizzard was whooping out of the north when the three men departed. Ice covered the ground and the weather was so cold nobody thought to search Hardin for weapons. Captain John Stokes and a half-breed Mexican named Jim Smolley were the unlucky pair detailed to make the 230-mile ride to deliver the prisoner at Waco. Stokes bluntly informed Wes

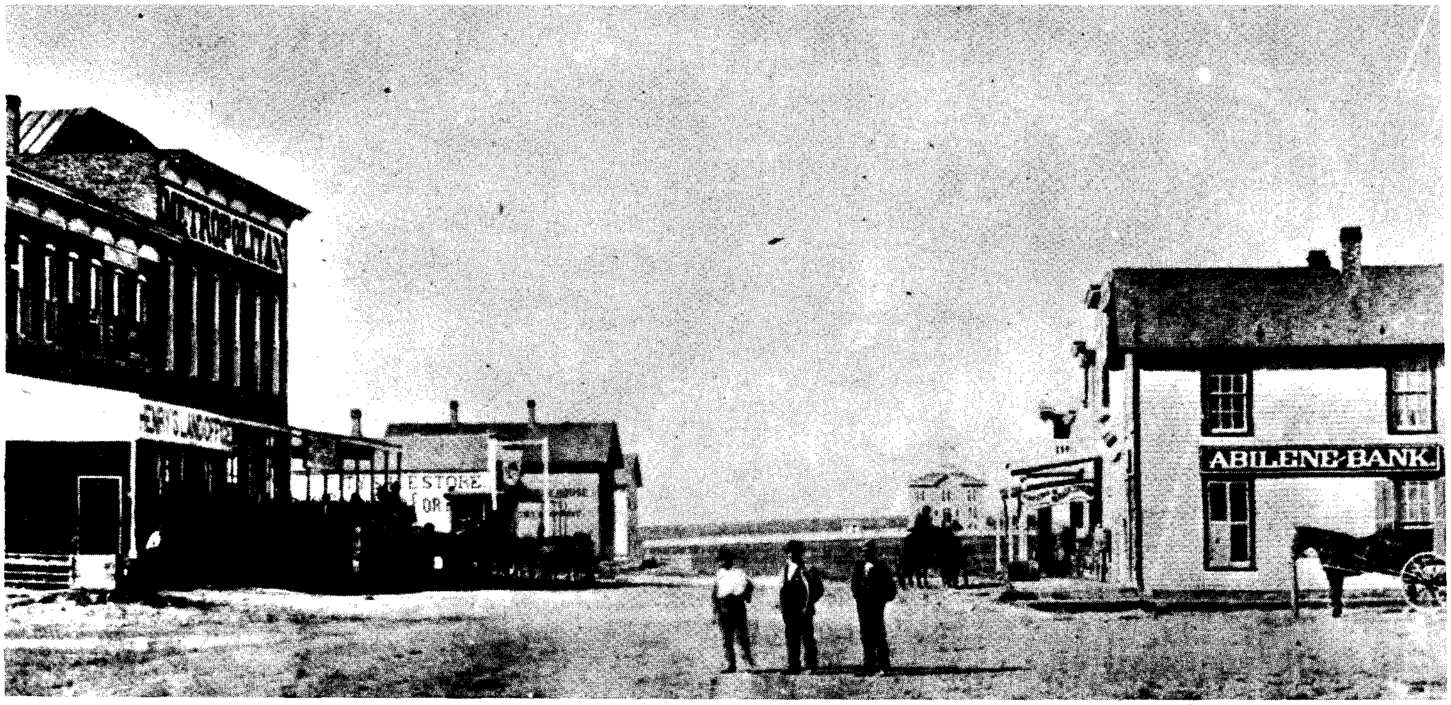


Photo from Western History Collection of the Denver Public Library

Abilene, Kansas, as it appeared during the time Hardin was there.

that he would shoot him at the slightest provocation.

Hardin grinned at this information but kept silent. He made his break just after the party crossed the swollen Trinity River. Out of corn for the horses, Captain Stokes left Wes in Smolley's charge while he hunted a farmhouse for more provender. The way Hardin tells what happened next indicates pretty clearly that Smolley was a prize specimen of stupidity as a lawman.

"CAPTAIN STOKES went to get some corn and fodder for our horses," relates Wes. While he was gone, Jim Smolley cursed me as was his habit and threatened to shoot me, pointing his pistol at me to scare me. Then he sat down on a stump near our horses, which were hitched to one body of the tree. I pretended to be crying and got behind the little black pony. I put my head down on his back and meanwhile untied the string that held my pistol. I kept one eye on him to see if he was watching me.

"When I got the pistol ready I rushed around on Jim and said, 'Throw up your hands.' He commenced to draw his pistol, when I fired, and Jim Smolley fell dead because he did not have enough sense to throw up his hands at the point of a pistol."

Wes took the best of the three horses and rode hard for Belton in Bell County, where he had friends. He got halfway between Waco and Belton when his horse played out and he was overtaken by a posse of three men. He surrendered without a fight, coolly planning to kill his captors at the first opportunity. His chance came that night, when the party went into camp.

After a supper of coffee, bacon and cold biscuits, shared with the meek, boyish prisoner, the three posse members took a few warming belts at a bottle of whiskey. Presently, policemen Davis and Jones rolled up in their blankets beside the fire, leaving Smith on guard.

Smith had drunk more bust-head whiskey than he could handle, and began to doze off. Hardin waited until he started to snore, then picked up Davis' shotgun and blew his head half off with a load of buckshot. The second barrel took care of Jones.

Awakened by the booming reports of the shotgun, Davis raised up to find himself looking into the muzzle of a six-gun held by Hardin. The doomed man begged pitifully for his life until the slugs silenced him. Wes "kept shooting until I was satisfied he was dead."

When next heard from, Hardin was riding north helping to drive a herd of Texas cattle to railhead in Kansas. Texas warrants, even murder warrants, were largely ignored by Kansas lawmen so Wes felt pretty safe.

Crossing the Red River into Indian Territory, the herd moved up the Chisholm Trail. From now on, there was never a dull moment for the trail drivers. Indians arrogantly demanded ten cents a head for all cattle crossing their territory, and tried to collect the toll in beef when the tax was not paid.

Hardin's rugged outfit declined to ante and raids promptly followed. The angry cowboys burned gunpowder a-plenty in retaliation, but hit few Indians. One brave stole a silver-mounted bridle belonging to Hardin. Wes recovered it next day when the same band of redskins raided the herd again. In the fracas, Hardin killed one Indian and tied his body to that of a dead steer as a warning to his fellows.

Next, the youthful gunman tangled with a Mexican trail boss who insisted upon driving his herd too close behind Hardin's outfit. He jumped the Mexican, wrestled him off his horse. Both men were badly beaten up in the fight, but Wes wasn't satisfied. After getting patched up, Hardin led his cowboys in a headlong attack upon the Mexicans. No exact account of this bloody prairie brawl has survived to the present day, but it is generally agreed that sharpshooting Wes killed five out of the six Mexicans slaughtered. At least he proudly wrote so in his book, and nobody has ever seriously disputed his claim.

It was June 1, 1871, when Hardin reached Abilene, Kansas, then the "Cow Capital of the Nation." Wes was delighted with Abilene. "I have seen a few fast towns, but I think Abilene beats them all," he wrote. "The town was filled with sporting men and women, gamblers, cowboys, desperadoes and the like. It was well supplied with barrooms, hotels, barber shops and gambling houses, and everything was open."

Pockets bulging with his pay, Wes headed straight for the Bull's Head Saloon, operated by his old Texas acquaintances, Ben Thompson and Phil Coe.

Ben and Phil welcomed him heartily, and proceeded to explain the local law enforcement setup to him—if such it could be called. At that time "Wild Bill" Hickok was marshal of Abilene, having succeeded "Bear River" Tom Smith, murdered the preceding November.

ACCORDING TO Thompson and Coe, Hickok was a shakedown artist, protecting crooked gamblers and confidence men in return for a generous cut of their take. Wild Bill believed in shooting first and making an "arrest" later—particularly if his target was a Texan. He also was raising hell with the two partners over the vividly anatomical picture of a bull adorning the front of their establishment. Acting on orders from the city council, Hickok had sent painters to paint out the objectionable portion of the sign while he and his deputies stood by with sawed-off shotguns to see that this was done.

Ben Thompson was seething with rage at the mutilation of the sign at the exact moment Wes Hardin walked into the joint looking for a poker game. Ben "spilled his guts" to Wes, telling him all about it. Actually, it seems clear enough that the crafty Thompson was trying to incite Hardin into gunning for the marshal—

Photo courtesy author

End of the line for John Wesley Hardin.

a risky job he didn't care to tackle himself. But Wes was too smart to be suckered into a jackpot like that.

"Thompson tried to prejudice me every way he could against Bill and told me that Bill, being a Yankee, always picked out Southern men to kill, and especially Texans. I told him, 'I'm not doing anybody's fighting just now but my own, but I know how to stick to a friend. If Bill needs killing, why don't you kill him yourself?' He said, 'I would rather get somebody else to do it.' I told him that he had struck the wrong man. I had not met Bill Heycox (Hardin spelled Hickok so) but really wished for a chance to have a set-to with him just to try his pluck."

A couple of nights later, Hardin ran into Hickok at the bar of the Lone Star Saloon and bought him a drink. Wild Bill reciprocated in kind, and the two gunslingers became at least superficially friendly. Mellowing still more after his third slug of redeye, Hickok showed Wes a sheriff's proclamation from Texas for his arrest. Bill made no move to perform his sworn duty as a lawman and take Hardin into custody, but he did warn him against listening to Ben Thompson and getting himself into fresh trouble thereby.

The young outlaw laughed at Hickok's solemn warning, and announced that he could handle any sort of trouble that happened along. Hickok glared at him, slammed a half-finished drink down on the bar, and stalked out. Hardin figured right then that a showdown with Wild Bill wasn't far off, and he called the turn smack on the nose. The showdown came a few days later, the famous episode of the "border roll" in which Wes is supposed to have tricked Hickok, gotten the drop on him, and then spared his life. Hardin's version, as set down in his memoirs, tells it this way:

"One day I was playing ten-pins, and my best horse was hitched outside in front of the saloon. I had two six-shooters on, and of course, knew the saloon people would raise a row if I did not pull them off. Several Texans were there rolling pins and drinking. I suppose we were pretty noisy. Wild Bill came in and said we were making too much noise and told me to take off my pistols until I got ready to go out of town. I told him I was ready to go now, but did not propose to put up my pistols, go or no go.

"He went out, and I followed him. I started up the street when someone behind me shouted, 'Set up! All down but nine!' Wild Bill whirled around and met me. He said, 'What are you howling about, and what are you doing with those pistols on?' I said: 'I am just taking in the town.' He pulled his pistol and said, 'Take off those pistols. I arrest you!'

"I said, 'All right,' and pulled them out of the scabbards, but while he was reaching for them I reversed them and whirled them over with the muzzles in his face, springing back at the same time. I told him to put up his pistol, which he did. I cursed him for a longhaired scoundrel that would shoot a boy with his back to him (as I had been told he intended to do to me).

"He said: 'Little Arkansas, you have been wrongly informed.' By this time a big crowd had gathered with pistols and arms. They kept urging me to kill him. Down the street a squad of policemen were coming, but Wild Bill motioned them back and at the same time asked me not to let the mob shoot him. I shouted, 'This is my fight, and I will kill the first man that fires a gun!'

"Bill said, 'You are the gamest and quickest boy I ever saw. Let us compromise this matter and I will be your friend. Let us go in here and take a drink, as I want to talk to you and give you some advice.' We went to a private room, and I had a long talk with him and we came out friends."

Hickok and Hardin watched each other like wary rival gamecocks after that episode. Wes kept his six-guns, and a few hours after the "border roll" incident, shot and killed a cowboy who had loudly and profanely objected to any and all Texans. As it developed, the cowboy had been a friend of Hickok, yet Bill made no attempt to force a showdown with the youthful Hardin.

WES went on to make himself still more popular with the many Texans crowding Abilene by running down and killing a Mexican who had murdered Bill Coran, a Texas cattleman who had come up-trail with a herd of longhorns. Hickok smiled his fishy smile, drank with Hardin in all the saloons and bided his time to get even with no danger to his person involved.

Strange things began to happen. When Manning Clements, one of Hardin's Texas pals, was tossed in jail for shooting two mutinous and ugly cowboys on Newton Prairie, Wes demanded that Wild Bill surrender the keys to the lockup so Clements could be freed. The two gunfighters toured the town, gambling and drinking together, apparently the best of friends. During the course of the wild evening, Hickok got drunk and Hardin won a thousand dollars. Wild Bill also brutally beat up Tom Carson, one of his deputies, for locking up a prostitute of whom he was fond. Hickok had promised to deliver the key to the jail at midnight, and at a quarter to twelve, Wes demanded it.

Wild Bill was drunk—but not drunk enough to match draws with this cat-like kid gunman before him. Hickok swayed in his high-heeled boots, smiling and fiddling with his big gold watch.

"All right, young feller—you don't have to get on the prod over this. Here's your damned key!"

Bill flipped the key and Wes caught it deftly in mid-air. "*Bueno*," he said smoothly. "I'll send it over to the Bull's Head. The boys are there, and they can turn Clements loose."

Hickok's smile faded, "Why don't *you* go?"

Wes grinned impudently at the tall marshal, "Why, Bill, I'd rather stick with you. We're havin' fun, ain't we?"

Wild Bill broke suddenly into laughter. "By God, you're a cool one! You ain't takin' any chances on that key bein' the wrong one, are you? Well, damn your hide, I'll just go along to the Bull's Head with you."

With Manning Clements freed, Hardin knew that Hickok would not stay spooked long; he had to make his move and make it soon. Wes bought a bottle of wine, and he and Manning drank most of it. Then they mounted their horses and rode to Smoky River to talk things over. Abilene was getting too hot for them, but Hardin agreed to remain behind while Manning headed for Texas.

"I provided him with money and everything necessary for the trip," recalled Wes. "It was agreed that we should meet again at Barnet Hardin's in Hill County, Texas, and I should take care of his younger brother, Gip, whom he left with me."

Manning headed south down the Trail, and Wes went back to the American Hotel in Abilene where he and young Gip Clements shared a room.

The July night was breathlessly hot, and Hardin lay awake long after Gip had fallen asleep in the bed next to his. Wes remembered the murderous look in the eyes of Wild Bill Hickok when the marshal had tossed him the key to the jail, and his nerves tingled with a premonition of danger. Somehow he was sure that Hickok would make his move to rub him out before morning. He was tense and ready when, along past two o'clock, he heard somebody picking the lock on the door.

Hardin reacted to danger with the cool, controlled speed of the born fighting man. Without awakening Gip, he slipped out of bed, took his six-gun from his gun-belt hanging on the back of a chair, and moved into the farthest corner of the room. He barely made it before the door opened and a shadowy figure noiselessly entered the room and approached Gip's bed. Wes saw the dull gleam of an uplifted knife in the semi-gloom—and the flash and roar of his Colt shattered darkness and silence simultaneously.

The knife-wielder shrieked in agony as the slug burned into him. He twisted, falling to his knees, his face contorted with agony, moaning in entreaty: "I'm dying! Don't shoot any more!"

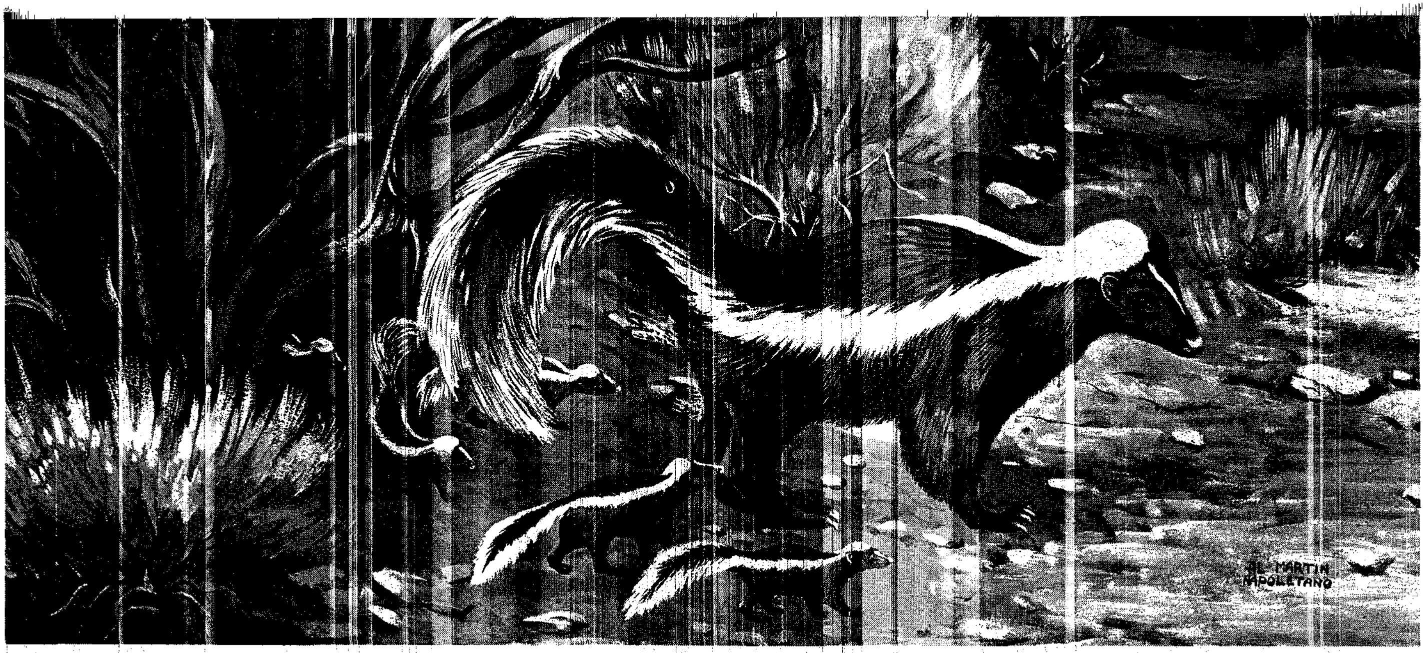
In cold frenzy, Hardin emptied his gun into the trapped assassin, pouring six bullets into him where one would have sufficed.

He came out of his killer's trance to hear Gip shouting, "Wes! Wes! Come on! Hickok and his gang are out front, coming to get us!"

Young Clements' shout calmed him like a dash of ice-water in the face. "Out on the balcony, Gip—and don't wait to pick up your clothes! We'll drop off to the ground and make our getaway while Hickok and his boys are coming up the stairs."

Clad only in their underwear, the two youths ducked out the window onto the balcony, where they waited until they heard heavy footsteps on the stairs. They dropped off to the ground then and ran for the edge of town. Cursing the fury that had made him empty his six-gun and left him unarmed, Wes separated from Gip in the darkness and hid in a haystack

(Continued on page 44)



A Cowboy and His Polecats

By J. FRANK DOBIE

A bad reputation is hard to live down, and a wood kitty doesn't even try . . . but he's a good guy if you get to know him

THE TERM "polecat" dates me. Properly, the polecat is an European animal, its name of French origin. It is a fur-bearer with a tail resembling that of a house cat. People in the South, however, used to call skunks "polecats." I grew up on that name. It is a misnomer, but a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. The name skunk is of Indian origin. It is strictly an American animal.

In the beginning, I will admit that I like to be around polecats and I do not mind the smell they emit, provided I am not close enough to receive its full intensity. One of the most pleasant features of late evening in the country, at which time polecats and many other animals come out, is the sight of one of these striped-faced creatures hunting for food under rocks and leaves and twigs. The animal is a devourer of insects and is especially fond of larvae. Like birds, he is a very practical friend to farmers and ranchers. One fall morning I came upon a polecat rustling for food and followed him an hour or so. He did not bother me and I did not bother him. He was nosing for something so small that I could not see it when he found it.

A polecat is not afraid of a human being if the being does not attempt to thwart him, or does not alarm him by some sudden, exciting motion. Nor will the polecat emit the highly odorous secretion of his musk-bags unless he feels threatened or is otherwise excited. The musk is his defense. It is absurd to suppose that every time he lifts his tail he is about to drench the air with strong stink. It is doubtful if he ever emits musk consciously; the emission is probably reflex action from excitement.

Yet, instinctively, the polecat knows the protective value of his own secretions. The biggest bull on earth can't make him run. A great herd of Longhorn steers has been stampeded by a little polecat. Some steer on the bedground noticed the little tail-waving creature, followed him about with lowered nose until he approached nearer than the polecat wished, and then upon receiving the squirt of pungent scent in the face, let out a bawl of rage, horror, surprise and indignation that lifted the whole herd into a mad run.

The skins of polecats have a pelt value, but for a man to shoot one of the creatures just to keep it from living is a sign either of ignorance or of want of sympathy for nature. To be sure, a polecat now and then raids a henhouse, but the animal is hardly to be classed as predatory. Its constant warfare on insects more than balances the debit set down because of occasional chicken catching. Like man and other animals, the polecat is a mixture of good and bad.

Half of the pleasure of being out comes from the possibility of meeting polecats and other creatures. Who wants to go hunting in a country where the only wild animals are "targets"? If I am deer hunting and see an armadillo, I have had just as good an experience as sighting a buck. I thank the armadillo. In the same way I thank the polecat that potters around a bush, the coon that leaves his track at a mudhole where he has been fishing, the possum that has with his comings-out and goings-in worn the opening of a tree hollow slick, the squirrel that chatters for a pecan, the coyote howling over the ridge, or the hawk sailing slow and low in his hunt for mice over an old cornfield. If I don't hear or see any of these creatures, it does me good to know that I might hear or see them. I do not want to go into a countryside that is guaranteed to be free of all life except man and living targets.

SKUNK OIL used to be regarded as being as valuable for rheumatism and other ailments as rattlesnake oil. An old-timer who was called upon to doctor a kind of hermit tells of his procedure as follows: "I went out and killed a few skunks I had been saving for an occasion like this. I fried them out and got a half-gallon of oil. I put it in a jug, called on a friend to help me, and went at the patient. His old hide was as hard and dry as a horse's hoof. I had my helper build a hot fire in the stove so that the atmosphere would not congeal the oil. In addition, before applying the oil, I heated it in a pan. Then we greased the old man all over and wrapped him in a couple of blankets, hoping that the pores of his skin would open up to let the oil in.

"I made some tea of slippery elm bark, mixed it with a high proportion of skunk oil, and gave him about a quart of the mixture to swallow. Before long he was softening up like soaked rawhide. We unwrapped him, basted him again with the oil, and wrapped him up once more.

"While I was looking wise, feeling his pulse and rubbing his arms, I felt something like a lot of needles prick my hand. Looking more closely, I made out what seemed to be the points of fish bones sticking through his skin. I asked him if he had been swallowing fish bones. He replied that he had been just about living on hickory shad. The bones were sure working out of him, now that the skunk oil was softening him up. My helper and I worked for a whole day rubbing and soaking the oil in and pick-

(Continued on page 67)

During the days of mass Indian surrender, one warlord escaped the photographers and reporters. In captivity and death he remained . . .

CRAZY HORSE:

THE ENIGMATIC SIOUX

By STEVE FERACA

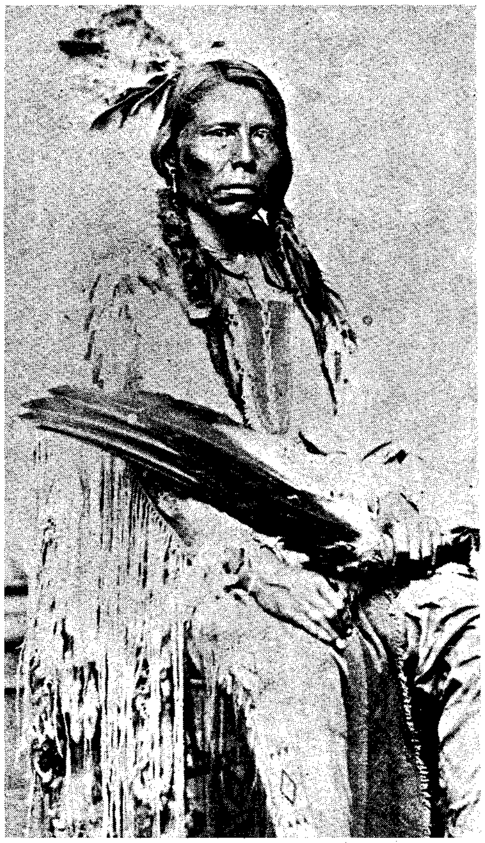
ON A HOT JUNE afternoon in what is now the State of Montana, a vain, courageous and damnably egotistical cavalry officer led over 260 men to their deaths. In what one Cheyenne warrior described as the "time it takes to smoke a pipe," a howling mass of Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes overran General George Armstrong Custer and every man in his command.

The women keened for their dead as they vented their anger on the bodies of the hated bluecoats. Custer's men had taken many of their enemies with them. The Indian victory was of a Pyrrhic nature, and what Major Reno supposed was the din of a victory celebration in the encampment of the allied tribes was the deafening wail of widows and despondent mothers.

The entire white population of the United States, and the rest of the civilized world, was shocked into disbelief when news of the defeat was learned. Headlines termed it, "Massacre," and the name of an insignificant creek known to cavalrymen as the Little Big Horn became a household word.

Previously the public had shrugged off such names as Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse with a grin, but now a great clamor arose for information about these savages who had ended the fabulous career of the dashing Custer and had brought disgrace upon the entire War Department. The newspapers were eager to please.

Sitting Bull was soon discounted as a scheming medicine man who headed for the hills when Custer's troops approached the village, a lie which has survived in some quarters to the present day. Two Moons of the Northern Cheyennes remained virtually unknown, as did other worthy chiefs. So the name of one intractable hostile was left to satisfy the excited readers. That was Crazy Horse, a name which still conjures up an image of plumed and mounted warriors streaming across our western plains.

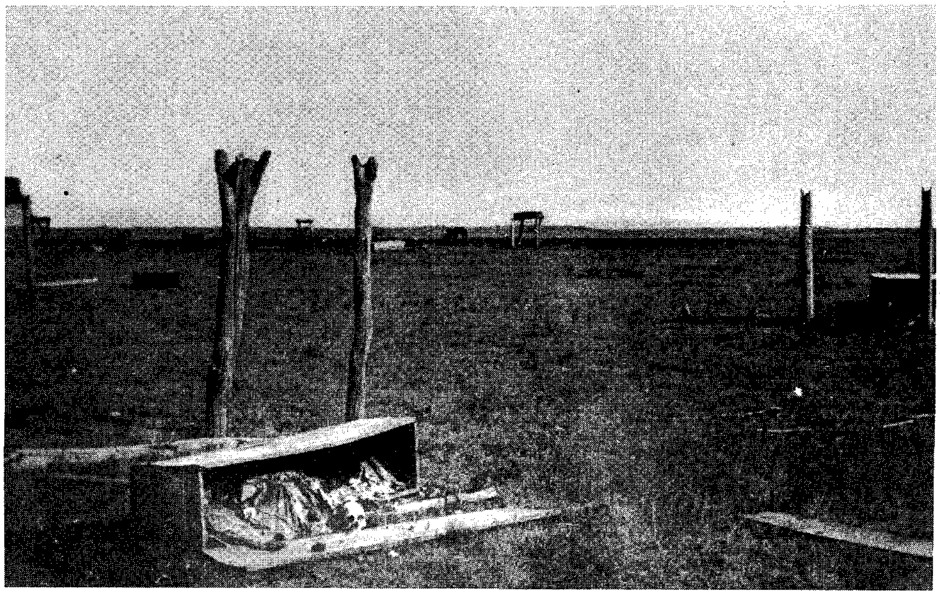


Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

One of several unauthenticated photos o Crazy Horse, probably taken of anothe Indian by the same name.

An Indian burial ground at the scene of a battle which took place in Nebraska.

Courtesy Jake Herman

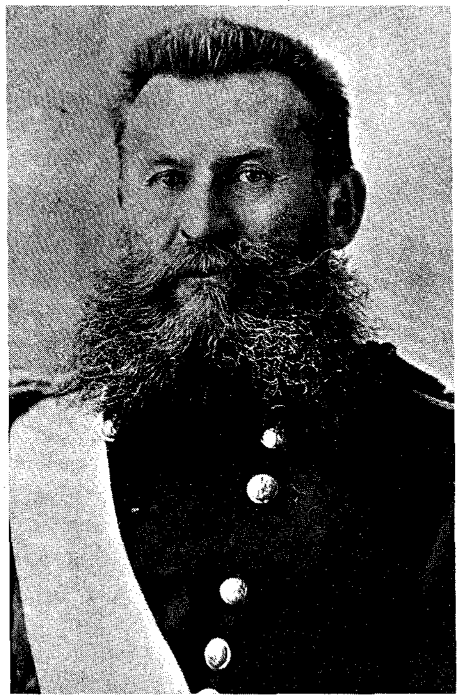


A great change in attitude toward this young Indian leader is now quite apparent. He no longer is thought of as a hideous, bloodthirsty savage, but rather has achieved a somewhat Fenimorian stature. In short, Crazy Horse has become a noble red man.

Not many years ago his name was plastered on billboards and lettered on marquees throughout the country. Millions flocked to see Victor Mature portray an individual who was capable of loving a wife, sorrowing over the death of a child, and fighting like a tiger for his people and his land.

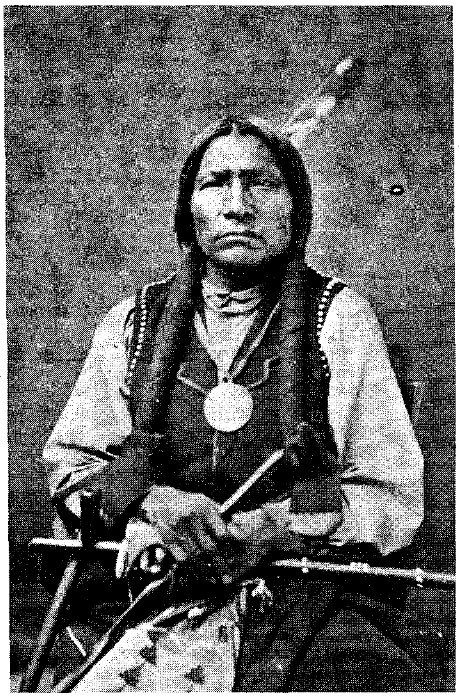
THE ORIGIN of the name Crazy Horse (Tashunke Witko) is shrouded in legend. Many authorities maintain that the name was bestowed at birth when a wild horse came charging through the encampment. However, I have met Sioux Indians who present other versions. One of the most common is that the name is connected with the chief's practice of rubbing his horse with sacred stones before setting out to do battle, thus giving the mount extraordinary courage and making it impervious to bullets and arrows.

It is generally conceded that Crazy Horse was a member of the Kiyuksa band of Oglala Sioux, one of the seven Teton tribes who ranged through a tremendous expanse of country and claimed what is now North and South Dakota, and parts of Nebraska, Montana and Wyoming. His mother was probably Cheyenne and this relationship would account for his close friendship with various Cheyenne chiefs and warriors.



Courtesy National Archives

General George Crook



Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

Little Big Man

Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

Woman Dress

The Sioux and Cheyennes were often allied and these fierce warriors and buffalo hunters were constantly at war with Crows, Shoshones, Blackfeet and other nomads, and had driven the sedentary tribes like the Pawnees to their knees.

At an early age Crazy Horse began to distinguish himself in these intertribal conflicts which gradually became secondary in nature as the plains began to fill with bluecoated cavalry and infantry. This was a new and vastly different enemy and the scattered Sioux tribes saw the need for defensive unification. They gathered under Red Cloud and Spotted Tail in the south and Sitting Bull and others in the north. The Sioux War of 1868, a long, drawn-out and costly affair, was the result of aggravating the Indians by establishing forts and roads in their country. Battles fought in this first of the major Sioux wars provided Crazy Horse with the training he needed for later conflicts.

It cannot be said that Crazy Horse was a head chief in the Sioux sense of the word. His lack of years undoubtedly accounted for his inability to achieve the title of "nacha" or "itanchan," terms which were reserved for older leaders with a definite band or tribal following. However, as a battle leader and as the hero of the younger warriors, he was and still is referred to as a "potanka"—a war chief.

He and the indomitable Sitting Bull, an Hunkpapa Sioux, are among the meager handful of Sioux chiefs who never signed a treaty and never agreed to the sale of as much as an acre of their beloved land. (Another Sitting Bull, an Oglala who signed many treaties, is often confused with the famous hostile.)

The subsequent arrests and deaths of both of these die-hards were due at least indirectly to their refusal to sell their birthrights. Long after Red Cloud and Spotted Tail buried the hatchet, "touched the pen," and grudgingly accepted the black medicine which earned them the name, "coffee coolers," Sitting Bull and his young lieutenant, with their Cheyenne allies, were living the good life in the north joyfully raiding their old Indian enemies and hunting the buffalo.

After the war of '68 a tenuous peace prevailed, and the army agreed to abandon the forts and close the roads. Things were fairly quiet until Custer's Yellowstone Expedition discovered gold in the Black Hills, "from the grass roots down." Since the Sioux had expressly forbidden entry into the Hills, some drastic changes would have to be made, and in 1876 the big push was on. Orders from the War Department were icily concise. Hostiles were to come in and surrender or be hunted down and driven to the reservations assigned them. Crazy Horse and other older leaders had been warned by kinsmen from the reserves about the validity of the Grandfather's promises. Reservation life was anything but good.

Word spread like fire among all of the free Sioux: "Join Sitting Bull in the Valley of the Greasy Grass." This valley contained the Rosebud and Big and Little Horn Rivers, soon to become infamous in the annals of the United States Army.

Besides thousands of hostiles, not a few young men from the agencies lit out to join Sitting Bull. Even Jack, Red Cloud's son, chafing under agency restrictions, gathered some young followers and rode to the valley where great circles of tepees were mushrooming out on the prairie. Every Teton tribe was represented: Oglala, Brulé, Hunkpapa, Miniconjou, Blackfeet Sioux, Two Kettle and Sans Arcs, together with Northern Cheyennes, Northern Arapahoes, and even some Santee Sioux who had years ago fled their native Minnesota. It is not difficult to imagine that as Crazy Horse looked down upon this tremendous encampment, he smiled at the thought of surrender.

ON JUNE 16, 1876, the allied camp was alerted by excited Indians. Three Stars (General Crook) would be upon them the following day! The Sioux and Cheyennes met him at the Rosebud on the seventeenth. Sitting Bull, weak from a recent sun dance in which he prophesied the deaths of great numbers of soldiers, was unable to take an active part in the fighting. Crazy Horse is generally credited with breaking Crook's lines in an all-day fight in which the Indians were able to keep the outmaneuvered and outflanked cavalry and infantry from forming a solid front. The beaten Three Stars, with heavy casualties, retired to the Tongue River. Custer found the great village a few days later and, within an hour, his entire command was annihilated.

On June 26, the day after the Custer-Reno battle, the Indians struck their lodges. Major Reno would face a court martial, Custer was dead, and for Crazy Horse it was the beginning of the end. The bands split up and Crazy Horse separated from Sitting Bull to winter on the Powder River.

The smaller bands were hunted down by a vengeful Army and those chiefs not killed or captured came in one by one and laid down their rifles. Crazy Horse survived the rigors of the winter,

(Continued on page 62)

IN THE SIERRA MADRE WITH THE PUNCHERS

By FREDERIC REMINGTON

Submitted by Louis William Steinwedel

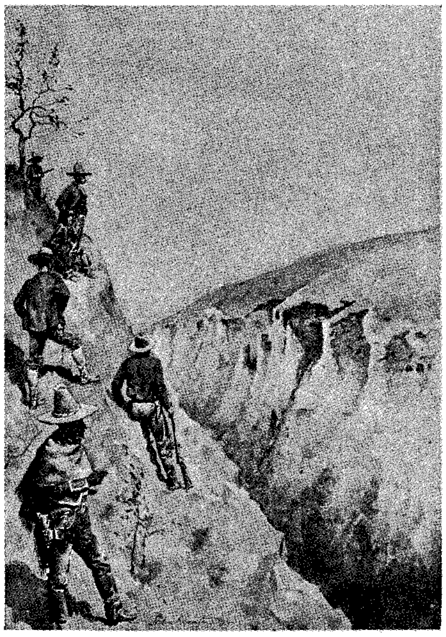
Illustrations by Frederic Remington

FOREWORD

In 1893, Frederic Remington, painter and sculptor of indelible Western Americana, took a trip to the ranch of an American friend in the Bavicora region of Mexico south of Arizona. *Harper's Monthly* (a companion magazine to the famous *Weekly*) became the fortunate recipient of a trio of Remington-illustrated accounts of a land and life that was still as much an unspoiled frontier wilderness as the land north of the border had been fifty or a hundred years earlier. Remington writes of the sights and experiences just as an observant, sensitive artist would be expected to verbally record his colorful environment; he literally paints with his pen, with descriptions of everything ranging from the old Mexican whom "the weather and starvation and time had blown and crumbled into a ruin which resembled the pre-existing ape from which the races are sprung" to his being awakened in a cramped trail cabin by the sounds and smells of a broiling breakfast steak.

The artist's picture of the "cow puncher," as he habitually called him, is classic and without equal. ". . . a brave fellow—a fatalist with less wants than the pony he rides, a rather thoughtless man who lacks many virtues, but when he mounts his horse or casts his riata, all men must bow and call him master . . . they reverence their parents, honor their patron, and love their compadre . . . they eat little, think less; they meet death calmly, and it is a terrible scoundrel who goes to hell from Mexico . . . the cow men are good friends and virulent haters . . . (they) would shoot a man instantly, and afterwards regret the necessity but not the shooting."

Remington's accounts have the solid ring of reality to them, providing an accurate and authentic visual and verbal picture of classic ranch life by the man who was perhaps the best able to capture it.



Cliff dwellings

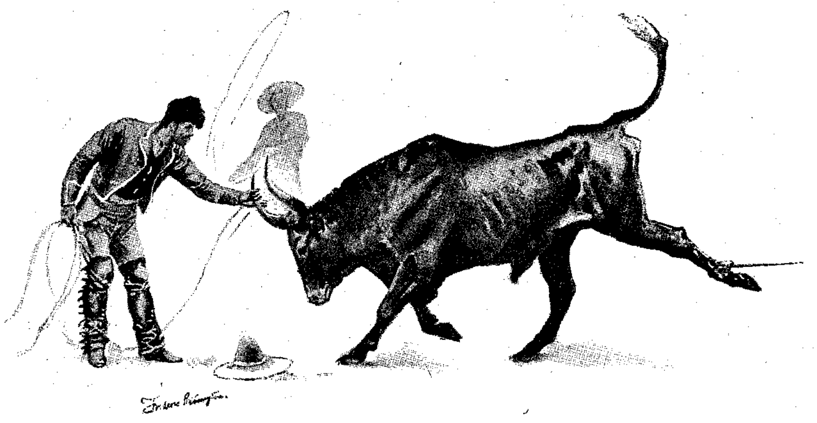
ON A chill black morning the cabins of Los Ojos gave up their inmates at an early hour. Ponies, mules and burros were herded up and stood shivering in an angle, while the men walked about them carefully coiling their hair lariats and watching for the opportunity to jerk them over the heads of the selected ones. The patron's black pet walked up to him, but the mounts of my companion and self sneaked about with an evident desire not to participate. Old Cokomorachie and Jim were finally led forth protesting. I carefully adjusted my Whitman's officer-tree over a wealth of saddle blanketing and slung my Winchester .45-70 and my field glasses to it. The punchers, both white and brown, and two or three women, regarded my new-fangled saddle with amused glances; indeed, Mr. Bell's Mexican wife laughed at it outright, and Tom Bailey called it "a d--- rim-fire."

Another humorist thought it "would give the chickens the pip if they got onto it." All of which I took good humoredly, since this is not the first time your "Uncle Samuel" had been away from home; and after some days when a lot of men were carefully leading sore-backed horses over the mountains, I had cause to remark further on the subject. A Mexican cow saddle is a double-barreled affair; it will eat a hole in a horse's spine and a pair of leather breeches at the same time. If one could ask old Jim about that saddle of mine I think he would give it an autographed recommendation, for he finished the trip with the hide of his back all there.

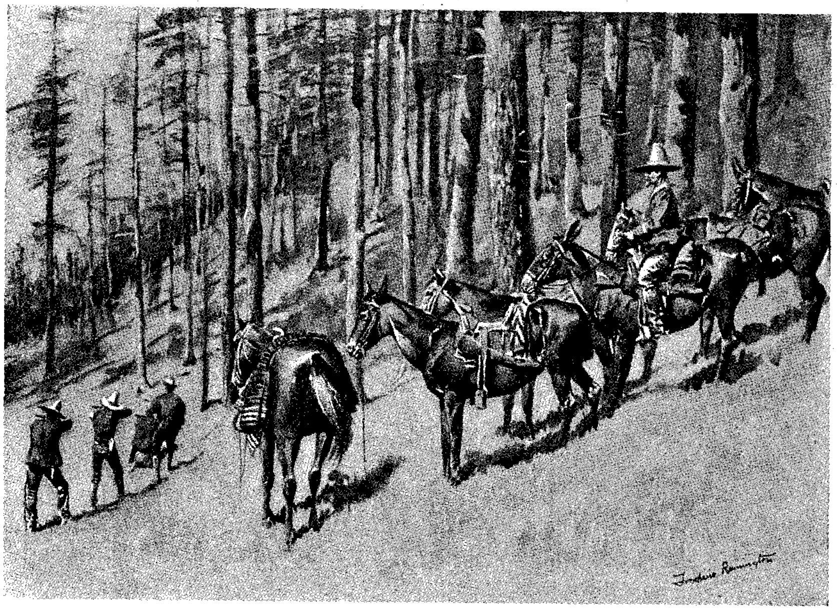
Leaving the "burro men" to haul and pull at their patient beasts, our outfit pulled out on what promised to be plenty of traveling. We were to do the rounds of the ranch, explore the mountains, penetrate to the old Apache strongholds, shoot game, find cliff dwellers' villages, and I expect the dark minds of the punchers hoped for a sight at the ever-burning fire which would discover the lost mine of Tiopa.

We were also promised a fight with the "Kid" if we "cut his trail"; and if he cuts ours we may never live to regret it. Some tame Indians just in from a hunt in the Rio Chico had seen three fires but they rolled their tails (made haste) for Bavicora so promptly that we had not ascertained whether they were Apache or not. Our punchers had run the "Kid's" band into the States only two months before, but on our trip that very elusive and very "bad Injun" was not encountered. Much as I should like to see him, I have no regrets, since it is extremely likely that he would have seen me first.

Our little band was composed of the patron, my traveling companion from New York City (who had never been West of the Elysian Fields of New Jersey); Bailey and Bell, ranch foremen and



Take a trip with Frederic Remington over trails where a man could "toss his hat a mile any moment he pleased" and civilization had a long way to go to catch up with the calendar.



Shooting in the Sierra Madre

as dauntless spirits as the Texas border ever nurtured; the ranch bookkeeper, a young man short on experience and long on hope; Epitacio, an Indian hunter, since outlawed; William, the colored cook; four buckskin Mexican punchers; an old man who was useless for practical purposes but who was said to be "funny" in Spanish.

That day we were to go to the farthest outlying ranch called the Casa Camadra, and then stop for a short hunt to give the punchers time to "gentle" some steers for work-cattle. The puncher method of doing this is beautifully simple, for any animal undergoing it is either gentle or dead after it.

After scouring the plain for antelope until late, we followed up the creek toward the cabin where we expected to find the punchers and the burro men with their loads of creature comforts. As we rode in, it was raining a cold sleet. The cabin was low, small, and wonderfully picturesque. It was a typical shack, such as one used to see in the Northwest when the hunters were there. Out in the rain sat two punchers, enveloped in their serapes, engaged in watching a half dozen big steers munch grass. Inside the cabin was William by a good fire in a most original fireplace, glowing with heat and pride over his corn cakes and "marrow gut." Between cigarettes, the last drink of tequila, and the drying of our clothes, we passed the time until William had put the grub on a packsaddle blanket and said, "Now, gemmen, fly in."

"Fly in" is vulgar, but it is also literal; . . . we did not dine—we flew in. The expression and the food were both good. Outside the cold rain had turned into a wet snow and we all crowded into the little place or squatted or lay about on the floor. With fingers and hunting knives we carved and tore at the mountain of beef. The punchers consume enormous quantities of meat, and when satiated they bring forth their cornhusks and tobacco pouches and roll their long thin cigarettes which burn until they draw their serapes about their heads and sink back in dreamless sleep.

It is all beautifully primitive, and as I rise on my elbow to look across the blanketed forms packed like mackerel in a cask, to hear the heavy breathing, and see the fire glow and hear the wind howl, I think how little it takes to make men happy. Tom Bailey and Johnnie Bell, the ranch foremen, had faces which would have been in character under a steel headpiece at Cressy, while the wildest blood of Spain, Morocco, and the American Indian ran in the veins of the punchers; and all of these men were untainted by the enfeebling influences of luxury of modern life. A chunk of beef, a cigarette, an enveloping serape, with the Sierras for a bedroom, were the utmost of their needs.

THE SUNLIGHT streamed down the big chimney, and William's "Good mo'nin', Sah," brought back my senses. Beyond his silhouette, as he crouched before the fireplace, I could hear the sputtering of the broiling steak. I repaired to the brook and smashed the ice for a rubdown. It was still drizzling and the landscape lay under a heavy fog. Outside the cabin lay the dead body of a skinned wolf, and about a small fire crowded the punchers.

Breakfast over, the men rode off by twos into the fog, and as Tom Bailey and I jogged along, we reasoned that if we were to strike the point of the mountains and then keep well in the timber we might catch a bunch of antelope which we had "jumped" the day before. All day long we rode over the wet rocks, under the drip and drizzle of the mountain pines, up hill and down dale, and never cut a sign. It was our luck; for on riding up to the shack we saw the bodies of deer, antelope, a big grey wolf, and the skin of a mountain lion. We were requested to view the game, and encouraged to comment on it, but Tom and I sought a dark corner of the cabin to consume our coffee and cigarettes in silence.

At the Casa Camadra are two other log houses, and in them live some squalid, yellow-hided humans who are to farm a little stretch of bottom land this year. They require work steers to do their plowing, and Mr. Bell has brought up half a dozen vicious old stags which are both truculent and swift of foot. The Mexicans insist they are not able to handle them; and Mr. Bell orders his punchers into action. I strolled out to the corrals to see the bulls "gentled." After

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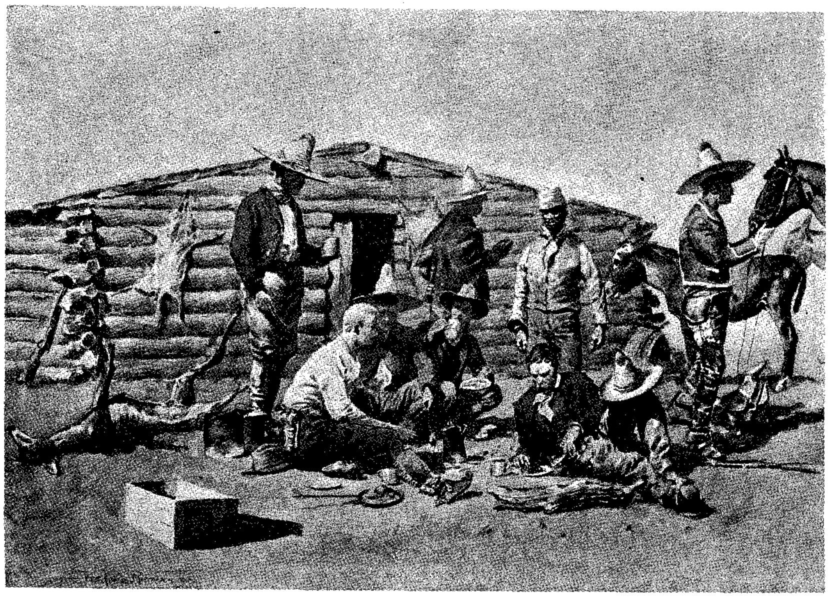
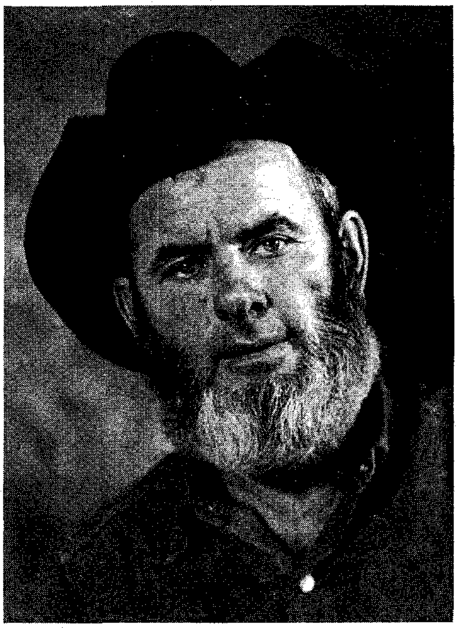


Casa Camadra

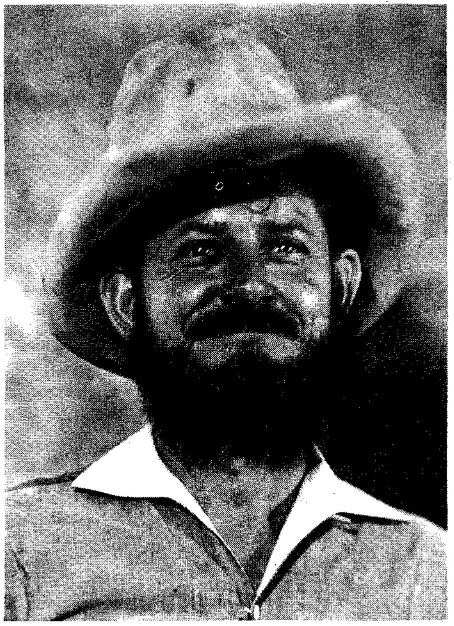
PIONEERS' GOLD

By WILLIAM MAHAN

In a little county down in Texas there are enough treasure clues to keep the old blood pressure jumping for a lifetime!



Tom Trammel



Bennie Trammel

Photos Courtesy the Author

ONE COOL, rainy afternoon this spring I pulled into a filling station on the outskirts of Fort Worth, Texas. While the attendant was busy filling my tank with gasoline, I got out and struck up a conversation with an old fellow who looked like he was well past ninety, at least.

I am always trying to find authentic treasure tales, each one of which I hope to run down some day, and the tip I got from that old fellow led to one of my favorite and most provocative "leads." I made the remark that it sure would be a cool day for digging for treasure over in Arizona. The old-timer smiled and replied, "Don't know why everybody is always a-talking about Arizony fer buried treasure. Why, about fifty miles from here is enough gold to keep a man in style fer life."

He finally told me that if I wanted to know more about real buried treasure, just to go see Ben and Tom Trammel up in Bridgeport. He said that they had a map rock that showed (if you could read it) where a whole wagon-load of gold was buried! A couple of weeks later, over to Bridgeport I went, arriving in town early in the morning.

There were very few people about and after looking the town over a little, I arrived at the Frontier Cafe. It lived up to its name, with old saddles, horns and other pioneer equipment displayed on the front as well as inside. It is owned and operated by Bennie Trammel.

Bennie is a friendly cuss and we got acquainted over big mugs of coffee strong enough to float an iron wedge. I soon found that the history (and legends) of Wise County was one of Bennie's favorite subjects; he was more than willing to talk about some of its many treasures, particularly around Bridgeport.

I was very eager and Bennie was very willing, so we soon made all necessary arrangements for a tour of the area. The first and most important spot we were to visit was to be what is locally known as the "Devil's Den" and, in my opinion, it is very appropriately named. It would take the Devil himself to stay there!

BENNIE'S Frontier Cafe is filled with antiques and relics, many of which he found himself in the Devil's Den region. According to local legend it has harbored many notorious outlaws and criminals in the past. Jesse James and Sam Bass are among those reported to have hidden in its vast reaches. Judging by some of the early Army relics Bennie has found there, it was either an Army camping place or was a hide-out at times for deserters. It also was the campground for various Indian tribes from time to time.

Devil's Den is virtually impossible to get to by land. It opens out on the waters of Lake Bridgeport on one end; the other end is almost completely hidden by thick brush and undergrowth and is on private property with no trespassing allowed.

This rocky, broken-up gash in the earth runs north and south, is approximately one mile long, and in places is over a quarter of a mile wide. Its rugged, rocky canyon walls sometimes reach over eighty feet high.

Weathered walls and crevices conceal many natural caves where a man could hide out for weeks without discovery. Overhanging cliffs offer a natural shelter for the numerous deer, bobcats, armadillos and rattlesnakes that inhabit the area.

On a snake hunt recently, Bennie killed 153 in one day, and he said that was no record. In the Frontier a chain of rattlers that he cut from the snakes killed that day measures fourteen feet.

The natural spring in the center of the canyon was a favorite camping place for Indians and travelers. Bennie says that its water in summer is ice cold and in winter is quite warm. Several buffalo skulls have been found nearby.

According to all reports, this spot is the location of the largest of the many treasures of Wise County. As the story goes, $200,000 in gold coins had to be buried in haste during a running gun battle with Indians and was never recovered. Ben thinks that he has what might be one clue to the location of the fortune—what he calls his "treasure rock."

The Trammel brothers were digging and hauling rock in the Devil's Den in July, 1937, when the rock was found. It was lying face down and was complete. It has since had one corner broken off. That corner, according to Ben, had the figures, "$80,000," cut into it. Bennie and Tom both believe that if they can ever interpret the signs, they will have the key to the location of this treasure horde.

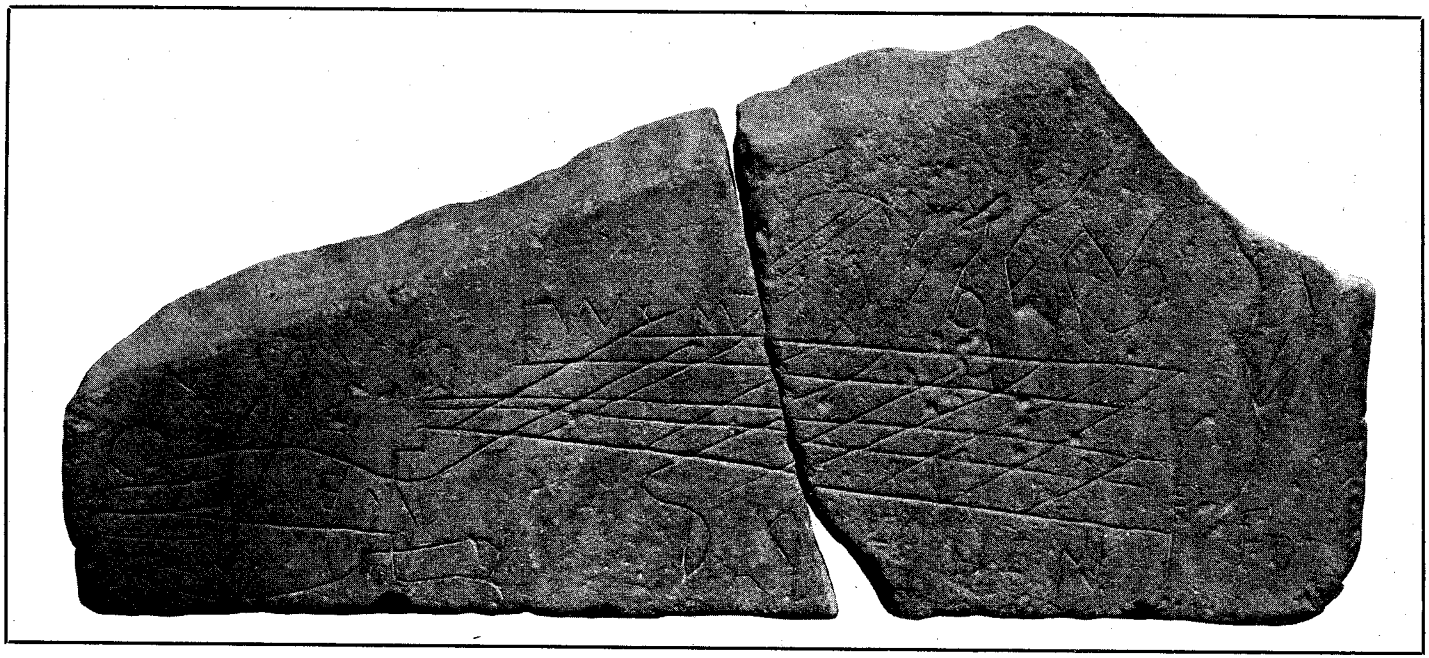
ANOTHER Devils' Den treasure story is about an old hermit who lived in one of the caves and kept a herd of sheep. He never left the canyon; a local doctor, who lived in Chico, made it a habit to go through the Den on his many trips to Wizard Wells and always carried him the supplies he needed. The doctor also treated him from time to time for various ailments, and on these occasions the old hermit would disappear into one of the caves and return shortly with the doctor's pay in gold coins.

General speculation was that the old man was hiding out from the law and that the gold was from a hold-up. After his death, the money (if any) has remained undiscovered in one of the many caves in the canyon. Bennie says that he has explored most of them but an experienced treasure hunter with a good metal detector might hit the jackpot if he found the right cave.

In the Bridgeport area is also a lost lead and silver mine. Supposedly, a wagontrain making its way through the country heading west had stopped on a creek south of the present town of Bridgeport and camped for the night. The men built a big cooking fire. The next morning as they were preparing to rebuild the fire to cook breakfast, they found bits of lead that apparently had melted from the rocks surrounding the fire the night before.

As lead for bullets was scarce, this caused considerable excitement and the search was on. They soon found the vein and immediately started digging it out. For several days everyone was digging and melting down the lead, and molding bullets for the trip. After making all the bullets they felt they might need, and molding some of the surplus lead into bars, they carefully re-covered the vein and headed on west.

The lead was later assayed by one of the party and found to be high in silver content. Several years later he returned with the intention of mining but was never able to locate the old campsite. So the lead and silver vein is still lost,



The stone which the Trammel brothers believe may lead to a treasure.

waiting for some lucky treasure hunter.

Another of Bennie's favorite stories is of the last Indian raid in the community. It was directed against the old fort on the Hunt Ranch and against the Waggoner Ranch, where a Negro employe was killed before the Indians could be driven off. Hunt's daughter was also killed. She was buried on the property in a steel vault and is rumored to have been interred wearing several thousands of dollars worth of jewelry. Also killed in this raid were all of the Babb and Huff families. According to some reports, gold and silver coins have been found in the area where the Huffs were massacred—supposedly money of theirs which was thrown away and scattered by the Indians at the time of the killings.

A very wealthy Dutchman who operated a furniture and wagon factory near the settlement was also killed. None of his reported wealth was ever found and the local belief is that it is still buried at the site of the old wagon factory. This should be another good spot for a hard working treasure hunter with good modern electronic equipment.

Bennie can also take you to the location of an Indian village west of town on Village Creek. He has arrowheads, tomahawks and other Indian relics taken from the site.

ANOTHER Bridgeport mystery is about two industrious brothers, early settlers, who decided to round up all the wild longhorn cattle they could find, drive them north, and sell them.

When the brothers returned from the northern market they had over $5,000 each in gold coin. Within a week after they got home one of the brothers was kicked in the head by a mule. While dying he tried to tell where he had hidden his gold. He managed to make his family understand that he had buried it on the fence row but they could never determine which fence row he meant, so it was never found. Ben feels certain he knows on which one to look. He has the saddle and rifle of one of the brothers on display in his cafe.

The old Butterfield Stage route ran near Bridgeport, and was the scene of many robberies. One popular story is about a large shipment of gold that disappeared after a hold-up. The robbers were followed and killed, with the exception of one who, though severely wounded, managed to make good his escape. He never returned for the treasure, but is reported to have told of his part in the robbery and made a map of the location of the hidden gold before his death.

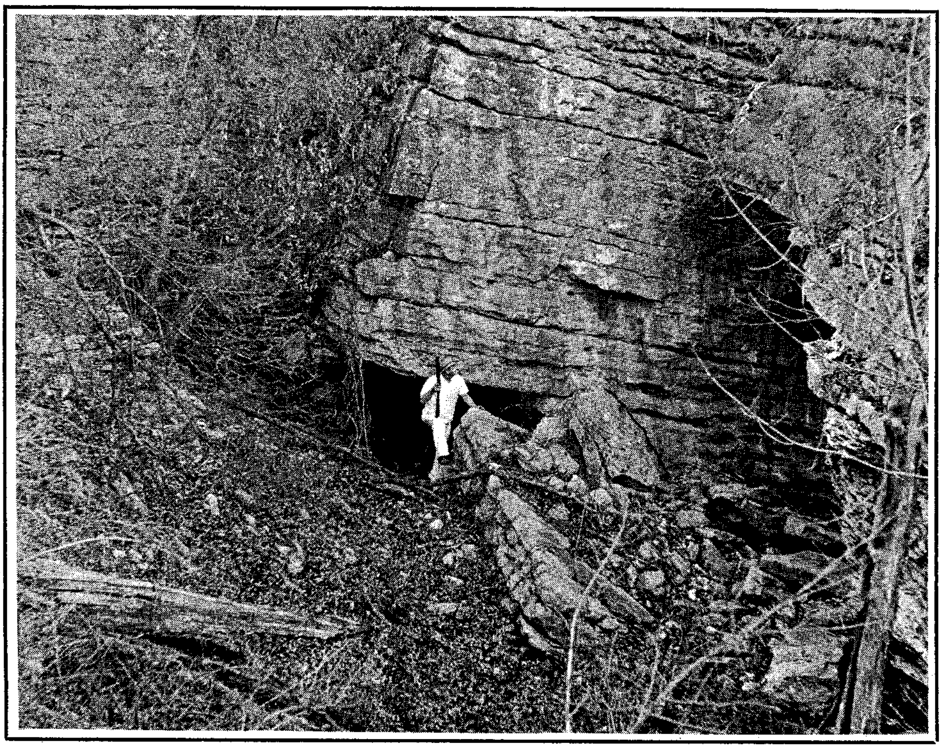
According to local gossip it is buried just north of the spring at the first stage stop out of Bridgeport.

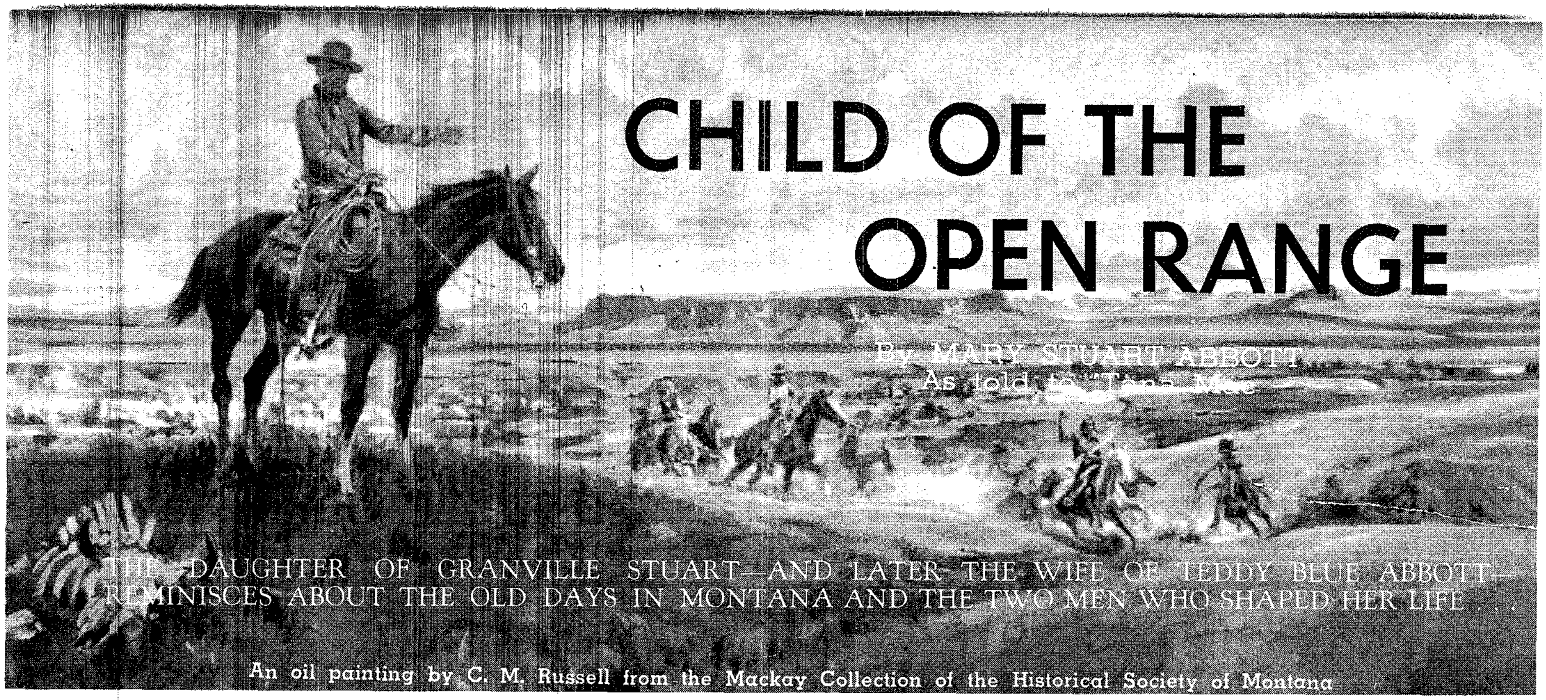
One Bridgeport resident, now about eighty years old, says that sometime around 1890, while seining in the creek for catfish, he found the shape of a turtle carved deep in the trunk of a large old tree. From someone he got the information that it was an early Spanish treasure sign. He was told to stand with his back to the sign and take 200 steps in the direction the turtle was pointing. This he did, and found himself at the base of a towering rock cliff. It had the appearance of once having had a cave in its face, but a landslide had completely covered the opening with tons of rocks. He was told that this was the hiding place for some early Spanish church treasures, but he never did anything about it, so there it may still be.

The Trammel brothers are completely familiar with these and many other treasure stories and legends of their part of country, and very much enjoy telling of them.

If nothing happens, I hope to return this fall to Wise County and start my search. Bennie did not disclose the exact locations of these hidden treasures to me, but has agreed to do so if I will bring detectors and equipment and be prepared to spend the time necessary to search them out completely.

This rugged country in Wise County, Texas, contains many caves where outlaws are supposed to have buried loot.





CHILD OF THE OPEN RANGE

By MARY STUART ABBOTT
As told to "Tana Mac

THE DAUGHTER OF GRANVILLE STUART—AND LATER THE WIFE OF TEDDY BLUE ABBOTT—REMINISCES ABOUT THE OLD DAYS IN MONTANA AND THE TWO MEN WHO SHAPED HER LIFE . . .

An oil painting by C. M. Russell from the Mackay Collection of the Historical Society of Montana

MY FATHER, Granville Stuart, has been called "Mr. Montana" by many historians, and some Montana writers call my family "Montana's First Family." Father and his brothers were true pioneers in the early West. They were the first to strike gold in the Territory. Their gold strike started the big rush that resulted in the founding of Virginia City, Nevada City and Bannack. This wealth helped my father establish what was to be one of the great cattle empires—the DHS. It attracted many of the great cowboys of the open range days, and I married one of them, Teddy Blue Abbott, who with authoress Helen Huntington Smith wrote his autobiography, *We Pointed Them North.*

I have seen ninety-three summers and winters. I was a part of the West while the open range still existed. I was born seven years after Montana Territory was created. My mother was a full-blooded Shoshone Indian whose name was Aubony. I think her name meant "Watchful" and I know she watched over us with loving care and taught us many wonderful things. Her last name was Stookaraka and she was born somewhere in Wyoming. She was a very beautiful, gentle woman with great modesty, kindness and understanding. I am flattered when people who look at her picture say I resemble her.

My mother and father were married in Deer Lodge, and I was born there February 2, 1870. My father and his brother, James, had a store in Deer Lodge, and earlier Father had one in Virginia City called Stuart and Dance Store, until gold made them wealthy men. We moved in time to Helena, and then to Fort Maginnis where our DHS Ranch became world-famous. My parents had eight children.

All of my five brothers and my two cousins who lived with us became outstanding cowboys. Charlie was one of the most celebrated of range riders. He had lost an eye, over which he wore a black patch, and with his colorful Indian features, he was a great study for any artist. Artists have portrayed my family many times. My cousin, Robert (always referred to as Bob); my husband, Teddy Blue; and artist Charlie Russell were range buddies whose friendship lasted all the days of their lives. In some of Russell's great oil paintings are members of my family; Mr. Russell wrote my husband often, beautifully illustrating some of those letters.

OUR RANCH was the stopping-off place for people traveling through our sparsely settled area before Montana became a state in 1889. My father had true Southern hospitality and loved company. Mother, although retiring, made everyone feel welcome. She set a clean white linen tablecloth on our dining table every day of the year, just as every day she had a clean white shirt for my father to wear. After I married and had a home of my own, our house continued to be a gathering place, for Mr. Abbott drew people to him much as my father did.

When I was growing up on the DHS we were not just one family, but two. The other family were the Reece Andersons. Reece had once saved my father's life and, out of gratitude, my father insisted that he live with us on the ranch and share our wealth. My father had the log ranch house built like an "L," and in the corner was a storeroom that separated our two houses. When construction was first going on, plans were made to build our ranch like a fort, but soon Fort Maginnis was established nearby, and there was no further fear of Indian raids. Our dwellings did have portholes, however, and between the stable and the bunkhouse was a stockade in which we could have run the stock if we were beseiged. Every night all the horses were corralled in this stockade until Fort Maginnis was started.

The Reece Anderson family and the Stuart family all schooled together, and their six girls and two boys were like my own sisters and brothers to me. My father built us a schoolhouse right of our ranch property and donated it to the district; any ranch family could send its children to our school. The best tutor he could find was engaged—usually a woman—and she lived at our home and he paid her wages.

I rember one dear woman teacher who was coming home from the schoolhouse with us children at noon when she fell to the ground. We rushed to where she had collapsed; she never recovered. The doctor afterward told us she had had a stroke. We buried her in the cemetery at Fort Maginnis. In those early days, travel was slow and an early burial, a necessity.

We put flowers every year, sometimes

Photos courtesy the author

Mary Stuart Abbott, at age nineteen and today.

twice a year, on her grave. She had come from Helena and her name was Miss Lizzie Bender. At the time of her death, she was about thirty years old. When Fort Maginnis was disbanded, the government granted the cemetery to my father and we keep it up. My daughter Mary and her husband built a new fence and erected a monument in memory of my husband. My mother and my sister are there, too.

Schooling was something we took very seriously and we worked hard at it. We were instructed in the social graces but we were not involved in the extra-curricular intricacies of today. The "Three R's" were basic and our tutor insisted on flawless pronunciation. At the head of our table at home sat a man who spoke beautiful English, my father—and my Indian mother's English was also exquisite, although around strangers she was a quiet person.

My father spoke four languages: French, English, Spanish and Shoshone, as well as several other Indian dialects. The Shoshone tongue he mastered from living so long among Indians in Deer Lodge City. We, too, were taught French at school. A piano was brought by wagon all the way from Helena, and we studied music. Although we did not receive diplomas, we could honestly say we had a high school education, well beyond the tenth grade of today. There was no church at the ranch, but whenever a traveling minister came by, he was welcome to hold services in our home. When my little family was growing up, we had Sunday School at our regular schoolhouse, known then as the Cheadle School. In matters of devotion to a Supreme Being, my father set a fine example.

HISTORIANS highlight the great role Granville Stuart played in helping bring outlaws on our frontier to justice. There were bad men, and plenty, in the days of my early girlhood when Montana was a wide-spread territory and lawmen scarce. Adequate protection was lacking because the country over which these outlaws operated was so enormous and thinly populated; there were too many places for them to hide. When there is no justice, there is no fear—so all respectable, law-abiding people began to suffer at the hands of these raiding desperadoes.

That my father played his part in the Vigilantes makes me proud of him. He stood tall like a man and did a man's duty and never denied his responsibility. Details of those hangings of '84 were not brought home for children's ears, but the work of the Vigilantes bore fruit, for peace came to what was still frontier country, and it continued until adequate law enforcement could be built up.

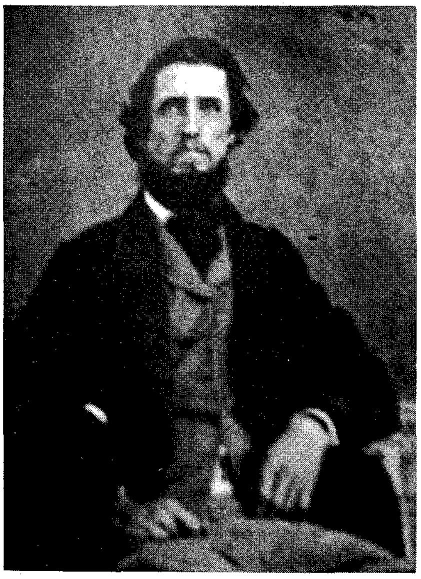
Writers have dealt with the more dramatic aspects of Father's career as miner, stockman, vigilante, statesman; few have recorded the funny, little, endearing things about him we children carried around in our hearts.

I remember in particular how he hated to get up in the morning. To him, sleeping in was a treat. He worked until midnight or later on the ranch books and other business. To us early-rising children he was a sleepy-head. Mother used to have a pillow fight with him every morning to get him up.

Before he and Uncle James struck gold in 1857, Dad had known grueling hours and days in the saddle. He had brought lame oxen from Fort Hall in central Idaho into Montana in 1860 for the purpose of fattening them and reselling them. I know that if my father had not struck gold, he would have become a success anyway, for he knew dedication to work although he never became its slave, nor did he expect his hired hands to slave for him.

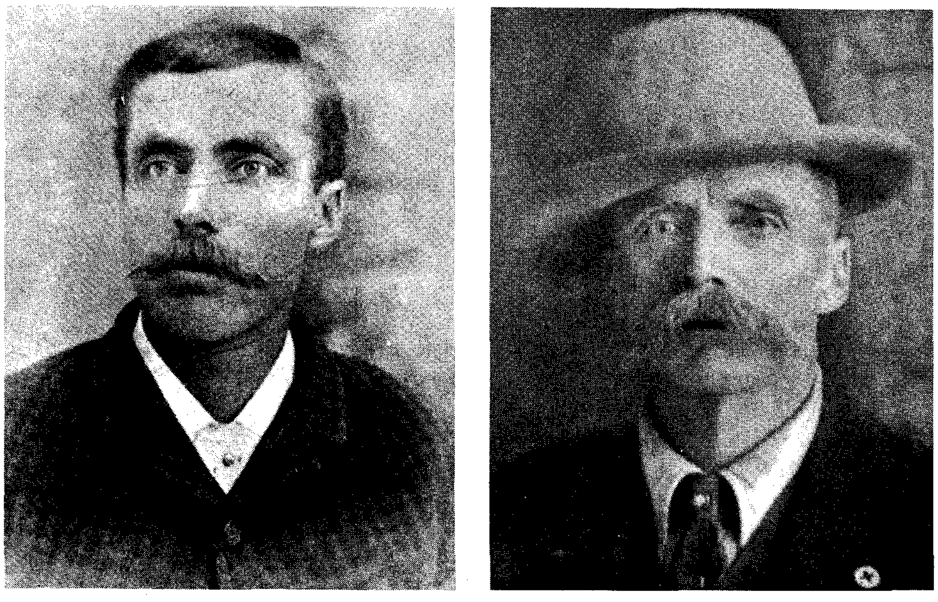
He treated the men in his employ like his equals. Many of the cowboys who worked for him in time set up in the cattle business for themselves. He would let a cowhand run his own cattle with ours on the range, and if that cowboy so desired, he could take part of his wages in beef.

Our ranch derived its name from its four partners: A. J. and Erwin Davis of Butte; S. T. Hauser, Helena; and Father. We branded with a D—S but to everyone we were DHS. My father wrote of his years and experience on the range in his book, *Forty Years on the Frontier*. He had the finest library in his day in the state. It numbered over 3,000 books and he subscribed to all the leading publications in the East. A well-read man, he was honored by Montana in later life by being appointed its first State Librarian. He was also appointed United States Minister to Paraguay and Uruguay, these appointments coming after my mother's death and his marriage to his second wife, a former tutor of ours. My husband said repeatedly of my father, "Granville Stuart was the history of Montana."



Granville Stuart

Teddy Blue Abbott as a young man and in his later years.

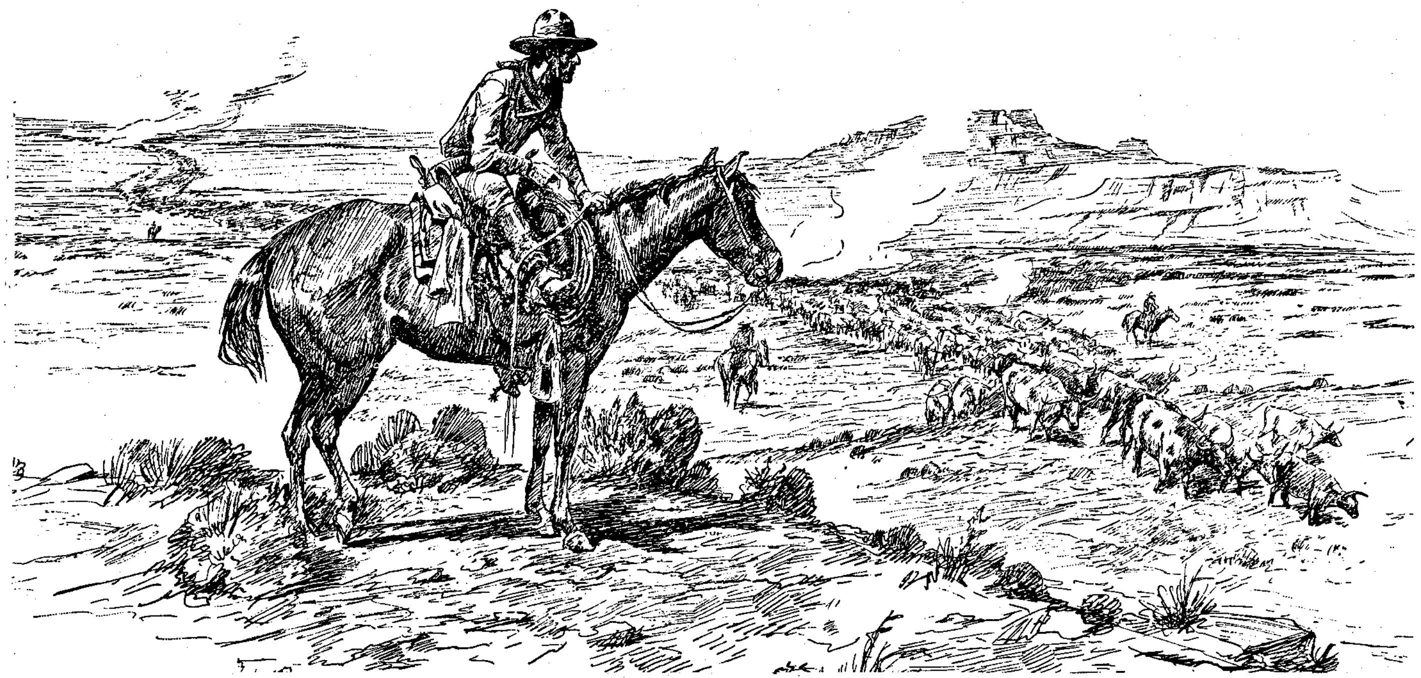


WHEN WE were growing up, fun at home was encouraged, and we had many great parties. Fort Maginnis was three miles above us, and the soldiers came to our gatherings to make the acquaintance of the lovely ranch girls of the area. Our dining room had an immense hardwood floor which was fine for dancing. We even roller-skated on it after we got the craze following a trip to Helena. Dad had a wooden railing encircling the room for us to cling to when we needed it. Father would hire an orchestra and he, himself, would often sit in and play the fiddle. In those days, families were scattered and these get-togethers were our only recreation.

The soldiers in turn would invite us to the fort for dances. My sisters and I always were numbered among the "belles of the ball," and since men far outnumbered the women, eligible girls were in demand and ardently courted. We had many beaus, but I had eyes for only one —the cowboy who worked for my father and whom I eventually married, Teddy Blue Abbott.

My sisters and I were fine seamstresses because Mother taught us how to be skillful with the needle. In those days all the women sewed. My father would thrill us by coming home from the big cities with a beautiful selection of material from which we could make new outfits. Sallie Anderson made my wedding dress; it was of dark red velvet and cost $1.00 a yard. The material was only eighteen inches wide. It is nearly seventy-five years old now and is still in perfect condition—also, it still fits!

In his book, *We Pointed Them North*, Teddy related that I would never consent to marrying him until he gave up his drinking, which young cowboys in that day did to an alarming degree because in town the only meeting place was a saloon and the loneliness of their long months on the range and trail drives drove them to celebrate when free. Teddy wrote, "So I quit drinking, threw my chewing tobacco away, quit what little gambling I ever done, and started to save money. . . . Shows you what a good woman will do for a man. . . . I was so . . . in love with her that instead of a



"TRAIL BOSS," another widely known work of Charles M. Russell

DHS on a cow I'd see Mary."

My mother knew how to keep us occupied with household chores so that we would make good homemakers. As we grew into young womanhood, she insisted on our always being properly chaperoned. Although we were half tomboy and could ride saddle horses and harness and hook up a team to a wagon or sleigh, we still knew how to be dignified.

I remember my first proposal from Teddy. We had all gone berry-picking—Mother, my sisters, my cowboy and I. It was over a berry bush that we first pledged our devotion to one another, but we had to wait two whole years before we married. Mother wanted to marry off my oldest sister, Kate, first, and she thought Mr. Abbott the suitable young man for her, but Kate was fond of someone else and Mr. Abbott wanted me. He had said to others long before we met that we would someday marry.

So we waited, and waited, and finally after we had won Mother's consent and were about to be married, she took ill following the birth of her last child and died within two weeks. I was seventeen. Out of respect for her, we postponed our marriage for half a year; then when we were again about to wed, Kate died of tuberculosis—so we waited another half year.

In all this time, I got to see very little of Mr. Abbott for he was far out on the range with the cattle and his work as "rep" of the outfit took all his time and attention. But I had so many chores to do—taking care of the family, consoling my father, and raising my baby sister, Irene—that I had no time to pine. My father approved highly of Mr. Abbott and he had become our emissary, carrying notes back and forth between us from the range to the ranch during the time my mother had been undecided if the match should take place.

MY FATHER was a handsome man and in the style of his day he wore a mustache and beard. At our table we ate our own beef, and father always brought plenty of dried meat for us from the Indians. Sometimes in the vicinity of our ranch there would be 200 Indian lodges, although this was not the case after Fort Maginnis came. Mr. Abbott could recall on the Musselshell River seeing the prairie sage red with meat. The Indians knew the art of drying; meat would be crisp like a wafer and easily digestible. My husband always insisted no one could cure meat like the Indians we knew.

All of us loved pemmican made of dried meat, berries, fat and, sometimes, brains. It had a sweetish taste children loved. The Indians would grind it all together with a stone. Sometimes they would use service berries and a few buffalo berries to give it a tart taste, and we children especially liked it made with huckleberries. When I was a little girl I saw thousands of huckleberries drying on canvas stretched in the sun. Not only did we ranchers buy all the pemmican we could from the Indians but the soldiers of Fort Maginnis did, too.

When Mr. Abbott and I were first married, we rented a ranch near the mountains which he loved, close to good water and wood, and fine grass. When the owner moved away to Washington, we bought the ranch, keeping cattle belonging to other ranchers on it for shares. In time, we built up a herd of our own. Our ranch was known as the Three Deuces. To each of the children, as they grew, Mr. Abbott gave cattle, and I had my own brand, MAY, for those he gave to me. We were blessed with nine lovely children, really ten, but one died in babyhood so through the years I counted only my nine living ones. Two of them are now deceased.

Sometimes I go back to the old home ranch and relive it all in my mind. It hardly seems possible today that years ago where the DHS was built one could look out over the ranch and see 200 Blackfeet lodges. It was so, but today only Black Butte stands in the distance. My father, who died in 1918 at the age of eighty-four, is buried by his mother, Nancy Stuart, and his brother James, in Deer Lodge. My mother is buried at Fort Maginnis Cemetery between my sister Kate and Lizzie Bender. My sister Lizzie also is buried at Fort Maginnis, as is my husband, who died in April, 1939, five months before our golden wedding anniversary.

Baby sister Irene, who was born when Aubony died, was put in St. Ignatius Mission in western Montana when she was two years old by my stepmother, Allis Belle; Harry and Sam were also put there, and Edward, but Eddie ran away and came to us and Father let him stay. He died when he was twenty-five years old and is buried beside my husband. Sister Irene became a nun and was taken to Rome and received the Pope's blessing, but she died before reaching her late teens. She is buried with brother Harry at St. Ignatius. Brother Sam, the last of my immediate family, passed away about four years ago.

When I look at Charles Russell's famous painting called "Charles M. Russell and His Friends," which is part of the Malcolm S. Mackay Collection in the Montana State Historical Gallery in Helena, I see my husband. Mr. Abbott is riding a horse coming over the hill, and Russell's arm is pointed in that direction. Young Boy, the Cree Indian whom we knew well, is there, too. Mr. Russell even painted my husband's horse as it was. We loved fine horses, and Mr. Abbott had some of the best, his favorites being Billy and Selum. Selum loved all of us, and he knew the day he was going to die. He came to the house, and stuck his head in the door as if to bid us farewell. At the moment we didn't know he was dying, and when he nickered to us, we shooed him away, and he went over to the barn and breathed his last.

Today I live with my daughter Mary and her husband on the Matejcek Ranch east of Lewistown. Cattle and horses graze around us, and I can look outside and see the mountains or I can turn on the sofa and watch TV. I wish Mr. Abbott could have lived to see all the changes. I expect to live to 100 and then, maybe, I will wish to live on and see more. But the past is securely mine.

I read a great deal, but the long ago was better than any book. I thank the Supreme Being for my years and I bless Him for my memories and my wonderful children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. God is good, and life is full, and I know what the poet means who says, "It takes life to live life." Thank God for it all.

LEGEND OF INDIAN HILL

By VIVIAN ATEN LONG

A bit of romantic lore that haunts a countryside . . .

A LEGEND, based on a raging battle, has been passed down through generations of people in the region of Indian Hill near Chapman, Dickinson County, Kansas. Poor, indeed, is any village or hamlet in Kansas which has no Indian legend connected with its history.

Indian Hill was a spot especially inviting to redmen, a vantage-ground for many tribes, and from its peak one could see for miles in all directions. The Kaws had a burial ground on this high point, and here squaws were wont to gather on moonlight nights and cheer the few and lonely settlers by their weird wailings and lamentations over their dead. And here occurred the desperate and bloody battle of long ago.

A large number of the Padoucas (the French name for the Comanches), whose home was near the headwaters of the Smoky River, came down that river one season to hunt buffaloes for their tribe. This section was then but a great desert, covering countless miles, and at certain seasons the shaggy horde of monsters swept back and forth from the Dakotas to Indian Territory.

More than 500 braves and squaws were camped on and near Indian Hill. The buffaloes were not anywhere in sight, so a grand dance was to begin that night, which would not stop until The Great Manitou caused game to appear in the valleys.

No rains had come for many moons, and valleys and plains were dry and parched. Game of all kinds was scarce and starvation was sorely pressing the encamped tribes. Then, when the great dance was at its height, an outgoing scout brought word that not only buffaloes were to be seen in the northwest, but also a band of Cheyenne warriors who were close by and about to attack!

The Cheyennes were much feared by the Padoucas, and preparations were hurriedly made to set up a defense. Children and squaws were placed near the top of the hill, and the braves went out to meet their enemies. Several sharp and bloody skirmishes took place before the Cheyenne chieftain made an overture to Paloca, chief of the Padoucas, promising that if Paloca would let him have his beautiful daughter, Eola, for his bride, together with one hundred ponies, the Cheyennes would leave the Padoucas to hunt the buffalo in peace.

Paloca sent back word that although they were suffering for meat, if he wanted Eola he would have to come and fight for her; that she was beloved by her tribe, and the sands of Indian Hill would be dyed with the blood of every brave in his camp before she should light the fires and cook the meat of the Cheyennes!

THE WRATH of the attacking chieftain knew no bounds, and he relentlessly pursued the Padoucas on every hand for the next forty-eight hours. When their hunger was getting past endurance, a score of Indian maidens slipped past the Cheyennes in the darkness, and slew a number of sleeping buffaloes out upon the desert country, returning with meat which refreshed and cheered their warriors.

The Cheyenne chief heard of this escapade and sent a message to Paloca, saying all the lives on Indian Hill should be the atonement unless Eola became his squaw. In return, he would forego the ponies.

Eola's answer was that she was betrothed and although her father urged her to accept, she maintained that her tribe would stand by her until every brave was slain. She promised that her spirit would be taken up by the hot, dry winds before she would consent to marry a Cheyenne!

That night the bitter chieftain crept down the Smoky Hill River, and with 100 dusky warriors, entered the Padouca camp. Now, again, the battle raged. The Padoucas finally cut their way through the Cheyennes and sent their women and children away. Eola, with her band of armed squaws, remained with the men. The band, greatly reduced in numbers, knew the end was near unless they were able to escape.

That night the attempt was made, but it failed. The braves gathered about Eola and pledged themselves to the last. They had not long to wait. The powerful Cheyenne leader, elated with success, led a final charge, giving orders to spare none except the daughter of the chief.

As the last were being slain, one old warrior carried Eola to the highest point of Indian Hill, closely pursued by his enemies. He fell in the struggle, leaving the girl surrounded by scores of her dreaded foes.

For one moment all was still. And then a great roaring, rushing sound came from the south. Eola was taken up by the Great Spirit of the hot, dry winds and carried away, never to be seen again on earth! The Cheyenne chieftain left with his fruitless conquest, turned and fled in dismay.

According to the legend, rains then fell in abundance. The prairies were covered with grass and herbiage; buffaloes stayed for long seasons; trees grew afresh; streams filled with water and fish. But the Cheyennes never came again, it is said, to the valleys of Smoky Hill.

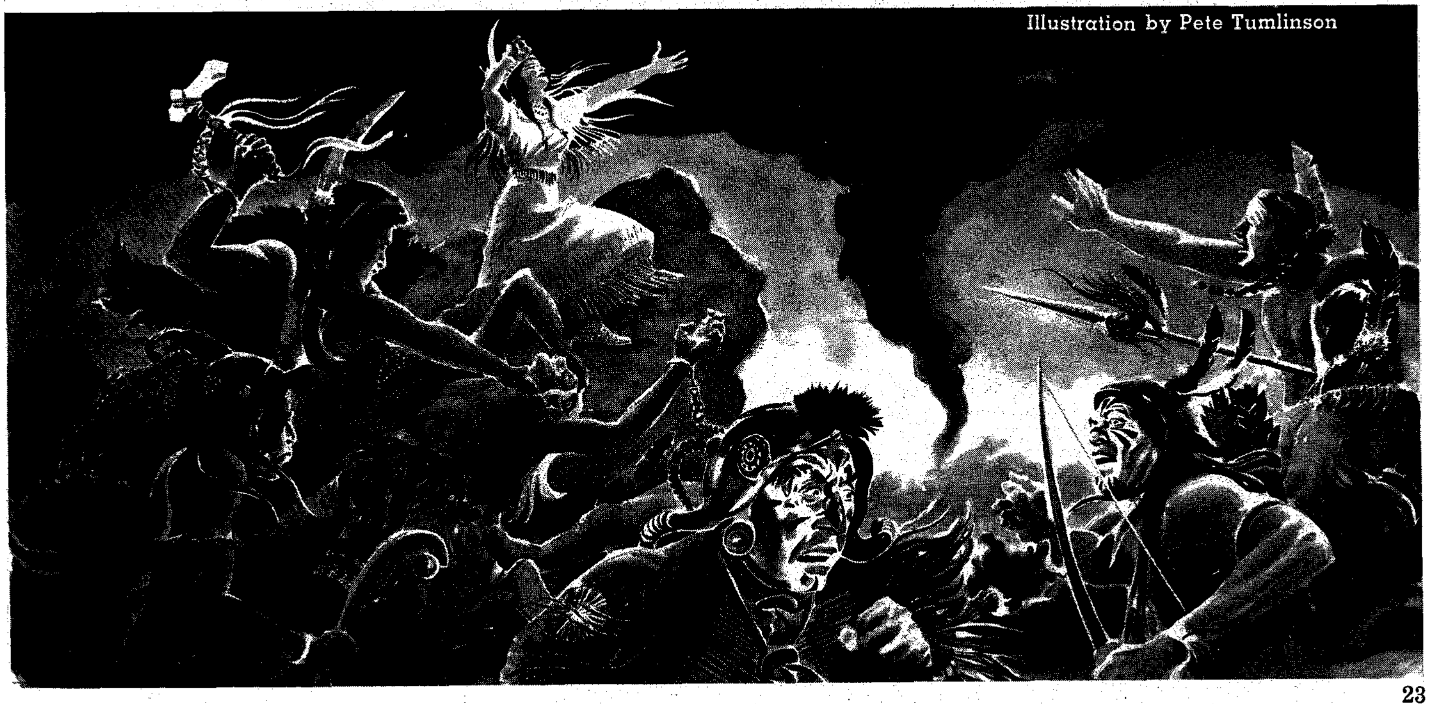
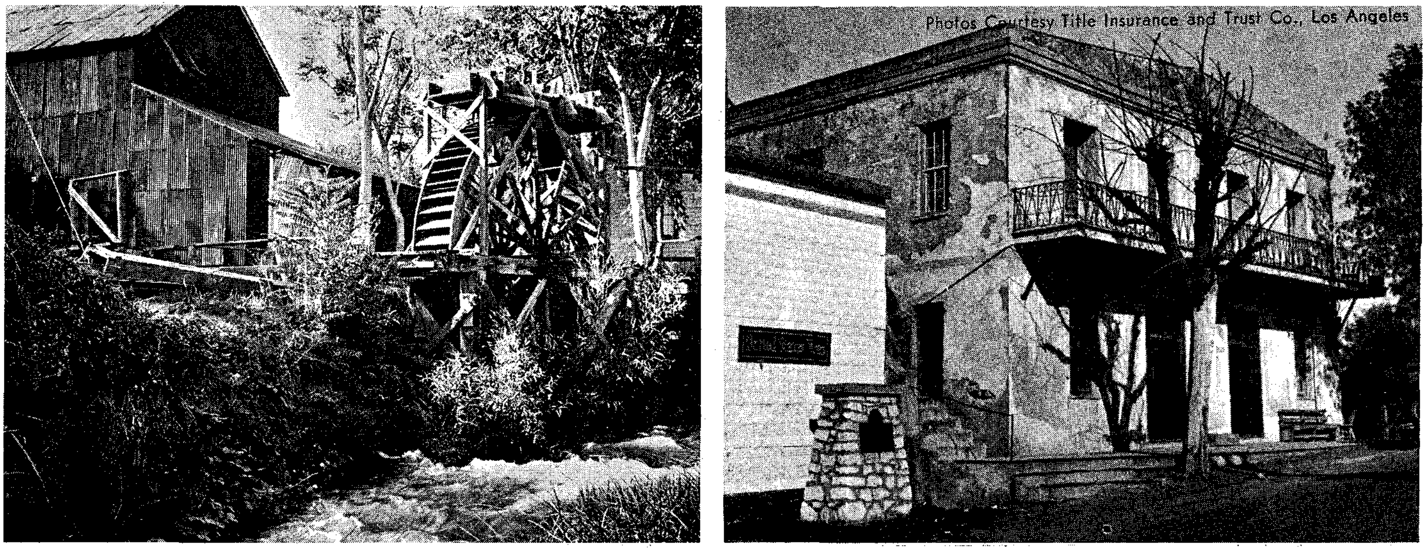


Illustration by Pete Tumlinson


Photos Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Co., Los Angeles

At Angel's Camp, Calaveras County, a water wheel of the type once used in crushing ore. Right, the Hotel Columbia at San Andreas.

JUMPING FROG COUNTRY

By REMI NADEAU

Mark Twain and Bret Harte got a taste of the West in Calaveras County and spread its fame around the globe . . .

ONE SPOT in the heart of the Southern Mines is general headquarters for California folklore—from Joaquin Murietta and Black Bart to Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Here lie the twin capitals of the Jumping Frog Country, Angel's Camp and San Andreas.

Mark Twain's Jumping Frog story is not one of his best pieces. It is amusing, but carries little of his uproarious fun. The author himself later called it "a villainous backwoods sketch." But this six-page story (laboring under the title of "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County") literally made Mark Twain famous. And it also immortalized its patron town, Angel's Camp.

Both Angel's Camp and San Andreas were flourishing Mother Lode towns before Mark Twain and Bret Harte came along. First mined in the spring of 1848, the Calaveras country was one of the richest in the Sierras. One early miner at Angel's averaged $288 a day for the first two months. Another shot a ramrod out of his gun, and when he pulled it out of the roots of a manzanita bush, a piece of gold-bearing quartz came up, too. In the next three days he took nearly $10,000 worth of gold from the spot. Money was so easy that one Calaveras miner, when offered the "beggarly sum" of $3.00 for his pistol, indignantly scattered the gold dust in the street.

It is not from spotless virtue that the roaring camp of Angel's got its name. Its founder was George Angel, who had come to California as a soldier during the Mexican War. When news of the gold strike at Sutter's Mill reached Monterey, he was one of some ninety men who struck out for the Sierras. They reached Calaveras Creek in May, 1848, and Angel, himself, built a trading post on what came to be called Angel's Creek. Within a year the hills at Angel's Camp were "dotted with tents," in the words of one observer, "and the creeks filled with human beings to such a degree that it seemed as if a day's work of the mass would not leave a stone unturned in them." Four years later the population reached 4,500, and Angel's was one of the hubs of the Mother Lode.

The rival camp of San Andreas had sprung up a few miles away. Founded in 1848 by Mexican prospectors, it was one of the earliest to suffer from the racial clashes which rocked the Mother Lode. When the richness of San Andreas became known, American miners poured in and drove many of the Mexicans out. At least one of the San Andreas victims, according to legend, struck back.

The story goes that Joaquin Murietta was living near town when a gang of Americans descended on his place. They hanged his brother for a crime he didn't commit, ravished his sweetheart and horsewhipped Joaquin for good measure. Swearing vengeance, the proud youth took the outlaw trail and formed a band of cutthroats to prey on American settlements up and down the Mother Lode. All of the twenty-one murderers of his brother were brought to justice—nineteen by Joaquin's own hand. Between 1851 and '53 he was in and out of nearly every camp in the Southern Mines, robbing where he chose, laughing at the law, taking from the rich and giving to the poor—all in true Robin Hood tradition.

At least, this is the version first set down by John Rollin Ridge, a newspaperman with imagination. In 1854 he published a biography of Murietta which was so good that the California *Police Gazette* ran a similar account in serial form five years later. The tale was published in a new book by Walter Noble Burns in 1932 and brought to the screen with Warner Baxter in the leading role —both under the title, *Robin Hood of El Dorado.*

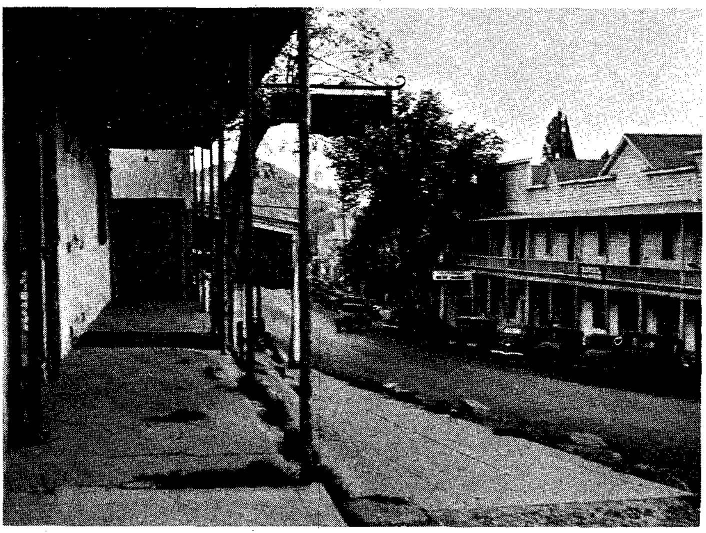
Most of this material—starting with Ridge's biography—is more fiction than fact. It is not even known whether the bandit's last name was Murietta (Murieta), Carrilo, Valensuela, or one of the others attributed to him by contemporary sources. California newspapers of the time tell of a Joaquin whose band terrorized Calaveras County for a period of two months, killed about twenty people, and was audacious enough on one or two occasions to rob the victims even while they were being pursued by a sheriff's posse. Joaquin is supposed to have been tracked down and killed near the present town of Coalinga in July, 1853, and a band of "California Rangers" appointed for the purpose by the Legislature was given a large reward. His head, preserved in spirits, was exhibited for many years in San Francisco. But whether this was really Joaquin, or whether the bandit escaped to safety in Mexico, is still one of the mysteries of California lore.

On far more solid ground stands the story of Black Bart, in whom San Andreas takes a proprietary interest. It was the scene of his trial and conviction. When it came to pure robbery, both in frequency and method, Black Bart was assuredly the prince of California bandits. To be sure, he was somewhat late getting started; Bart robbed his first stage in 1875. But for the next eight years, armed only with a shotgun and a stern voice, this bold highwayman stopped no less than twenty-eight stages.

Bart was no ordinary ruffian. He planned and executed his robberies with careful research and admirable finesse. He always worked alone, though he sometimes mounted a battery of broomsticks over a rock beside the road to impress stage drivers with his imaginary confederates. The passengers he always left alone, and on one accasion is supposed to have returned to an excited lady her proffered purse.

Bart ranged as far north as the Oregon border, but it was the stage drivers of the gold country who most often heard his stentorian command, "Throw down that box!" He left no clues, except in two early robberies when he placed a

BRET HARTE CABIN



Bret Harte's Cabin on Big Oak Flat Road in northern California. Right, El Dorado Hotel, later called the Calaveras Hotel, was a popular overnight stop in Angel's Camp for the Yosemite stage.

tantalizing bit of poetry in the empty Wells Fargo chest, signed by "Black Bart, the PO8." Two stanzas give a hint of Bart's character, but not his identity:

> **I've labored long and hard for bread,**
> **for honor and for riches**
> **But on my corns too long yove tred**
> **You fine haired . . . .**
> **Let come what will I'll try it on**
> **My condition can't be worse**
> **and if thers money in that Box**
> **Tis munny in my purse.**

By the time this colorful scoundrel had perpetrated twenty-seven successful holdups, he had California sheriffs, Wells Fargo detectives and the U. S. postal authorities in a high lather.

But every enterprise has its bad days, especially highway robbery. On November 3, 1883, the Sonora stage rolled westward toward the town of Copperopolis. At the bottom of Funk Hill the lone passenger, a young boy with a rifle, got out to do some hunting; the driver agreed to pick him up on the other side of the hill. As the laboring team neared the top, out sprang Black Bart with leveled shotgun.

The Wells Fargo chest was bolted to the floor of the coach. To gain time in opening it, Bart ordered the driver to take the horses on over the hill out of sight, and there the driver located the boy and his gun. He came back over the hill just as Bart was making off with the loot, sent him a volley of three shots, and hit him.

The wounded Bart escaped, but in the confusion he left behind a handkerchief—with its tell-tale laundry mark. Wells Fargo detectives traced it to the apartment of Charles Bolton, San Francisco. There they arrested a dapper little man who had been leading a double life as San Francisco boulevardier and Mother Lode stage robber. Those "fine haired . . . .," whoever they were, had the last laugh, after all.

BLACK BART was taken to San Andreas, seat of Calaveras County, and tried for his last holdup. It was the biggest excitement in the town since the first gold rush. The trial was cut short when Bart pleaded guilty, but he tried to make up for that by delivering a long courtroom speech. The outlaw served a few years at San Quentin and then faded from history. It was small punishment for twenty-eight robberies, but then Bart had never fired a shot. Besides, he had been uncommonly polite.

The Black Bart incident was only an echo of a riotous San Andreas which had hit its stride thirty years before. It was in the early 1850s that the Calaveras camps were booming. One San Andreas visitor of 1852 reported three gambling houses going full blast to the tune of Mexican bands playing guitars, flutes and harps. You could hear all three at once, he added, "and as each played a different tune, the effect, as may be supposed, was very pleasing."

San Andreas was wild but Angel's Camp could be downright tough. In 1856 one citizen killed another for calling him a "hog stealer." The people of Angel's thought such punishment was a little too severe. They felt so strongly about it that during the culprit's trial they threatened to take him from the court and hang him. The judge, thereupon, sent to San Andreas for help. Soon after, a man rushed into the courtroom and told the assembled miners that a sheriff's posse was coming to protect the prisoner.

That was their cue. Instantly the lights were doused, officers of the court seized, and the prisoner was hustled to the closest tree. The sheriff arrived too late.

This was Angel's Camp at its grimmest, for this is the real Bret Harte-Mark Twain country of the Sierra. Most of its tradition is in the lighter vein. It was in the area from Angel's Camp south to Table Mountain that Harte spent two months on the Mother Lode in 1855. Here most of his identifiable short story settings were laid, and here alone does he show any familiarity with gold country geography. In this Calaveras country that chivalrous old reprobate, Colonel Starbottle, held forth. And in Angel's itself were laid such stories as "Mrs. Skaggs' Husband" and "The Bell Ringer of Angel's."

Still, Bret Harte arrived too late to capture the gold rush spirit in his Mother Lode stories. Even later came Mark Twain, who described the Angel's of 1865 as a "decayed mining camp." True, he got a poor first impression from boarding a week at the local French restaurant, which served a straight fare of chili beans and "bad, weak coffee" for every meal. On the first day Twain's companion, Jim Gillis, called the waiter and told him he had made a mistake. "We ordered coffee," he explained, "and this is day-before-yesterday's dishwater."

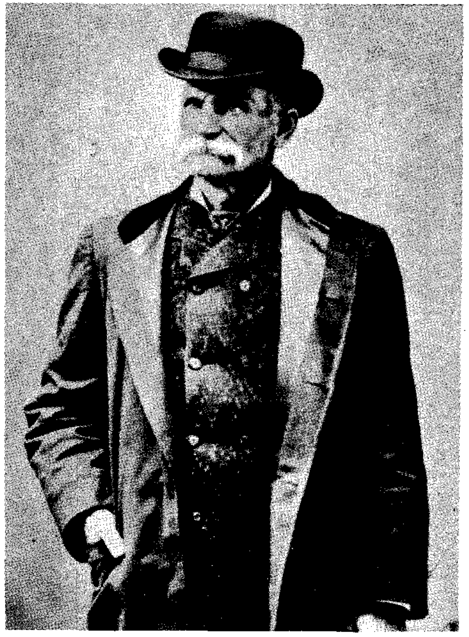
A few days later Mark Twain made a momentous entry in his notebook: "Coleman with his jumping frog—Bet a stranger $50—Stranger had no frog and C. got him one—In the meantime stranger filled C's frog full of shot and he couldn't jump. The stranger's frog won." Coleman later became Jim Smiley, and this fragmentary anecdote—probably related by the bartender at the Angel's Hotel—became Mark Twain's first famous story, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County."

First published in *Clapp's Saturday Press*, it was reprinted across the country and even translated into French. This latter effort dealt such a horrifying blow to the picturesque dialect of the "Jumping Frog" that Mark Twain later retaliated by translating it literally back into English. Such phrases as, "Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog," became "Eh bien! I no saw not that that frog had nothing of better than each frog." This, said Twain, was sheer martyrdom.

Angel's Camp has been kinder to the "Jumping Frog." Each spring it honors Mark Twain, his story and the Gold Rush days in general with a three-day festival climaxed by a Jumping Frog contest—one of the biggest community celebrations in California.

Black Bart

Courtesy California Historical Society



Photos Courtesy Cunningham Collection

The start of the race to stake land claims on the Cherokee Strip.

GREATEST HORSE RACE IN HISTORY

By HOWARD KEGLEY

Walter Cook drove a stake into the heart of Enid, Oklahoma, three minutes ahead of his closest contestant and spent the rest of his days trying to prove ownership of the "most jumped claim" in the Strip

FOR YEARS prairie schooners had been passing through Central Iowa on their way to Kansas, Nebraska or the Dakotas in search of cheap land, but none had impact upon our consciousness until that day in 1893, when the Pettingers stopped at our front gate.

Tall, lean, bewhiskered Joe Pettinger, forty or so, came ambling up the path to inquire if he could fill his water kegs at the windmill. An hour later his woman was clackety-clacking with Mother, and we kids were as thick as blackberries along a willow row. Father and Pettinger were in the midst of what had the appearance of a horse trade. Pettinger was looking over a blue roan gelding which Father prized as an all-around utility horse.

The Pettingers had a covered wagon on the side of which was the crudely painted legend: "Indian Territory or Bust." It was a typical schooner, with oaken beer kegs, filled with water, strapped to either side of the old Ketchum wagon. An iron kettle swayed from the wagon reach. A dozen hens, in a coop lashed to the endgate, pecked one another viciously and complained of overcrowding. Their mongrel dog entertained himself by chasing the dozen or more cats which kept down the rat population on our share-rent place.

Father rather fancied the nag Pettinger wanted to trade. It was a little heavier than the roan and perhaps a little better adapted to farm work. "Get on and ride him down to the section line as tight as you can go," said Father. "See for yourself what he can do."

Pettinger swung a leg over the roan, digging his heels in and slapping it on the thigh with his battered felt hat. He really had a spirited ride. We had never realized that the roan could get over ground so fast.

"He can cover ground faster than mine," Pettinger admitted when he returned at a jog trot. "Guess he's about the ticket for us, so let's call it a deal!"

He tied the roan to a ring in one of the wagon rods, and we all went in to supper. After the evening meal Mr. Pettinger explained to us that they had come that far on their way to Indian Territory where they expected to participate in the great Land Rush into the Cherokee Strip.

"Reason I want the roan is that I am going to need a fast horse with lots of stamina to keep me out in front so I can stake a choice piece of land when the Rush comes," he explained. "I want a horse that can carry me fifteen or twenty miles without giving out!"

Father gazed out into the darkness and stirred his feet uneasily. "Pettinger," he remarked after a long pause, "if I didn't have a crop in and a wife and family on my hands, I'd be tempted to go along with you."

"You got a better thing here than we had," Pettinger replied. "Doubt if we would have undertaken it had there been any outlook back in Indianny. There was nothing there to scratch our itchy feet. If we miss in the Cherokee Strip we ain't lost much!"

"We are pretty well anchored here, even if we aren't layin' by much," Mother put in.

"I know what you mean," replied Mrs. Pettinger, cuddling a sleepy two-year-old in the hollow of her arm.

They slept in their wagon that night, and when we left our beds before daybreak they were gone. In fancy I can still hear that old Ketchum wagon which father had helped Pettinger to grease. The spokes and felloes were loose from dryness—so loose and rickety, Pettinger had told us, that every time he forded a small stream he stopped the horses

Horses, buggies and wagons arriving for "the greatest horse race in history."

and allowed the wheels to soak for half an hour so the dry parts would expand and tighten the spokes.

That night we all sat around glum and uncommunicative. As twilight lengthened, two of us kids sat on the front stoop, peering into the darkness and wondering. Far off to the southwest, heat lightning traveled along the serrated edges of huge black thunderheads, hinting of storm violence before morning.

Deep in our troubled little hearts we hoped that the Pettingers would not chance to be in a storm path, for we had grown to like them. It was not often that people—our kind of people—stopped by enroute to a far country where adventure resided. But after going to bed, I must confess we felt glad because we were not living in Indian country, and could fall asleep and expect to awaken with our forelocks intact.

IT WAS nearly mid-summer of 1893. Up in our country the corn was in tassel. At the southerly boundary of Kansas the bunch-grass was brown and sere, but highly nutritious. It was there that the Pettingers were bivouacked—harness piled beside a hind wheel of the wagon; horses on picket pins; small campfire smoking lazily as it roasted a haunch of antelope.

The Cherokee Strip, which had been roughly surveyed twenty years earlier, was blocked up in quarter-sections with, in most cases, sandstone posts to mark one corner, and pits and mounds to mark two others, one corner being left unmarked, to be surveyed later by its claimant. The pits or mounds were created by digging a shallow hole with a posthole spade, or by heaping up a small mound of dirt.

Nearly a month before, the Rush companies of soldiers had cleared the Strip of cattle herds and had burned off practically all the grass in order that the survey markers might be easily discernable from rapidly moving horses. It was lawful to make the run from all four sides of the Strip, providing one first obtained a certificate of registration from one of the several land offices that had been established along the lines.

Two points at which crowding occurred (to the extent of wagons four or five deep) were the north and south sides of the Chisholm Trail which had, for a quarter of a century, been the main traveled road for longhorns. This route traversed the west-central portion of the Strip, crossing the Cimarron River and passing through what then were mere stopping places called Enid and Pondcreek.

The Chisholm Trail was a well-outlined trace across prairie country where it was difficult for greenhorns to keep their bearings without reference to landmarks. As the majority of the homesteaders were strangers to the country everyone endeavored to start from a point as close as possible to the Trail.

First a cattle path several hundred feet wide, except at points where it narrowed down at river crossings, the Trail had long been cut into deep ruts by the lumbering wheels of heavy freighters, chuckwagons and stagecoaches. As the ruts deepened, prudent drivers pulled out and created parallel tracks alongside until the Trace finally resembled a long ribbon where heavy wagons had seemingly traveled four abreast.

We never knew from which entrance Pettinger made his run, because we heard from them only once afterward, but Father was certain that he did not make the run on the roan gelding.

"That fellow was a born horse-swapper," he sometimes remarked, "and I would lay money that he traded horses half a dozen times before he got to the Strip in an effort to get hold of something faster than the roan."

For weeks afterward, families in covered wagons on the tops of which the words "Oklahoma Or Bust" had been crudely obliterated and the words "Busted, by Gosh" substituted, crept back through our country, downcast and disheartened because the only land they could have staked didn't appear to be worth camping on overnight. Their horses had been blood-sucked by insects in the river bottoms and underfed on the prairie until they staggered at every step. Their children were sick from measles and scarlet fever. But still they moved on, mostly toward the Dakotas, ever in search of that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

FROM THEM we gleaned a graphic picture of the Run, which had captured the imagination of something like 100,000 persons who were "always looking for something better to turn up." They told about the scarcity of fresh water, the need for building fires of buffalo chips and dried cow dung, the thievery which went on constantly while hordes of people anxiously awaited the opening gun, the lack of medical assistance when sickness occurred, particularly among children whose parents dragged them through that ordeal because they had no place to leave them.

Kindness and meanness were about equally distributed there, they told us. Death struck almost hourly, and freshly filled graves dotted the most convenient hillside. On crudely fashioned crosses, names and dates were roughly inscribed by jackknife blades. Tenderhearted women neglected their own to assist the less fortunate. Some exhibited their culinary art from the endgate of a wagon, selling spare food to supply their families with other necessities of life.

The Run had been scheduled to start with the crack of a pistol at noon September 16, 1893. The four sides of the Strip stretched out for a grand total of 600 miles. Four hundred miles afforded fairly good positions from which to start. The Run deserves to go down in history as the world's greatest race, not only of horses, but of men, for there were many who covered the ground afoot, lacking a horse fit to carry them. As many as 100,000 contestants, with carts, buckboards, top-buggies and spring wagons mingled with horseback riders and covered wagon drivers. During the last few days before the land opening, scores of men traded favorable positions for better horses, food staples and farm equipment.

At half past eleven that day drivers were in their seats, with whips poised. Horseback riders sat in their saddles like intent jockeys. And then it happened!

Five minutes before the opening gun was to have been heard, the report from a discharged firearm echoed across the low hills. It likely came from a gun shot at a jack rabbit but, nevertheless, the race was on. All hell could not have checked the onrush.

A dense cloud of dust rose from the flying hoofs of thousands of horses as they broke from the starting line where the earth's surface had been trampled into choking powder. This rendered visibility almost nil for the first quarter of a mile. Those who were sweeping forward from the Hennessey line clearly had a five-minute advantage.

The breakneck pace at which several thousands started soon slowed perceptibly; many realized that they were poorly equipped for such a grueling contest, and began turning to the left and right to drive their stakes in likely looking parcels far from any semblance of habitation. In crossing streams many of the vehicles bogged down, and in some of the deep ruts of the Chisholm Trail wagon or buggy wheels that had been subjected to great wear and strain on the long journey collapsed and left the drivers temporarily stranded. Most of them whipped out their hunting knives, cut the traces, tied one horse to the vehicle, and galloped away on the back of the other.

Not many outfits, either double or single, were able to keep up a lick of four or five minutes to the mile for long. Men who had expected to see their mounts run like derby winners through prairie dog country soon found it necessary to revise their ideas and settle for less than they had predetermined to take. The man who had his sights set on staking the future site of a courthouse soon glanced from side to side for trees and running water, or substantial patches of green in the landscape, indicative of springs.

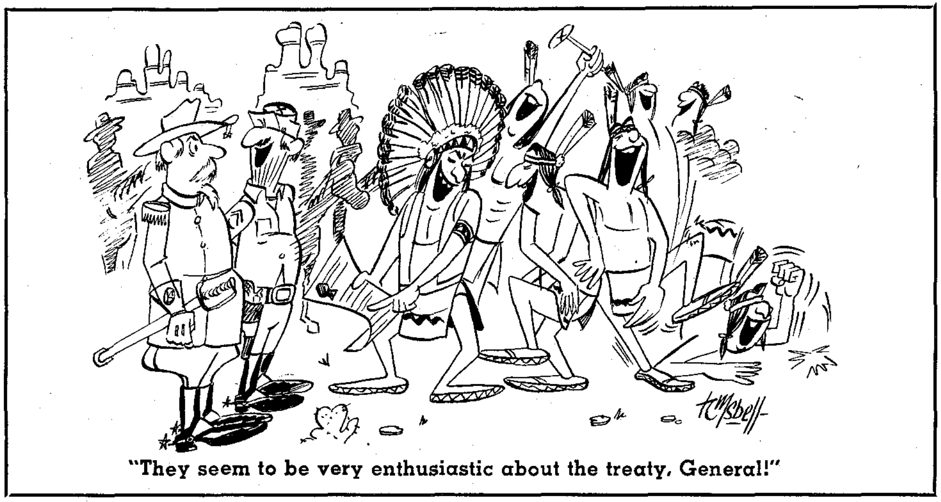
SOME HAVE contended that the Run from the Hennessey side of the Strip was the shortest distance to the most desirable locations. Certain it was that many contestants had focused their attention upon Enid, which was expected to become a metropolis, and without question, several of the first fifty to reach Enid had started from the Hennessey side.

Among these was a lithe young cowpuncher, who had just reached his majority. He hailed from Chickasaw Indian country, off to the south. Mounted on a wiry claybank, which seemingly had "wind" to burn, he got off to a hot start and then settled to a persistently steady pace that proved to be a killer for most competitors. Three or four older men hung in close but gradually the claybank shook them off with a gallop which, instead of declining, quickened until it was reeling off a mile in something like three minutes.

Half a dozen horses hung close as their riders' rowels raked viciously, shoulder to flank, but none had the ground-gaining speed of Walter Cook's, whose breath-taking speed was really unleashed in the final burst. The pony turned the corner near the L-shaped building which housed both the land office and the post office at Enid, and came to an abrupt stop, as though its rider had just roped a yearling.

Walter Cook, the winner by several hundred yards, landed on both feet and shoved his stake into the ground of 160 acres that turned out to be close to the center of Enid. He would have been money ahead had he closed his eyes and staked almost any other 160 acres within five miles of that spot, but unhappily he did not know this until it was too late.

Scarcely more than three minutes afterward in came Albert Hammer, who had the audacity to drive his stake into the soil near that of Walter Cook. Just behind him came Ben Clampitt, in a rattling and careening old vehicle. He, too, swept on the prized "160", hurled himself to the ground and pushed his stake deep into what had until minutes before been free American soil, but which was not to be free again for years because before the sun set that day almost 300 different persons had driven their stakes into the same piece of land, making it by all odds the most jumped claim in the world.


"They seem to be very enthusiastic about the treaty, General!"

IN THOSE DAYS if you possessed the physical prowess, you generally flung a claim-jumper off your property. Frequently, buckshot was the deciding factor, but you can't kill nearly 300 men—not very conveniently, at least. The testimony of Pat Wilcox, who worked in the post office, almost immediately turned the tide in favor of the cowboy. In the final minutes of the Run he had stood as an observer on the post office roof. From there he had seen a multitude of people pile up on Cook's quarter-section like players in a football scrimmage, and then unwind themselves and drive their stakes into what he had rightfully earned.

Because so many honest persons who drove their stakes in a certain place voluntarily removed them and staked elsewhere after being informed that a previous claim existed, the Enid community had what seemed a popularly shared opinion that nearly 300 persons who staked the same claim Walter Cook had selected considered that it was going to be the townsite and that it should be regarded as a subdivision rather than an agricultural plot.

Actually there was almost immediate discussion among the claimants as to the desirability of cutting it up into town lots. Pioneers of Enid will tell you that Walter Cook was regarded as foremost claimant, and that he could have had his choice of a good big chunk of the parcel, had he been of a conciliatory nature. But instead, he stood adamant, declaring that he would either have all or none of it. Some assert that the 160, at the turn of the century, probably had a potential subdivision value of at least $1,000,000.

While destiny was molding Enid into a city of 45,000, Cook's 160 acres stood almost in the center of things, with close to 300 one- and two-room shacks and a lot of tattered and flapping tents bearing testimony to the greed of the something-for-nothingers. Cook seems to have been the sort of fellow who seldom had one dollar to rub against another, so it is not surprising that in the course of time he borrowed money against his shanty on the claim.

In the first contest over the claim Cook was an easy and decisive winner. There were several people who claimed he had won the race by at least two minutes. But there were six persons who filed a contest. Meanwhile most of the claim-jumpers split the 160 acres into town lots and divided them. The six held out for the entire parcel. Cook would have been counted in as a seventh, but he was never willing to embrace the principle of compromise.

To raise the necessary legal fees he mortgaged his cabin and went to court. Later he went back to the Chickasaw Nation to raise money. He got back before the legal absence period ran out, but found that the shack he was supposed to live in had been removed. The mortgage had been bought up by one of the litigants and the building had been yanked off the property when the note became due.

Before Cook could replace the shack he fell ill of pneumonia and for some time his life hung in the balance. A neighboring homesteader took him in and provided the medical care he needed, but before he was able to re-establish himself on the claim a group of people in

(Continued on page 56)

The Night THE BRIDGE Went Out

By G. H. LaTELLE

On that stormy night in Rapid City, a lot of good citizens earned the wages of sin. It wasn't a case of hell or high water—there was plenty of both!

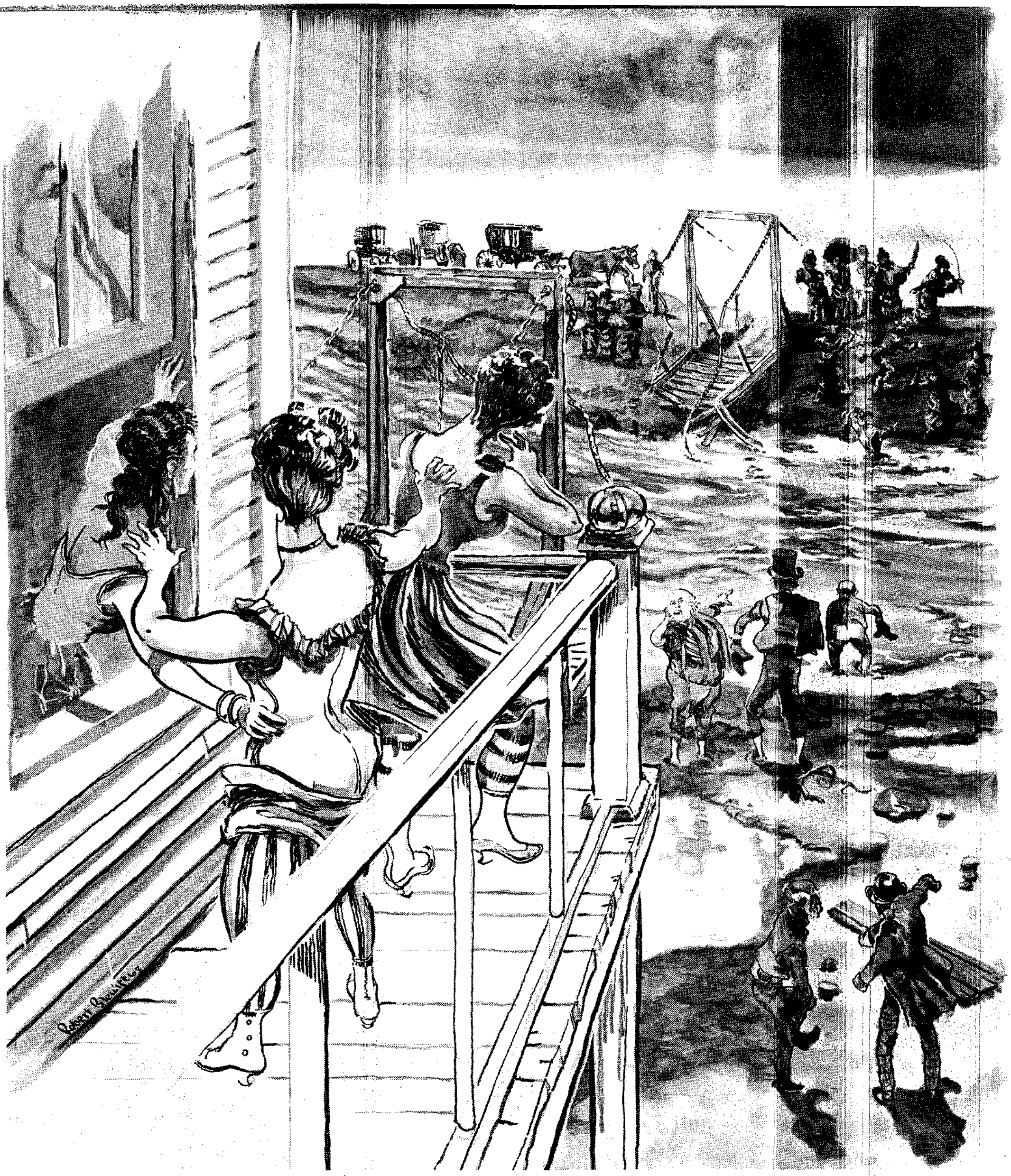


Illustration by Robert Blewitt

HELL hath no fury like a woman scorned. When the bridge went out it left a sizable percentage of the male population of Rapid City with nothing to look forward to but the wrath and retribution of their wives and sweethearts. Marriages which had been skirting along the shoals were suddenly faced by the jagged reefs of destruction; those which had floated along on the calm sea of bliss were tossed into a maelstrom of invective that threatened their survival. When the bridge went out Mother Nature kicked up her heels with glee over the success of one of her dirtiest tricks.

South Dakota had attained statehood not too many years before. Many Rapid Citians still remembered when the town was called Hay Camp, and its principal occupation was furnishing forage for the bull trains that served the gold rush camp of Deadwood. The town displayed few of the attributes of a city; most of the streets were covered with wind-blown dust during dry weather or ankle-deep mud after a rain.

The main part of town lay south of Rapid Creek. Near the center of the northern limits of town the creek swung a loop to the south, and enclosed in the loop was an area known as Coney Island. Coney Island was seldom spoken of in the presence of ladies; most western towns of that day and age had similar districts, but they were not topics of general conversation. Female residents of Coney Island rarely were seen downtown, and children were taught to stay well away from the place. A lone bridge across Rapid Creek separated Coney Island from the rest of the town.

Apparently a considerable percentage of the business and professional men of the town belonged to clubs or societies which held frequent meetings that lasted until midnight. If any of the good ladies had mental reservations concerning the validity of these frequent night meetings they refrained from bringing the subject up for general discussion.

A tenderfoot stopping at the Harney Hotel chanced one day to hear the hotel parlor piano giving forth the melody, *She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage* in a most melancholy and talented manner. He investigated, and the gifted player introduced himself as Professor Gordon Severn. They whiled away many an afternoon in the hotel parlor, with the tenderfoot singing as the Professor played the tunes of his selection; the Professor seemed to know all of them. If, on occasion, Severn thumped out something with a honky-tonk beat, the tenderfoot only marveled at his versatility and open-mindedness.

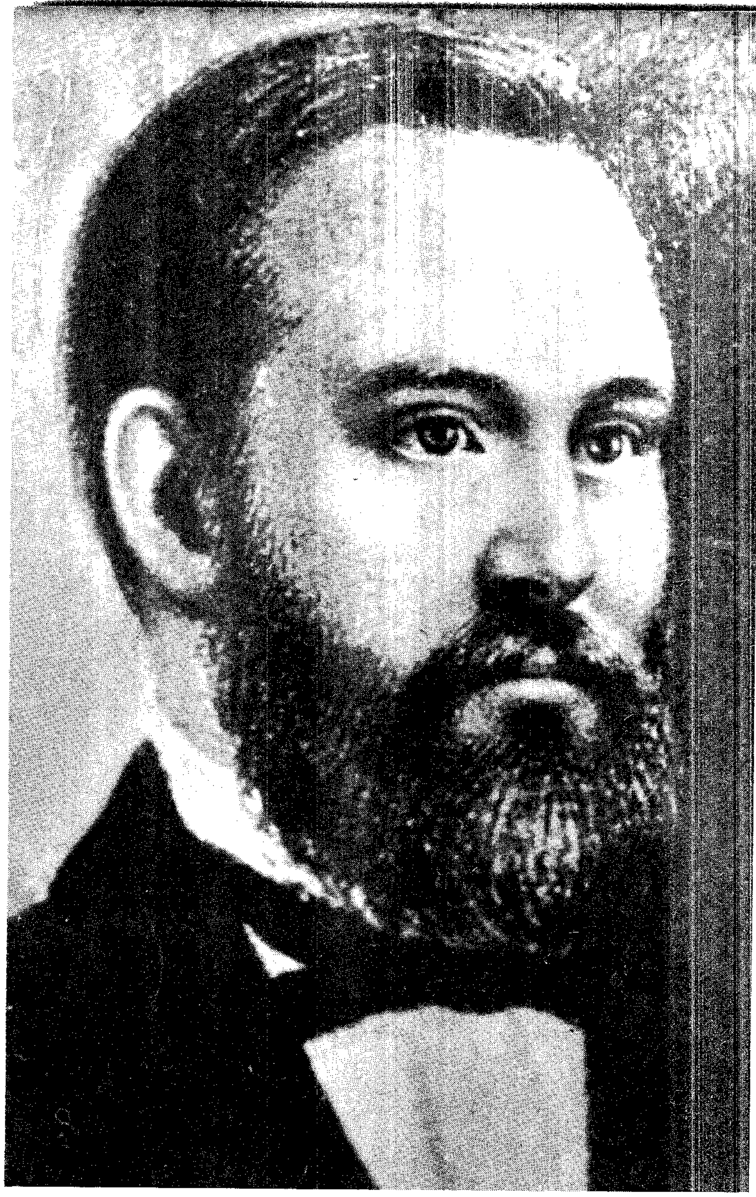
As the Professor was seldom to be found after dark, the tenderfoot decided that he gave piano lessons in private homes in the evenings. One day he was unable to locate his friend for the afternoon musical session, and from the clerk learned that the Professor, feeling indisposed, had left town for a little cabin up in the hills where he hoped to recuperate. About dusk a beautiful lady, dressed in black, stalked into the hotel lobby also seeking the errant musician.

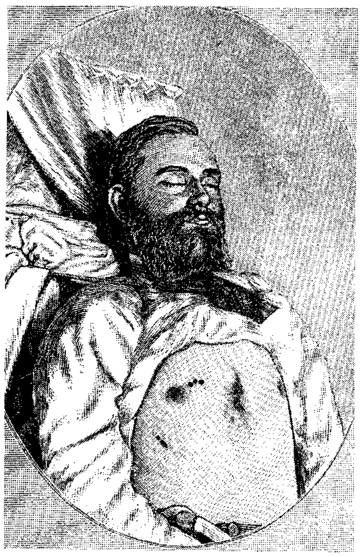
The tenderfoot was awed by the beauty and majesty of the stately brunette, and decided that she was probably the wife of one of the town dignitaries who was distressed because the Professor had failed to show up for a piano lesson. He suffered a rude awakening when the beautiful lady remarked, in a very unladylike manner, "Indisposed, my foot! The skunk is drunk again. When the lousy bum sobers up tell him he is fired!" The young Easterner learned with chagrin that the irate woman was "Black Nell," a famous madame from Coney Island, and that the Professor was her honky-tonk piano man.

IN DUE TIME the Professor sobered up and returned to the Harney Hotel. His indifference to the news of his firing was justified by a visit from another beautiful lady. The charming Dora DeFranne, one of the most famous posies from Coney Island's lush bouquet, was overjoyed to secure the services of Severn for her rival establishment.

One evening a bank of dark, threatening clouds built up over the Black Hills

(Continued on page 59)





$20,000^{00}

REWARD

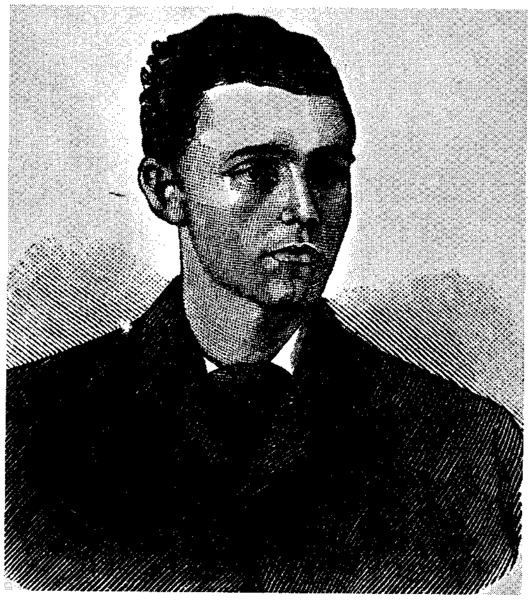
DEAD OR ALIVE

JESSE JAMES

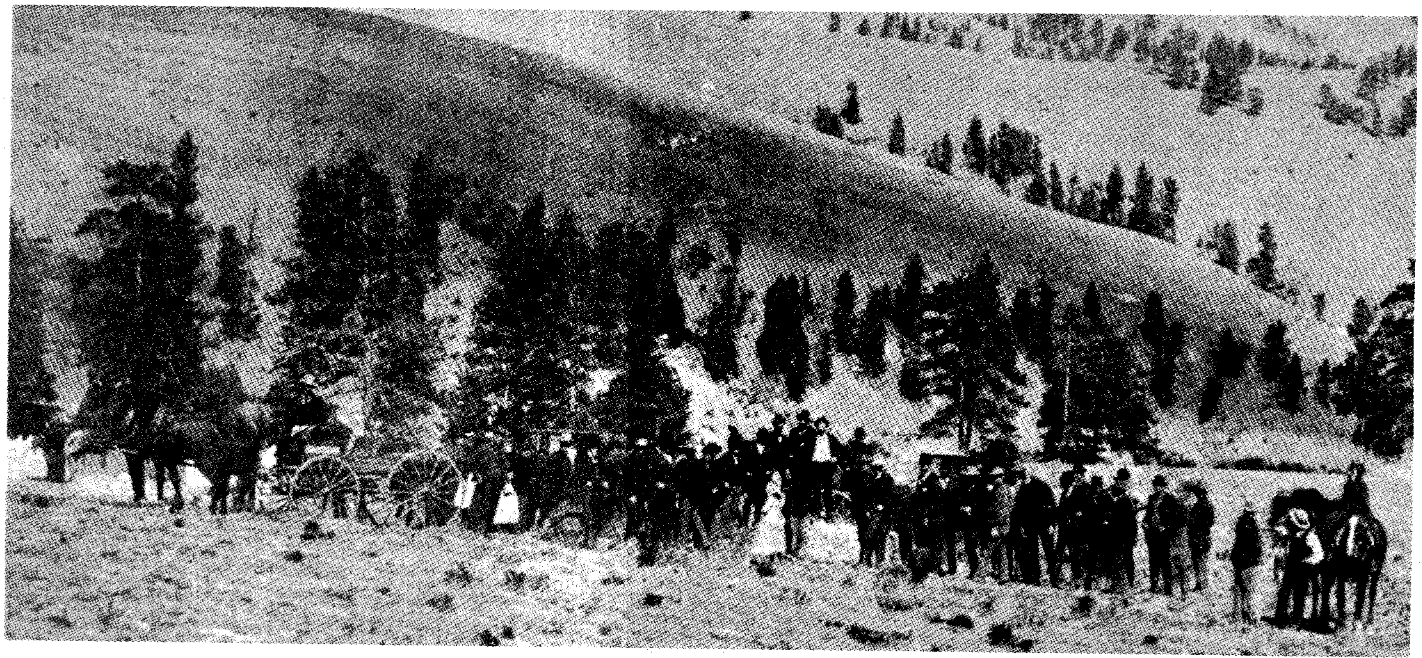
WANTED FOR BANK ROBBERY AND TRAIN HOLDUPS

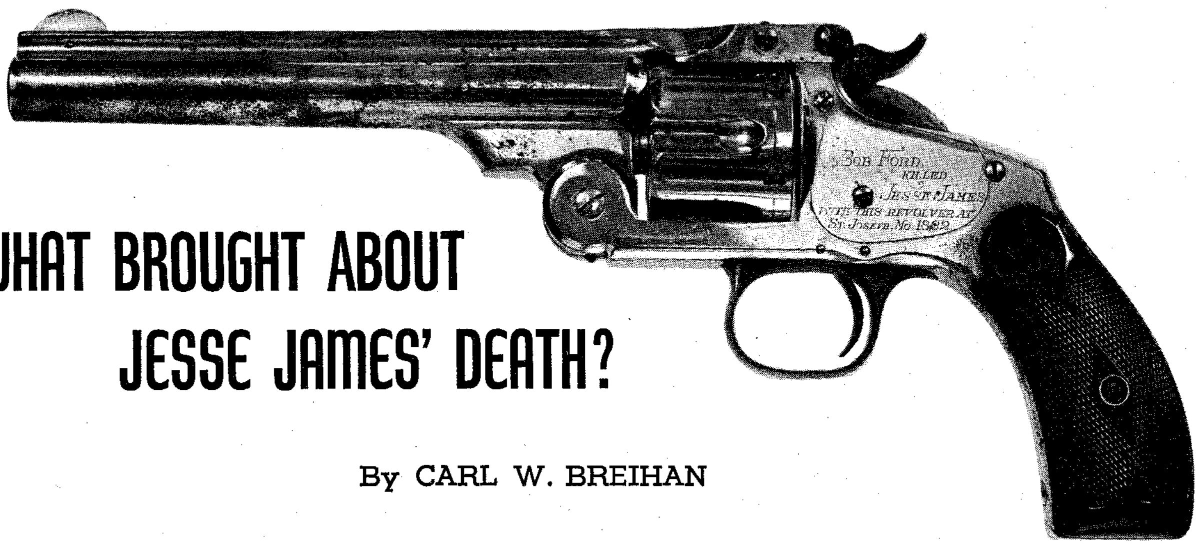
ABOUT 5 feet, 11 Inches TALL, BLACK HAIR, 170 POUNDS, BLUE NERVOUS AND SHIFTY EYES. HAS SHORT FULL GROWTH of BEARD --- EXTREMELY DANGEROUS

CONTACT SHERIFF TIMBERLANE, CLAY COUNTY, MISSOURI AT ONCE.



Above, Jesse James, a portrait and an engraving of him in death. At right, Bob Ford. Photos courtesy Carl Breihan. Below, Bob Ford's funeral at Creede, Colorado, courtesy Harry Neff.





WHAT BROUGHT ABOUT JESSE JAMES' DEATH?

By CARL W. BREIHAN

Differing accounts and conflicting details about the killing of the country's most famous bandit get a thorough comparison by an expert.

ONE OFTEN WONDERS if only the reward money tempted the Ford brothers to destroy Jesse James. Many new incidents have been discovered which might have influenced them. Several had their origin at the George Hite mansion in Logan County, Kentucky.

Hite was an uncle of Frank and Jesse James and his son, Wood Hite, was Jesse's favorite cousin, as well as a later member of his outlaw band. George, against the wishes of his family, had married the pretty Widow Peck at Adairville, Kentucky—a circumstance which led to many of the family members' leaving the house. But by 1882, the second Mrs. Hite had left her husband, and shortly after Jesse's death, she and George were divorced.

Many claimed that she was in love with Jesse James, and that his liaison with her was the cause of disaffection among the Hites, the Jameses and other members of the band. However, others said it was Dick Liddil who carried on an undercover love affair with Mrs. Hite and that this led to the murder of a colored man named John Tabor.

Tabor, a servant at the Hite estate, carried love notes to Mrs. Hite's secret lover, and one day Wood Hite caught him and killed him. Wood's stepmother hated him, and swore out a warrant accusing him of Tabor's murder. He was taken to Adairville by Marshal Jeter, but escaped easily from the store jail with the aid of a hundred dollar bill. The guard just seemed to have vanished.

Another incident occurred on the Hite property between Wood and Dick Liddil which brought about further enmity in the group. In the great barn, which stood several hundred feet from the house, Wood had accused Liddil of stealing from him and Jesse. Liddil denied the charge, with Hite suggesting that they shoot it out.

Strapping on their pistols they walked alone to the barn to do so. Each man's stand was selected and no firing was to occur until each had reached his station. However, Liddil fired prematurely and missed. Hite immediately put a tree between himself and the would-be assassin. Liddil did the same, firing until his weapon was empty. When Liddil retreated toward the house, Wood began his firing. Neither man was hit in the cowardly escapade, and the matter was smoothed out by family members.

Some months before, Jesse and a man named Miller had had a disagreement at the Hite residence and agreed to fight a duel in a thickly wooded section across the Tennessee line. Several hours later Jesse returned alone. Miller never was heard from again. No one dared question Jesse about it, and the secret died with him in 1882.

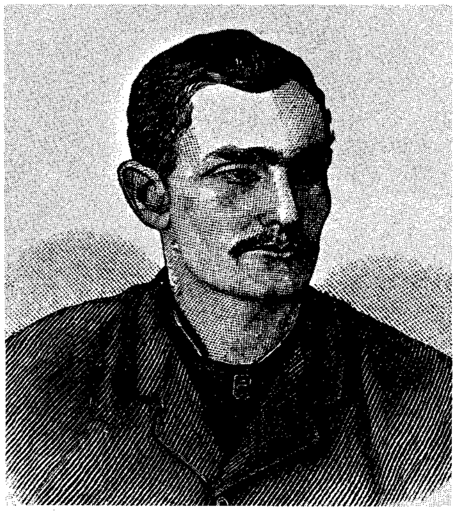
THE LIDDIL-HITE incident in Kentucky led to the latter's death in Missouri and created one incident which caused the Fords to further fear the wrath of Jesse James. In October of 1879, the Chicago and Alton train had been robbed at Glendale, Missouri. This was Wood Hite's first appearance as an outlaw. Here the robber band consisted of Jesse and Frank James, Wood Hite (alias Robert Gregg), Tucker Bassham, Bill Ryan and Ed Miller.

In September of 1881, a train was robbed at Blue Cut, Missouri, with Clarence and Wood Hite both being in the James band, as well as Dick Liddil, Jim Cummins and a few others. On December 4, Wood rode into the yard of the Ford home in Ray County, Missouri. Martha, a sister of Charley Ford, was cooking breakfast in the lean-to kitchen. Wood asked if any of the gang were at the house, telling Martha that he was suspicious of Liddil regarding the division of the Blue Cut robbery money. She replied that Liddil and Bob and Charley Ford were still asleep upstairs. At the news that Dick Liddil was in the house, Wood exploded into profanity. He informed Martha that Dick had a lot of gall to hang around the gang after stealing money from the Blue Cut loot bag before the proceeds could be divided. Besides the outcome of the duel which Wood still brooded over, both he and Liddil were supposedly in love with Martha Bolton's fourteen-year-old daughter.

Martha tried to act as peacemaker, but hot-headed Wood Hite was not to be soothed. He stamped upstairs into the bedroom where the two Ford boys and Dick Liddil were sleeping. In an angry conversation, Wood said to Liddil, "You've got one hell of a nerve speaking to me at all after the damn lies you've been telling!"

That remark set off the shooting. Hite fired and wounded Liddil in the hip. Liddil returned the fire, the bullet entering Hite's left shoulder. By this time Charley Ford had leaped from a window into the snow and sprained his hip. When the fight was over, Wood was dead, shot through the head near the left eye. Who had fired the fatal shot, Liddil or Bob Ford?

About two weeks later a band of detectives raided the Hite residence in Kentucky and arrested Clarence. Found guilty for his part in the Blue Cut robbery, he was sentenced to twenty-five years in the Missouri State Penitentiary. Thus the seed of fear was planted in the hearts of the Ford brothers. They dreaded the day that Jesse would learn of the death of Wood—but such was never to be.

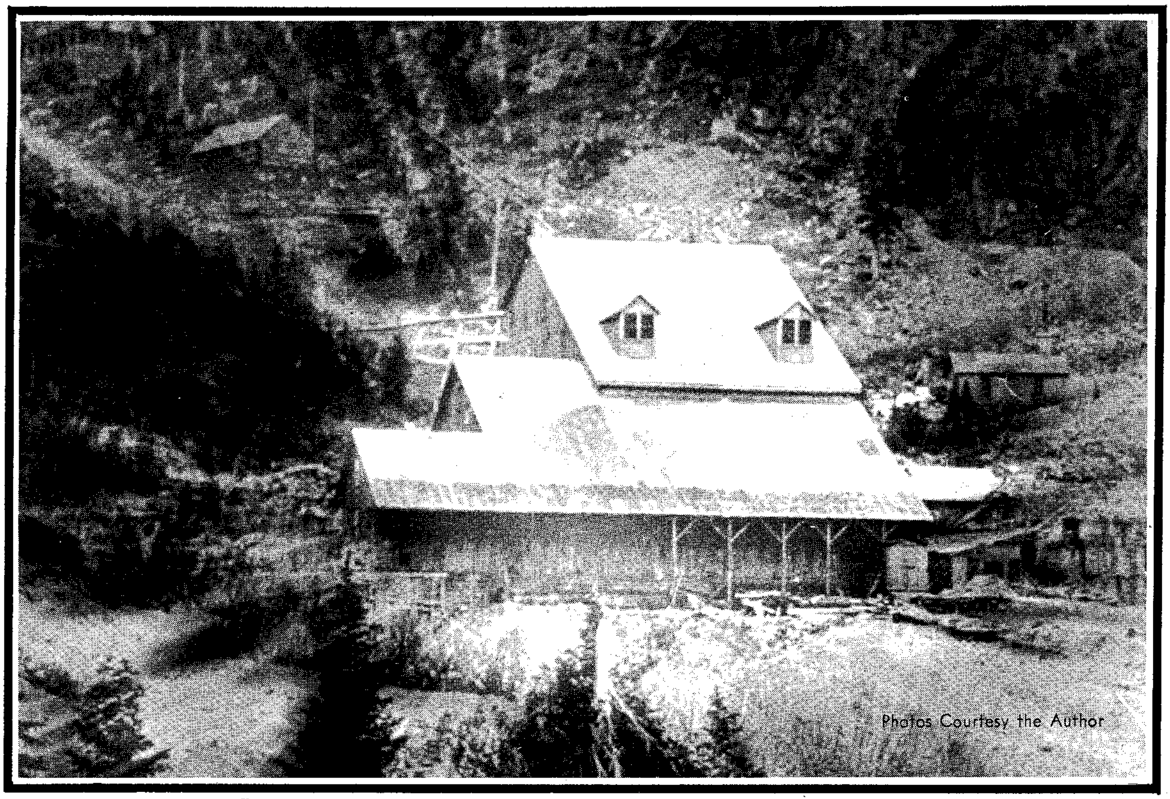


Charley Ford

THE KILLING of Hite forever severed Liddil's connection with the gang, for Hite was a favorite with the boys, and Liddil well knew he could never explain Wood's disappearance.

Bob Ford feared Jesse for he was not a member of the band. In fact, during 1881, Bob Ford had gone to Kansas City and worked for a detective

(Continued on page 50)



"Spooked Hole," the haunted Highland Mary mine in western Colorado.

SPOOKED HOLE

By RICK KREPELA

The tunnel curved and twisted to the whims of a New York fortune teller, passing up rich silver in search of a "lake of gold." The miners laughed—but she was right!

HE WAS a peppery little guy with all the earmarks of an eastern dude. His high beaver hat, wing collar and immaculate frock coat indicated wealth. So, too, did the burro train of supplies he had brought across the mountains into Silverton in Colorado Territory. Everyone listened when he began throwing money around.

"I want to buy all the claims in Cunningham Gulch and hire all the miners I can," he told them.

He was throwing money around all right! The area, tucked in the convulsive folds of Colorado's San Juan Mountains, had played out two years before. Any sensible miner knew there wasn't any silver around—much less a lake of liquid gold!

"Tell us again how you got the map," shouted a grizzled old-timer who could scarcely conceal his contempt.

So Edward Ennis went over it once more. He had inherited money from the family estate in Scotland and he wanted to find gold. He had an infallible map to show him where to dig.

"The best clairvoyant in New York gave it to me," he said. "Cost me $50,000."

The men just looked at one another and snickered. That was a lot of silver crossing the palm for a rough map that showed only a dotted line from the rail head at Pueblo to a tiny "X" near Silverton. "Here is where you will find a lake of liquid gold," the seeress had predicted.

Newspapers of the 1880s, Colorado's mining records, and personal accounts document the story. But there are gaps. No one bothered to record the name of the clairvoyant and now her identity is lost. Ennis, on the other hand, is part of bonanza history, a tragic figure who never saw the promise fulfilled.

But he believed. From the very beginning he tackled the task of building his mine with the conviction of a man certain of results. Although the miners thought Ennis was crazy they worked for him. One argument always brought the men around.

"Me money's hard, now ain't it?" he would shout. It certainly was!

He remembered his Scotch ancestry by naming the mine the Highland Mary. She was to prove an elusive, teasing lass. All accounts agree the medium, soothsayer, clairvoyant, or whatever, was a woman. Ennis was careful to keep her identity a secret. Her letters—which continued to offer advice over the years—arrived in plain envelopes. Her frequent wires were unsigned. Nobody ever found out if she used a crystal ball or a ouija board.

That she was an outright fraud was a foregone conclusion to the people of Silverton. Ennis had been taken—but good! "Lake O' Gold Ennis" became a derisive title along saloon row. The dapper little man was always worth a laugh or two between shifts at the mine.

TRACES of ore showed up almost immediately. Ennis was delighted—but puzzled. They were finding silver, not gold. Ennis ordered the men to push on instead of following the silver vein. When the foreman questioned this, Ennis had only one comment, "Me money's hard."

They dug where he told them to. Meanwhile, back at the crystal ball, so to speak, the clairvoyant kept up a running commentary on the work. Her instructions detailed how to proceed. "Go left ten degrees," a letter would command and the whole work force veered left.

"Too high, angle down," another note would advise. The men in the tunnel burrowed deeper. The townspeople were laughing openly. It was the craziest tunnel ever—zigzagging without reason, it bypassed two more promising silver veins as it bore into the mountain.

Ridicule continued until two things happened to blunt the laughter. The first was small enough; Ennis was back in New York for a visit when he wired his men to turn and follow the crevice. Sure enough, that very day the miners had blasted the tunnel into a crevice. There had been discussions as to which direction to take. Straight ahead or follow the fault in the rocks? Ennis' wire settled the question.

The town was puzzled. How could Ennis, 2,000 miles away in New York, have known about the crevice? The foreman checked the telegraph office. No wire had been sent to Ennis telling him of the problem.

Ennis was still in New York when he again sent an urgent wire. "Beware of water. Move equipment to safety and make certain men can escape quickly," it said.

"Old Lake O' Gold must have paid that woman some more money," the foreman said. He was probably right. Fortunately they obeyed orders even though the tunnel was dry and there was not even a trace of water. The men didn't mind — it was easier work than digging.

An eye-witness account published in the Denver *Times* explains what happened. "We took Ennis' warning lightly. Within a day the sounds from the drill told us we were approaching a cave. The next shots (blasting powder) broke in to it and out rushed a stream of water that filled the tunnel. . . . It put a current of air behind us and we jumped on the car quickly. The air forced the car on like a whirlwind and saved us from being drowned. . . . All the men concluded after this that there was something to Ennis' spirit directions and we had more respect for them."

AND WELL they might! Now when people laughed it was with a touch of nervousness. A vague suspicion of the supernatural settled on the Highland Mary. Some of the more superstitious miners shied away from the "spooked hole." But Ennis jingled his money and had no real trouble getting men down the tunnel.

"A lot of small things happened that made us all a bit leery," said an ancient ex-miner who had worked the Highland Mary. Struggling with details, he pinpointed one incident. "I recollect one time Ennis wanted all the particulars about a man's kinfolks. He wanted their names, addresses and everything. He'd never asked that of anyone before. That afternoon the man was killed in an accident at the mine. We had a good many accidents—but the pay was good."

An old mining report backs up the claim that the Highland Mary took more than her share of victims. "Established rules of mining were violated in following the (clairvoyant's) instructions. . . . Many men were killed as the work progressed—victims of accidents that other and more regular procedures might have avoided."

By 1885 Ennis had spent at least $750,000. All he had in return was a tunnel more than a mile long. The silver veins were untapped and he had yet to find any gold. The collapse of an eastern banking firm that was handling his funds left him destitute overnight.

Creditors swooped in from every side. They pushed hard when Ennis was unable to raise even token loans. Former associates—held together by cash—fought each other for the nearest exit. At stake was a mere $25,000 worth of back-ordered labor and materials. Ennis tried to raise money on his name. They laughed. He tried to use the mine as collateral. It was bogged down in legal tangles and no one wanted a mine that had never produced. He tried to raise money to ship silver ore. No dice. The creditors held their distance, waiting for the inevitable.

True, one or two offered help if they could control the mine. None of this nonsense about a clairvoyant, however. Ennis refused. He took to circulating around the saloons, asking his former men to help. Lake O' Gold was still worth a laugh and the men would buy him a drink just to hear him tell his story. The men listened with mocked awe as he told them of his latest message from the east.

"Just a short distance — straight ahead," it said.

Ennis lost control of the Highland Mary and he was a broken man when he boarded the train for a last trip east. He was still mumbling about a "short way to go." This was in 1886 and cryptic accounts hint that Ennis died a pauper in New York around the turn of the century, still believing the lake of gold was within grasp.

About the time Ennis died, another dynamic personality came onto the scene. Ironically, it was a woman—a Mrs. Mary Murrel who began buying up the Highland Mary for a group of financiers. It took strength and determination to fight through the maze of creditors, tax collectors, assorted heirs. She finally broke through the tangle of red tape in 1901 and the Highland Mary opened for the first time in sixteen years.

Rusting machinery was replaced. Regular shipments of silver ore put the mine on a paying basis. Work began on a new shaft to drain the main tunnel. The new owners did not intend to waste money pumping.

Naturally they cursed the zigzag path with the erratic twists and dips that made hauling difficult. They were stuck with the main tunnel but wanted nothing else from the Highland Mary. Its past history was almost forgotten.

Geologists were called in to draw a rock profile of the mountain. They made test drillings, came up with a verdict: straight ahead—600 feet. Ennis had driven the tunnel more than 6,000 feet when he was forced to quit. Now the scientists said if there were any pay-off, it lay a short distance ahead. A few people remembered uneasily that the clairvoyant had said the same thing.

After a few months the men blasted into what mining engineers call a "blow-out."Rich veins of ore traced through the rock and the new owners came to stare. In some prehistoric past the interior of the mountain had bubbled in a volcanic state. Ransom-sized deposits of gold, silver, copper and zinc were mixed with ashes and volcanic debris in the fiery caldron. The blow-out—when it came—thrust these molten ores into channels and fissures through the surrounding rock. The liquid mass cooled and solidified so that only the fabulously rich metals marked the old volcanic duct.

Mining records tell the rest. The Highland Mary produced several million dollars worth of precious metals. Full-scale mining continued well into the Thirties and, as late as 1957, a man leased the Highland Mary. He picked his way through the winding tunnel and, chipping away at played-out veins, came out a few thousand dollars richer.

The clairvoyant had spoken true. She had marked the blow-out—her lake of gold—almost exactly on the map. What is more, she had done it twenty-five years before, without ever having set foot in Colorado, as far as anyone knows.

Who was she? What methods did she use? Apparently no one at the time cared enough to really press for answers. And now it is too late. By the time the wealth began to pour from the Highland Mary, Edward Ennis was dead. The secret of who guided him—and how—died with him.

View of Silverton, Colorado.

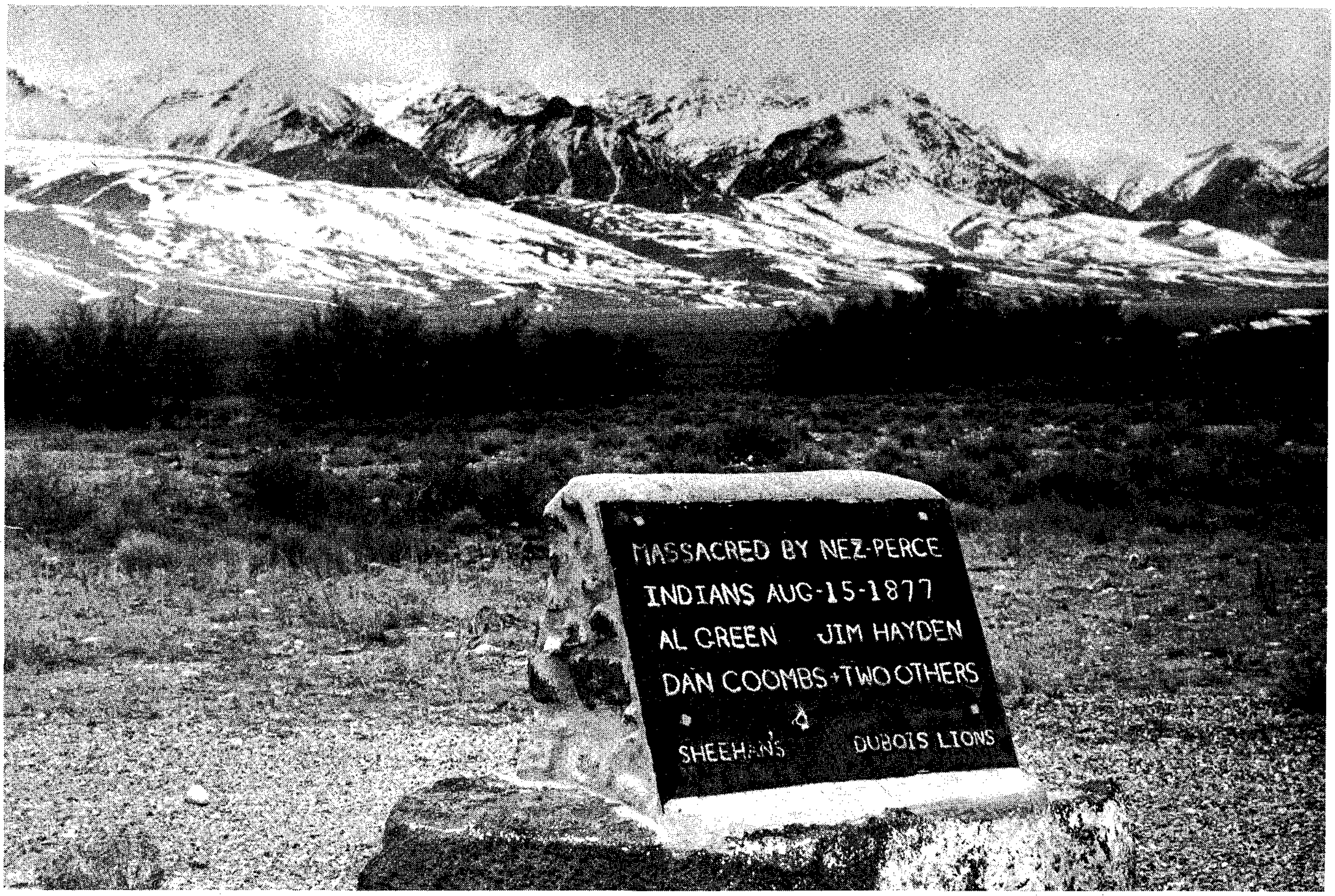


Photo courtesy author

THE STORY OF "TWO OTHERS"

By D. E. WARREN

Five white men fell to the Indians that day and only three were named. The author tells of a tantalizing monument and his search for the story behind it

MOTORISTS passing along State Highway 28 at Birch Creek, eighteen miles north of Terreton, Idaho, often find themselves puzzled by a granite monument at the side of the road. It reads, "Massacred by Nez Percé Indians, Aug. 15, 1877, Al Green, Jim Hayden, Dan Coombs—Two Others."

The last words, "Two Others," is the part that makes the traveler stop and wonder, just as I did when I first came across it. Who were they? Why aren't their names recorded?

Below the inscription appear the names of the monument's sponsors, the Sheehan Welding Company of Idaho Falls and the Dubois Lions Club. Many inquiries have been directed to both organizations, seeking an answer to the puzzle. I devoted some time to research, and here is the story the monument fails to tell.

Birch Creek crowds the road close to the perpendicular walls of Heart Mountain to the east. On the west, a gentle slope of sagebrush-covered hills climbs into the Lemhi Range. Even today there is no sign of habitation—a likely spot for attack. The massacre had to do with the retreat of the famous Nez Percé, Chief Joseph.

The Birch Creek ambush, only a small part of the general story, I have taken from an account written by Alex Cruikshank, a veteran scout for General Howard who led the forces sent to conquer the Nez Percé. His story was published in the Salmon, Idaho, *Recorder* in 1923.

Cruikshank followed Chief Joseph's band from Gibbon's Pass and the Battle of the Big Hole, back into Idaho and on into Montana beyond the Yellowstone River to the Bear Paws, where Joseph finally surrendered in October of 1877.

No Indians ever suffered more from political deceit than did the Nez Percé. The Government back in 1855 had set apart certain lands in Idaho and Oregon that were to be the homeland of the Nez Percé forever. No white men would be permitted to enter—but within a few years the lands were overrun by settlers and gold seekers. In 1863 the Indians were forced into a new treaty, giving them but one-sixth of the original area. Leaders of four bands, Chief Joseph among them, never agreed to the 1863 treaty, but early in 1877 General Howard received instructions to drive the Nez Percé into the narrow territory allotted them.

At first Chief Joseph argued against hostilities, urging the tribes to obey. That was when he said he would rather give up his country than take his people to war. Up to that time no Nez Percé had ever killed a white man.

By vote of the other chiefs, Joseph became the head of the tribes and immediately moved them into the Salmon River Mountains, making camp in familiar terrain at the mouth of White Bird Canyon. Meanwhile General Howard had sent Captain Perry's troops to round up the rebellious band.

Perry's troop struck at dawn. Joseph had sent representatives with a white flag to invite the Captain to a peace talk. As the Indians approached with their flag of truce, they were fired upon by a trigger-happy trooper. Chief Joseph watched as his emissaries turned and raced back.

When the troopers pursued at a gallop, Indian riflemen rose up from behind rocks and other cover to pour a deadly fire into the horse soldiers. The ambush was so well executed that the troopers were mowed down like wheat. Lt. Edward R. Teller and eighteen of his men retreated northward and ran into a blind canyon where they were cornered and slain to the man. More than one-third of Perry's command was killed, but not one Nez Percé was lost. Four were wounded, none seriously. No scalps were taken. That was the beginning.

THE STORY of Scout Alex Cruikshank opens at Horse Prairie on August 7, 1877. At that time the retreat was on and Joseph's "scorched earth" policy called for hit-and-run tactics, picking off small groups of soldiers and driving off their horses. Nearly four months after Perry's defeat, and some 550 miles away, General Howard was still trying to conquer the Nez Percé.

News of the battles at White Bird and Clearwater had reached the settlers at Bannack and Horse Prairie. The Nez Percé were said to be headed east over the Bitterroot Mountains to Idaho. Their probable goal was the buffalo country beyond the Yellowstone. The settlers hired Cruikshank to scout the North Fork and Big Hole country, to be on the look-out for any Indians headed their way.

He found that the Indians had met at the Doolittle Ranch near the Big Hole and had obtained ammunition and whiskey from a squaw-man with a Nez Percé wife, just before the Battle of the Big Hole.

Their whiskey bout had given Colonel John Gibbon the advantage of surprise, but they fought his troops to a standstill, August 9, 1877. "Cruik" said, "The Nez Percé were marvelous. They fought like trained men, with bravery and military skill. They had superior arms, ammunition and horses. They were better marksmen. Only dogged tenacity, persistent effort, and cautious maneuvering prevented a wholesale massacre equal to that of General Custer's a year earlier." They out-foxed the soldiers and escaped.

Gibbon's forces consisted of 146 soldiers and 34 volunteers. They lost 23 troops and 6 volunteers in this battle, compared to 89 warriors lost by the Nez Percé: Indian women played a big part in battle. They directed fire from vantage points and when their braves were killed, they would pick up the rifles and use them effectively. A Captain Logan was killed by a bullet fired by a squaw. Other women moved camp, trailed the livestock, moved the families in small bands and otherwise helped in this historic retreat.

Following this battle, General Howard passed the word: "Give no quarter to the enemy." The Nez Percé moved southward under Joseph's leadership and struck again at Horse Prairie just west of Bannack and Armstead, August 12. Nearly every ranch had a hay crew in the fields some distance from ranch headquarters. Several crews were caught by the Indians before they could escape or defend themselves.

Most of the horses, including Cruikshank's, were driven off by the braves. A posse was organized at Bannack to inspect the damage and bury the dead. At the Brenner Ranch, Cruikshank found that the Indians had surrounded the house. Although there was a terrific fight, the hostiles were too well armed for the whites. Three of the family were killed, one escaped.

Photo from J. A. Herrington

Chief Tendoy and Tedium, his oldest son, photographed prior to 1900.

At the Mike Herr Ranch a crew was coming from the fields. They sized up the situation and headed for the willows. One was killed, two escaped. Thomas Hamilton was also haying. He heard the noise, saddled his favorite mare, and spurred over the hills toward Bannack. The Indians gave chase, firing as they rode, barely missing him with several shots. Being mounted on a blooded mare he was able to outrun the pursuers. "Then and there, the mare was named 'Lady Hamilton' and nothing was ever too good for her!" he said later.

In the foothills near the Hamilton Ranch, five placer miners escaped into the willows with the Indians at their heels. The Indians would not enter the brush area, but talked to the whites in a friendly manner, inviting them to come into the meadow, promising that no harm would be done. After much discussion Alex Cooper said, "Well boys, I think I will do as they say. I am going out and give myself up."

He surrendered, giving up a shotgun which he had grabbed as he left the house. The others stayed in the willows until the Indians and Cooper left. After a short time a shot was heard. Cooper had been killed with his own gun!

GENERAL HOWARD and his troops arrived at Bannack on August 13. The Indians on fresh horses were 125 miles ahead of the soldiers; Howard's men were worn out and their horses jaded. Immediately he recruited a company of scouts, commissioning Cruikshank and ordering him to follow the Indians and report the route they had taken.

It was not known where the Indians had gone—to the Salmon River country, the Medicine Lodge Trail, or the Birch Creek Trail. In case they were headed for either of the latter, it was General Howard's intention to head them off at the Sand Hole Crossing in Pleasant Valley on the Salt Lake-Virginia City road.

"We left Bannack on August 14," said Cruikshank. "In my party were Pat Dempsey, Charles Turner, George Sperry, Charles McIntosh, and Dan Osgood. Heading up Horse Prairie Creek over the 8,000-foot Lemhi Pass and down Agency Creek to Fort Lemhi, we kept a sharp lookout for Nez Percé along the cottonwood tree-lined Lemhi River. It wound its way near mountains on the east and through lush meadows. On the west was a low plateau which sloped gently to the Lemhi Mountain Range. The seventy-mile long valley was a good area for game.

"The Lemhi was literally alive with salmon in spawning time. It was little wonder that Chief Tendoy had asked for a separate reservation for the Lemhi (Shoshoni) and Bannock Indians. Since the reservation was granted in 1875, we felt sure that we could get some help from Chief Tendoy and his tribe. The agency was deserted, the Lemhis having gone to Salmon at the approach of the Nez Percé. We slept a few hours, having been in the saddle all night.

"While we were resting, Colonel Shoup and fifteen Cavalry troops arrived. They were traveling south on the old Mormon Trail from Salmon City to Eagle Rock (Idaho Falls). Five of Colonel Shoup's mule teams were hauling merchandise and supplies from Corinne, Utah Territory, the nearest shipping point on the Union Pacific Railroad to the Salmon River mines. He feared the outfit might be attacked at Birch Creek where the low defile over the divide between the Salmon and Snake Rivers' drainage makes a narrow crossing. The gently sloping hills of the west rise into a perpendicular mountain wall. Birch Creek crowds the trail close to the base of the mountain leaving a natural set-up for an ambush."

Cruik's party joined Colonel Shoup's company and started up the Lemhi River road. The Nez Percé had camped the night before at Eight Mile Creek. Evidently they had crossed over the Bannock Pass just east of Junction (Leadore).

"We found Junction unharmed when we arrived the next day. The circular fort made of two rows of poles set in the ground and the space between, filled with earth, protected the dozen families there. Not looking for real trouble, the Indians moved on, taking all the horses with them."

Cruikshank made a short trip up Hawley Creek where he met a group of fourteen Bannock Indians under the leadership of a sub-chief known as "Major Jim." They were headed up the Medicine Lodge trail and Cruikshank tried to enlist their help in chasing the Nez Percé. Never as friendly to the whites as the Lemhis, the Bannocks could not be persuaded. One of Cruik's men joined ranks with the Bannocks to keep posted on their movements.

"Now we were sure that the hostiles were headed for the Birch Creek crossing. We sent Dempsey, Turner, and Sperry back to Bannack to inform General Howard of what we had learned.

"We had proceeded only a short distance when we met two Chinamen, one a doctor who could hardly speak coherently. However, they made us understand that the Nez Percé had attacked Colonel Shoup's freight outfit the night before at Birch Creek. The two Chinese, who had been traveling with the freighters, could hardly describe the massacre. We concluded that all had been killed except possibly one man, Al Lyons, who was dressed in buckskin clothing like a wagon scout. They thought he had escaped."

COLONEL SHOUP called for a council. About forty Indians under Chief Tendoy and forty whites under Colonel Shoup had gathered. There was no doubt

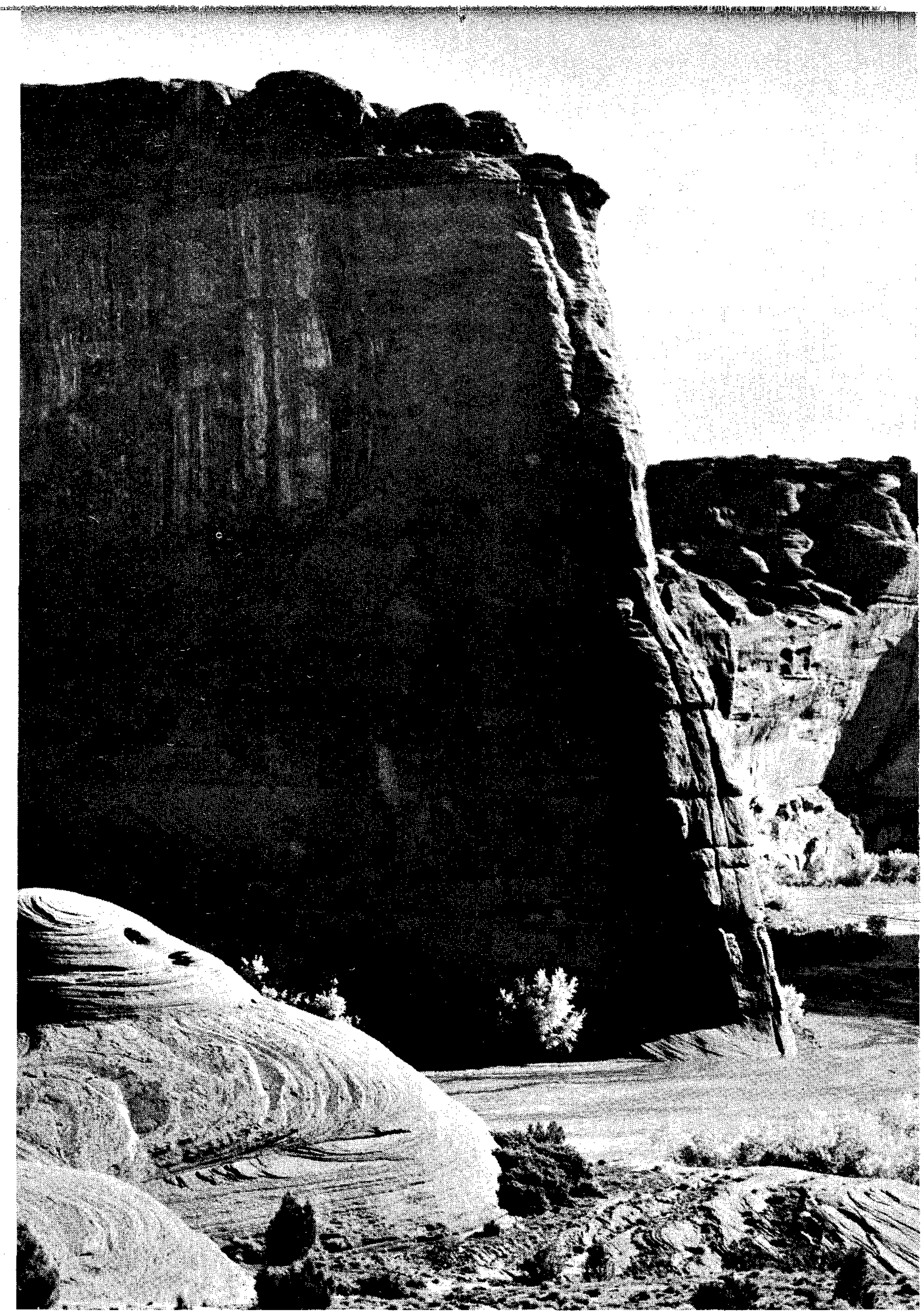
(Continued on page 60)

Kit Carson was ordered to clean out Canyon de Chelly and even he hesitated to tackle it. From the cliff dwellings of the moki—"the dead ones"—the Navajos made their last stand!

Place Of The *Evil Spirits*

By WILLARD LUCE

Photos Courtesy the Author



Canyon de Chelly in northeastern Arizona, the last stronghold of the Navajos.

SOMETIMES the terse, unemotional Army reports on a campaign give it a graphic simplicity which can be secured in no other way. Such is the case of Kit Carson's excursion against the Navajos in 1863-64.

Many things contributed to this campaign. The Navajos were a nomadic people, depending mainly upon sheep for food. They had many chiefs, and a treaty with one meant nothing to another. Also, there was the unreliable character of the Navajos themselves. They made treaty after treaty which they broke at the first opportunity. When their fortunes were low, they built them up by raids on neighboring tribes and on white settlers. When their fortunes were high, they still raided —just for the hell of it. During 1861-62, they raided New Mexico from one end to the other.

When it reached a point where something had to be done, the United States Army issued the following communique, "*. . . it is therefore ordered that Colonel* Christopher Carson, with proper military force, proceed without delay to a point in the Navajo country known as Pueblo Colorado, and there establish a defensible depot for his supplies and hospital, and thence to prosecute a vigorous war upon the men of this tribe. . . ."

Carson was fifty-four at the time, tough, experienced, and a little tired of it all. He knew the Navajos as he knew all the Indians; and he knew Canyon de Chelly which he referred to as their "Gibraltar." One of his orders was to "take" Canyon de Chelly.

It was located in eastern Arizona about fifty miles north of Fort Defiance and about that far from Fort Canby established by Carson. Others had tried to secure the canyon before him and had failed. In 1851, Colonel Sumner entered the canyon with several hundred men and two pieces of field artillery. That night he retreated, having penetrated the canyon for only eight or ten miles. In *1858, Colonel D. S. Miles scouted sections* of Canyon de Chelly and came back with the report that "no command should ever again enter it."

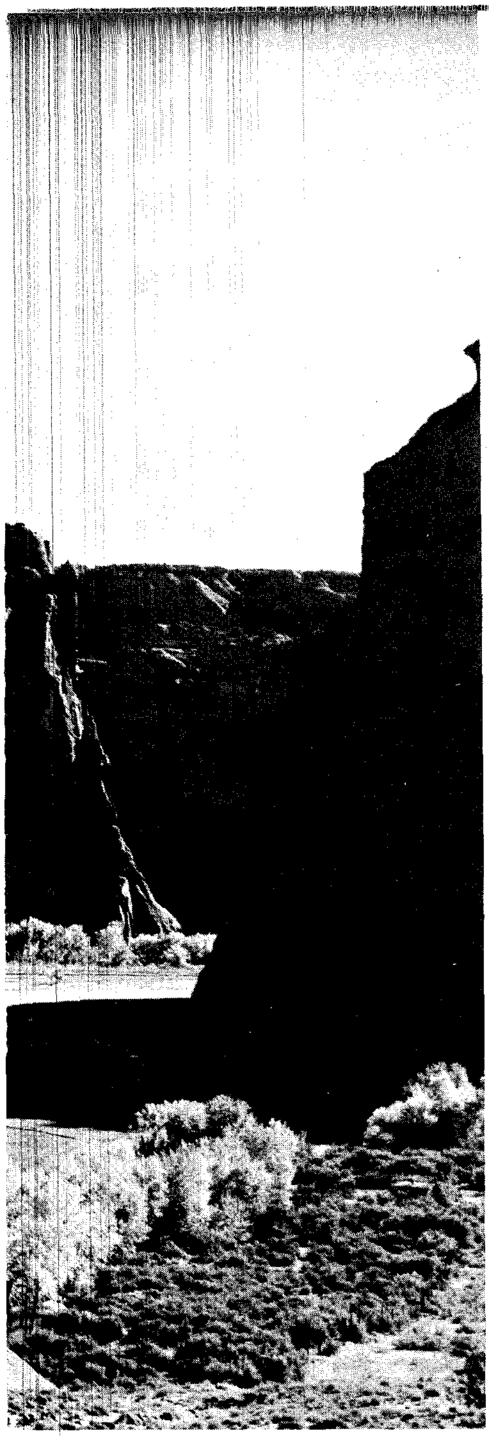
Kit Carson wasn't anxious to tangle with the Navajos in their greatest stronghold, which Carson himself considered virtually inpregnable.

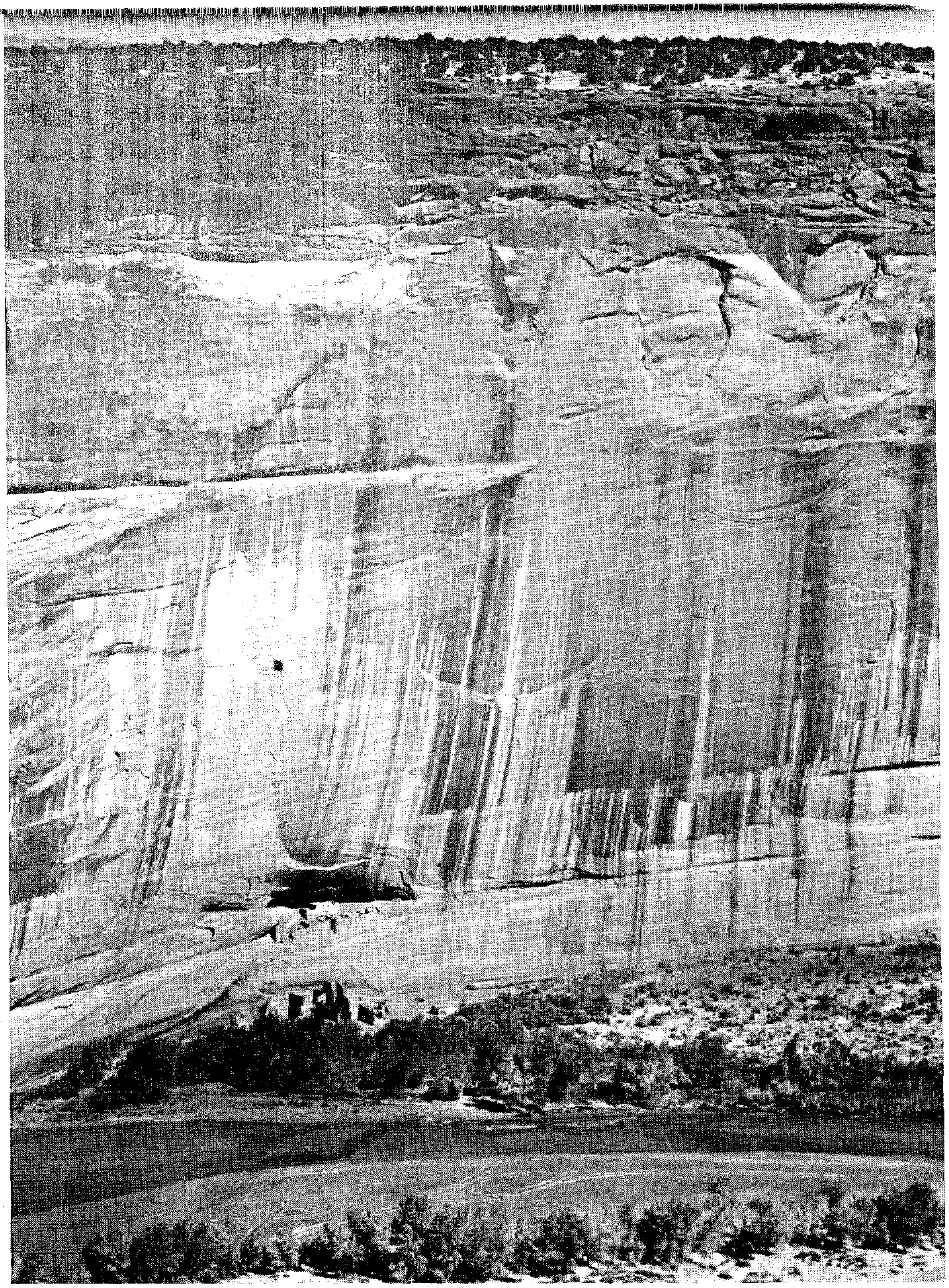
Instead he put into effect the same type campaign the Army had used against the Mescalero Apaches. It was a war of extinction or reservation at Bosque Redondo on the Pecos River near Fort Sumner, New Mexico. The Navajos were given no other choice.

The Utes were anxious to get into the fracas against their old enemy. All they asked was to be able to keep all the sheep and horses they captured, as well as the women and children, of course. Kit Carson went to the extent of asking Brigadier General James H. Carleton for permission to grant the Utes these fortunes of war.

Carleton, however, wrote, ". . . *in relation to the disposition to be made of captured* Navajo women and children . . . *all* prisoners which are captured by the troops or employes of your command will be sent to Santa Fe. . . . *There must be no exceptions to this rule. . . .*

"All horses, mules, or other stock which the troops or employes under your command may capture belong to the United States, and will be reported to departmental headquarters. . . . But to stimullate the zeal of the troops and employes who have captured horses and mules from the Navajos, or who may hereafter make such captures from those Indians, a bonus





White House Ruin sits in a niche near the base of the gigantic red ledge which forms the north wall of Canyon de Chelly.

of twenty dollars apiece will be paid to their captors as prize money. . . .

"All sheep captured will be turned over to the chief commissary of your expedition. . . . The chief commissary is authorized to pay the captors of such sheep one dollar per head as prize money, and as an encouragement to reward exertions. . . ."

WITH THE purpose of the campaign well defined, Kit Carson hit it in full stride. He was anxious to get it done and over with. A few quotations from Carson's reports to Brigadier General Carleton give a clear picture of the first phase of the fighting.

". . . on my return route the Ute Indians killed eight Navajos, making a total of twelve killed since my arrival in this country.

"I arrived at this place . . . at five o'clock, having been nearly thirty-six hours continuously in the saddle. . . .

"When about two hours from camp, we found and destroyed about seventy acres of corn. Three hours afterwards, encamped in wheat and corn fields. The wheat, about fifteen acres, was fed to the animals, and the corn, about fifty acres, was destroyed . . .

"On the 6th, after traveling about seventeen miles, I found part of his (Captain Pfeiffer's) detail encamped, having in charge eleven women and children . . . and 100 head of sheep and goats. . . . He (Pfeiffer) returned about twelve o'clock at night with two children and one horse captured. About an hour before reaching camp, found and destroyed five acres of corn.

". . . here the Utes took two women and three children prisoners, and Captain Berney's company captured twenty-five head of horses; there were also captured 100 sheep and goats. While Captain Berney was after the horse herd, Captain Pfeiffer, with thirty cavalry, pursued and captured 1,000 head of sheep and goats; some of the Utes captured in the same vicinity eighteen horses and two mules, and killed one Indian. Captain Pfeiffer severely wounded an Indian. . . ."

And so it went: small groups of Indians killed or captured; horses and mules, sheep and goats, captured; fields of wheat and corn destroyed.

It was all one-sided. Everywhere the Navajos took defeat. Those quick to see the inevitable ending came to Carson for a peace treaty, but Carson shook his head. The Navajos had a choice of two destinations—Bosque Redondo or death.

To most of the Navajos one was about as bad as the other. They tried the commander at Fort Defiance, and there received the same answer. Meanwhile the campaign went on. Sergeant Andreas Herrera distinguished himself time and time again. Captain Asa B. Carey, chief quartermaster of the expedition, did so well that Carleton recommended him for promotion. More horses, mules, sheep and goats were captured.

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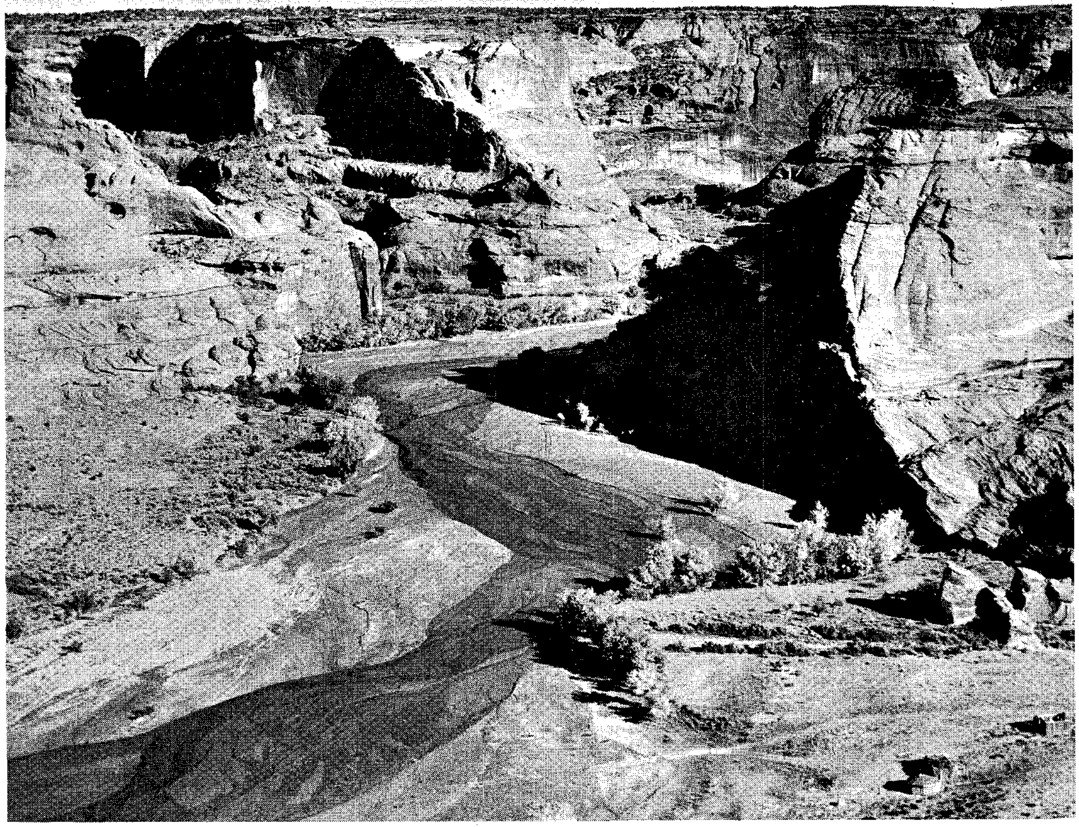


Today Navajos still live in the bottom of the deep and rugged canyon.

Carson had to be reminded that Carleton had no authority to grant the colonel a leave of duty, and the Brigadier General further suggested that Carson ". . . forward no more applications for leave of absence."

Carleton also reminded Kit Carson that he was expected to go through Canyon de Chelly. After that was accomplished, Carson would be allowed to turn over his command of Fort Canby to Captain Carey and bring what Navajo prisoners he had on hand to Santa Fe.

As eager as he was to get back to New Mexico with a chance of seeing Josepha, his wife, who was expecting a child, Kit Carson still wasn't ready for Canyon de Chelly.

He waited until winter, until the winds blew cold from the north and the snow piled deep in the gullies. Then he moved.

ON JANUARY 6, 1864, Carson left Fort Canby with fourteen commissioned officers and 375 enlisted men. Captain Pfeiffer went ahead with 100 soldiers, and orders to block up the east end of the Canyon de Chelly until Carson and the main force should arrive.

With Carson went his supply train. The snow which was to help subjugate the Navajos by freezing and starving them, slowed down the supply train to a mere five miles a day. In five days, twenty-seven oxen died trying to pull the heavily loaded wagons through the snow and over the rough terrain. Finally Carson lightened the wagon, left much of the supplies under a twenty-five-man guard, and went on.

He reached Canyon de Chelly on the 12th. The next morning, scouting expeditions were sent out along both sides of the canyon. Nothing was seen of Captain Pfeiffer and his men. But Captain Pfeiffer and his men were doing all right.

At age twenty-two, Albert H. Pfeiffer had come to America fresh out of the Military Institute of Stockholm, Sweden. He had made a good soldier from the first, and, at the time of the opening of the Navajo Campaign, he had been stationed at Fort McRae on the banks of the Rio Grande.

Here Pfeiffer's health hadn't been the best. About ten miles from the fort were some warm springs. Hoping that bathing in them might restore his health, one day he took his wife, two servant girls, and an escort of six soldiers there. While the soldiers stood guard and the women picnicked in the shade, Pfeiffer bathed in the hot mineral water—that is, until the Apaches attacked.

Two of the soldiers, Mrs. Pfeiffer, and one of the servant girls were killed. A civilian guest and another enlisted man were wounded.

Pfeiffer himself was run through with an arrow, but he stood off the Apaches in a short scrimmage. Without clothes, he then headed out for the fort. Pfeiffer made it, but his sweat and the scorching sun had blistered his body so badly it took him a month to recover. As a result, he had been a month late in reporting to Kit Carson at Fort Canby.

Pfeiffer never got over the loss of his wife, and he never got over his hatred for the Indians. It isn't surprising, then, that the captain didn't wait for Kit Carson and his command.

"ON THE 11th, I divided my command into three parties," reads Pfeiffer's report, "with an advance guard of fifteen men, with picks and shovels; and pioneer sappers and miners, the main body, and my animals being in the rear guard. To each party I assigned a lieutenant, with instructions to keep as closely connected as possible, and to move as one body, my presence being required at the most dangerous points, where I could move free and observe the stratagems of the concealed foe."

It was actually Canyon Del Muerto, a tributary of Canyon de Chelly, that Pfeiffer and his men descended. During the first day they traveled about twelve miles, using the ice of the stream for a road. The mules kept breaking through the ice and falling down with their packs.

"On the 12th instant traveled about eight miles; had several skirmishes with the enemy. Indians on both sides of the canyon whooping, yelling and cursing, firing shots and throwing rocks down upon my command. Killed two buck Indians in the encounter and one squaw, who obstinately persisted in hurling rocks and pieces of wood at the soldiers. Six prisoners were captured on this occasion."

All the Indians captured during this phase of the campaign were half-starved and nearly naked.

"I encamped that evening in a secure place, where plenty of wood could be obtained — the remains of old Indian lodges. Here I saw several castles or villages. . . ." Pfeiffer seems to have made the same mistake Carson did, namely thinking that the cliff dwelling had been made by the Navajos for their protection. "(They were) . . . located high up among the rocks, solidly built, and remarkable for . . . substantial and beautiful masonry, and denoting taste on the part of the rude barbarians, where most probably some of the chiefs of the tribe reside in summer. . . ."

On this same subject, Carson gave oral testimony, ". . . in the walls of the Canyon they have regular houses built in the crevices, from which they fire and roll down huge stones on an enemy. They have regular fortifications, averaging from 100 to 200 feet from the bottom, with portholes for firing. No small arms can injure them, and artillery cannot be used. In one of these crevices I found a two-story house."

Actually the cliff dwelling or "moki" houses had been built and abandoned before Columbus discovered America. The word moki means "the dead ones."

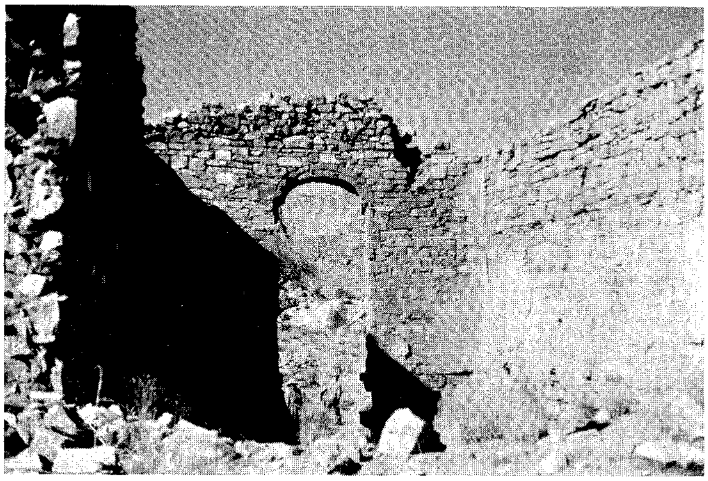
It is a little strange that the Navajos should have been living in Canyon de Chelly and Canyon del Muerto, and that they should have used the moki houses as fortresses. Elsewhere they usually had avoided cliff dwellings as being places of evil spirits. Perhaps when it became a choice between the evil spirits of the mokis and the live enemies of the United States Army, or Apache or Ute war parties, the mokis were far to be preferred.

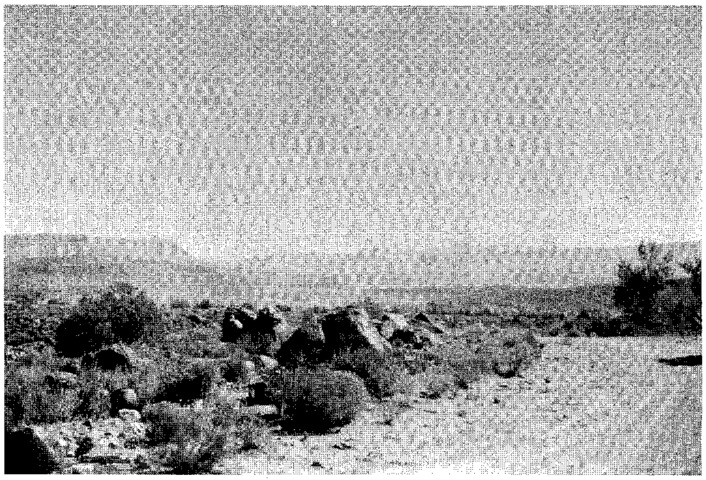
PFEIFFER TELLS of the large peach orchard which he was unable to destroy because of the Indians. "From this point on, the canyon widens, the rocky precipice being about 1,200 or 1,500 feet high. At some places it spreads out like a beautiful savanna, where the cornfields of the savages are laid out with farmer-like taste, and supplied with acequias for irrigation.

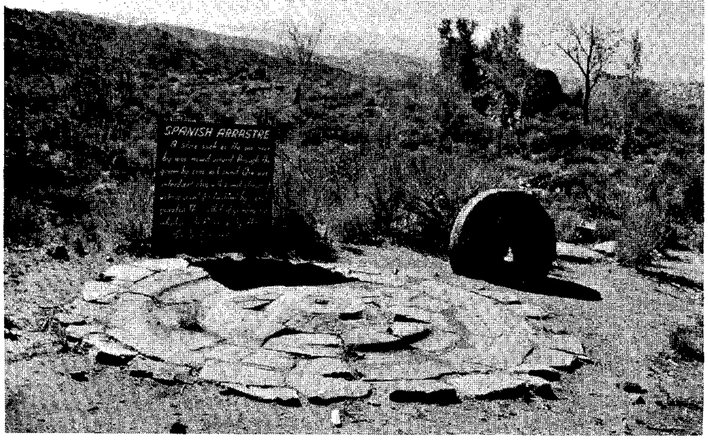
"At other places the canyon is confined to a narrow compass in a zigzag, meandering course with high projecting rocks and houses built thereon, perforated with caverns and mountain fastnesses 300 or 400 feet above the ground as hiding places. Here the Navajo sought refuge when pursued by the invading force, whether of neighboring tribes or the arm of the government, and here they were enabled to jump about on the ledge of the rocks like mountain cats, hallowing at me, swearing and cursing and threatening vengeance on my command in every variety of Spanish they were capable of mastering."

Then Pfeiffer summed up his march through the canyon, "A couple shots from my soldiers with their trusty rifles caused

(Continued on page 52)







SILVER REEF

They gambled, danced, drank and raced horses—and dug riches from the earth where (scientifically) none was supposed to be!

By ELSIE S. HEATON

Photos Courtesy Author

Directly above, a Spanish arrastre once used in the crushing of ore. Top left, ruins of some old buildings at Silver Reef. Top right, boulders dot the landscape throughout the Silver Reef mining area.

THE SILVER REEF Mine in Washington County, Utah, yielded a fantastically large quantity of silver in a very short time. The town which sprang up around it grew to 1,500 people almost overnight but almost as rapidly as it grew, the mine declined. Silver Reef and its fast-living populace soon fell into memory and the area returned to wilderness.

Sixteen miles north from St. George on Highway 91, is a little-used dirt road to the left. Here the land is wild and rugged; huge boulders dot the area as if a giant had hurled these massive stones in play.

Yellow rabbit brush and sage lent a pungent odor to the air the day my husband and I sought the old mining town. We had driven two and a half miles when Wells Fargo's red brick building and the adjoining Uranium Mining Company offices came in view.

These ruins, the residence of a Mr. Rice, and a few tumbling walls are all that is left of this "boom and bust" mining town. Hitching posts still stood intact in front of the express building and an old abandoned wagon, bleached by many years of exposure to the weather, testified to their uselessness.

The door to the express company building was open so we stepped gingerly into the dark atmosphere, weaving our way over sacks and merchandise. Plenty of junk, too, had accumulated over the years. At the back of the store we met a charming lady assaying ores. She had several jars of cloudy liquid bubbling on an electric hot plate. We watched while she removed the jars from the heat and let them cool for a few minutes. Then she added an ingredient that turned the liquids into several shades of turquoise. One of the bottles she predicted contained about thirty percent copper ore.

Attractive Bess Fitzinger is the assayer for a small operation of low grade copper mining in the area which is rewarding the owners with fair success. We tried to imagine this lonely place when over 100 stores and businesses supplied the townspeople — tailor, hardware, and barber shops; stationery stores; shoemakers; lawyers and doctors' offices; furniture, clothing, and drug stores; lumber yards; saloons; billiard halls; a dancing academy, funeral parlor, and the printing office of the *Silver Reef Miner*—all offered their services. The assayer's office was a busy place, while the Catholic Church provided a quiet retreat from the turmoil of living. There was even a Citizen's Hall for public meetings.

BUCKEYE REEF, Bonanza Flat, Tecumseh Hill and thirty other mining claims produced over $10,000,000 in silver ore. Five mills were operating at the peak of production. The reef is a white sandstone upthrust, running in an undulating line through the valley. It looks like the backbone of a huge fish lying on its side at the base of high red mountains. The ore was found close to the surface — and oddly, in sandstone where silver is seldom found at all.

Silver Reef, many miles from a railroad, was supplied by trains of burros and heavy freight wagons. This presented a problem, that of sand. The roads near Leeds were at times almost impassable. One of the property owners used stout cedar posts to form a base for a road and made a toll charge for every wagon passing over it. The charge varied from twenty-five to fifty cents, and if the driver did not have the money (which often was the case), then he paid with some of the produce or material he was hauling.

Silver Reef's streets were filled with peddlers—people seemed everywhere, and the daily stage brought more. Guarded wagons pulled out every day loaded with silver bars, each worth $450 to $500. Each ingot was encased in a leather bag strapped at the top and equipped with a handle for lifting and carrying the twenty-five pound bar.

Lumber was in great demand both for building and operating the mills. It was hauled from nearby forests by trains of burros. Miners worked hard earning about five dollars a day. Their spare time was spent in gambling, dancing, drinking, horse racing or gossip.

Bart Nolan, one of the town's characters, was educated to be a priest but somehow settled for mining. Nolan was very proud of his beard, which he kept rolled around a string and tied to his neck during the week. He dressed up for Sunday and it was then that the beard was unrolled, shampooed, and brushed until it covered his chest in waving cascades. Sam Wing was the acknowledged leader of the Chinese population. His was the task of conducting the funerals for

(Continued on page 57)

NUGGETS

HORN CHIPPS

BY GROVER BURNETTE
as told to RUTH HUNSINGER

Author's Note: The Yuwipi practice among the Teton Dakota dates back to the time they roamed the forests in Minnesota. It belongs to the same cultural pattern of the woodland Indians who call a similar custom the Shaking Tent or Tchisakawin.

The medicine men played an important part in the lives of all the tribe in the days before the reservations. It was they who acted as ministers of the old beliefs. They prepared the young man before he traveled afar to search for his vision and they decided when the sun dance would be held. They offered aid to the individual and shaped the destiny of every member. And so they were held in esteem as leaders and as healers.

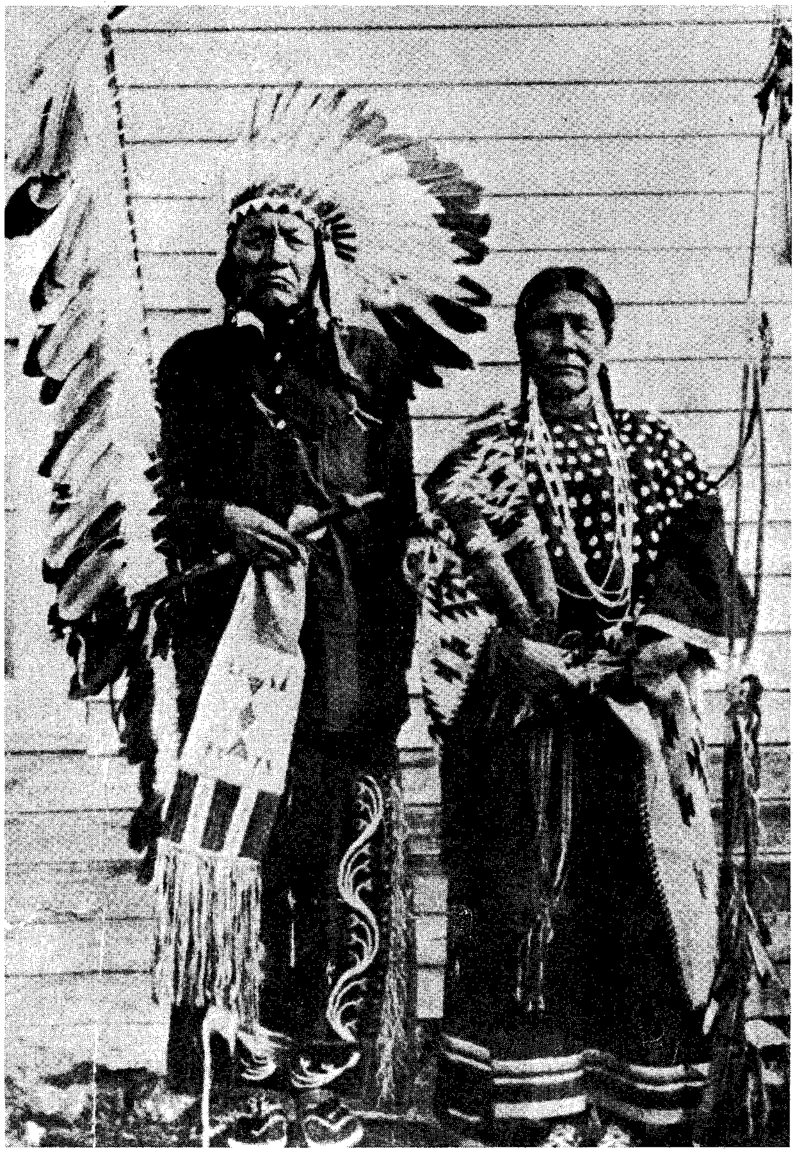
Many of these men went into the books of the white man's history of the Indians and even more are in the oral history recorded from one generation to the next in the form of stories or memorized cadences. The Yuwipi practices today are very much like those of hundreds of years ago. The prediction of Horn Chipps was recorded by the Brulé.

THE SUN glistened on the hardening snow out on a Dakota reservation, the Rosebud Agency, when a young man started off for a walk—perhaps to visit some friend—perhaps only to walk. No one knows for he never said.

He had been in the Army but I heard that he was not quite right mentally, so he had been returned to the Reservation where his father was a government worker. When he did not come back to the house, his father became worried and went out to look for him. He asked at the homes of friends but no one had seen him. Some people walked through the settlement with the father seeking the lad. Finally the father realized that he needed the help of the authorities but there was little that could be done that night.

The next morning a large searching party of about a hundred men was formed. The trackers were able to pick up a trail on the edge of the settlement which led to the river. They followed the trail down the river where it ended with the discovery of the man's jacket and pants.

The ice on the river was over a foot and a half thick except for the bottom of the four-foot waterfall—where the trail ended. The police decided that he had jumped into the falls where the water was open, so the hunt began.



Horn Chipps and wife

I was one of the men who searched the river and in mid-winter it was not a pleasant task. For two miles down the river from the point of the falls we worked hard and looked close. Dynamite was used to blast the ice. Once we cleared the ice chunks, we used different tools to prod the water. In places the water was very shallow, but in other spots it was quite deep. For several days we searched everywhere but we failed to find the young man.

The searchers were becoming discouraged and many felt that it was hopeless so they returned to their homes. The authorities, too, thought the body would not be found until spring. But the father would not rest until he found his son.

He had heard of a Yuwipi (which means tied up or bound so he cannot move) who had a good reputation. His name was Horn Chipps and he lived on the Oglala Reservation. White people knew about him and they respected his performances so it was decided by both whites and the Indians that Horn Chipps should be called on to help find the lost man.

HORN CHIPPS was a great man among us Indians. He was a quiet man, a happy man who had a pleasant manner. He was a full-blooded Oglala with a great knowledge, for his father before him had been a Yuwipi. It seems it runs in the family for there was a brother who was a medicine man, too. Of course, they have to go through a lot of grief to get the power they possess so I have been told by several who tried. Some fail; my own father was one of the failures. But Horn Chipps had succeeded in the tests and he was considered a good medicine man.

So it was decided three men would travel to the Pine Ridge Reservation to see him for they felt that he would be able to tell them what had happened. They obtained an Indian peace pipe and filled it with knic-knic, the Indian tobacco. It was about two hundred miles to Horn Chipps' home but when they arrived they went directly to him, gave him the pipe, and told him to smoke it.

After he had smoked, they told him that a man had been lost and they wanted him to hold a ceremony because the father wanted to find his son. A medicine man will not refuse a request of this nature so, of course, Horn Chipps agreed.

The men went out to gather the virgin soil which has not been trod by human feet or anything else. They put this soil on the floor and flattened it down so that it covered an area about a foot in diameter.

This is the meeting place for the Yuwipi's "wasicum" stones or rocks. He communicates with these stones after they are in the room. Sometimes when he calls to them he has quite a time for they don't always appear at the first call. Sometimes, too, one is missing and that is bad for the medicine man, who generally fails to cure the sick or find the lost article when this happens.

There are decorations used in the room, too—four flags, one black, one white, one yellow and one red. They represent the four directions. Then there are little bags of tobacco strung on a string and laid from one flag to another. No one is allowed to step over the tobacco line. If someone should put a hand or a foot in the area he will first get a warning. Although the room is pitch dark, the Yuwipi will see him and ask that he remove the hand or foot.

If one does not believe in the ceremony he should not attend. It will be known and he will be frightened by being talked to in a strange tongue or patted on the head by things flying around the room (usually an eagle bone or a small pumpkin which is dried so the seeds rattle). But the men who had come to see Chipps believed for they had heard of the things that he had done.

IN THE evening the people arrived who were going to attend. The singers and drummers came for there are certain songs which must be sung and the drum must be beaten in a certain manner.

One man had brought a rope and another a cord. The cord was used to tie the Yuwipi's hands together. Then he was wrapped in a robe and the rope was used to tie him from head to foot. He was laid on a mat of wild sage and the room was darkened.

The singers began the songs and Horn Chipps called to the little spirits. After a while a spark like a firebug entered the room—then another—and still another. They all entered one at a time. They went about the room to make certain that all was well. Horn Chipps spoke to them and they slowly became still. He asked them to untie him, crying out for them to help him for he would smother if tied up too long.

Suddenly the rope flew back to the man who had brought it. The cord used to tie Horn Chipps' hands landed in the lap of the man who owned it. The cord was all rolled up tight like a ball. With a swish the robe flew about the room as though there were a cyclone.

Just as suddenly the room was stilled and Horn Chipps communicated with the little spirits or wasicum stones. He asked them to help him find the lost son.

Horn Chipps then told the men who had come to see him that the body would be found about a hundred yards from the waterfall where the young man had gone into the river. All who attended the ceremony took part in a dog feast which ended the performance.

The next morning another party of searchers went to the place that Horn Chipps had described. They broke the ice free from shore to shore and started to use tools to go over the bottom of the river. Egg Parker made three sweeps with a rake and let out a yell. He had hooked a foot.

THE SECRET OF TOMBSTONE PRAIRIE

By JEANNETTE E. OLSEN

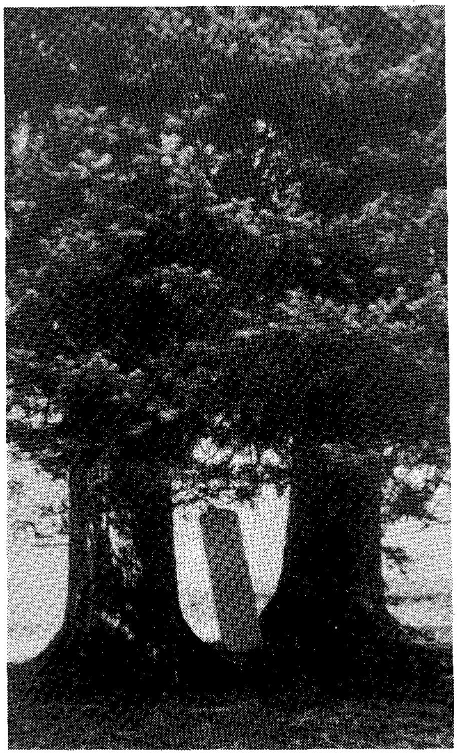
NATURAL clearings in the heavily timbered slopes of the Cascade Mountains in Western Oregon are scarce. Such a clearing is Tombstone Prairie. It is as sweet a spot as anyone has ever seen—wide and golden, with timber fringing its sides and high peaks rimming it round. It has always been an important landmark. During Oregon's territorial and early statehood days, the Prairie was a familiar stopping point on the main freight road from the Willamette Valley across the Cascades to Eastern Oregon. Now Highway 20 from Albany to Bend crosses it just before starting up the steep grade over the summit.

Long ago, freighters and other travelers tried to plan their trips so they could camp overnight at Tombstone Prairie because there was a lot of grass, good water, and wood for cooking fires. Nobody thought anything of the name "Tombstone Prairie." It had always been called that, nobody knew why. What difference did it make?

With the passing years, the freight road was abandoned and only an occasional traveler took the Forest Service road that crossed the big flat. However, in 1933, plans were made for a new highway across Tombstone Prairie and over the mountains on approximately the route of the old freight road.

Since some of the right-of-way was on Forest Service land, C. C. Olsen of the Willamette National Forest was assigned to make the preliminary survey. He was running a compass line and, intent on his instrument, passed between two large fir trees standing by themselves at the edge of the flat. His toe caught on a hidden obstruction; he stumbled and fell down hard.

Irritated, Olsen picked up his equipment and kicked at the offending rock.



The "Lost Tombstone."

This rock was different from anything he had seen locally. Carefully dusting several inches of dirt, fir needles, twigs and trash from the stone, he watched the answer to the name, Tombstone Prairie, emerge.

It was a white marble slab, nineteen inches wide and forty inches high, lying on its face under a thick blanket of duff that indicated it had been undisturbed for fifty years or more.

Olsen eased it up from its bed and read the inscription. Across the top were carved the words: "Here he spoke his last farewell." Below was the name: "James A. McKnight, Son of J. W. & C. M. McKnight. Died Oct. 17, 1871, aged 17 yrs. 9 mo. & 9 da." There followed a long poem written in the romantic style of the period. The first and last verses went like this:

> Thou art gone from my gaze
> Like a beautiful dream.
> I have sought thee in vain
> By the meadow and stream.
>
> . . .
>
> Dear Angel Boy, we soon shall meet
> Upon the other shore,
> Where sickness, sorrow, pain and death
> Shall never rob us more.

But now there was a new mystery. Who was James A. McKnight and how did his tombstone come to be in this lonely spot? Who placed it there and planted the trees beside it?

This was not the hasty burial of a traveler beside the trail; this stone had been elaborately carved and carefully set there; trees had been planted. Fortunately the story was learned. Publication of the discovery of the "Lost Tombstone" brought forth information from an elderly woman who remembered the tragedy from her childhood.

IN 1871, J. W. McKnight was a prosperous farmer in the Brownsville, Oregon, area. He had several sons and James, seventeen, was one of them. Two of the older boys had decided to start a cattle ranch in eastern Oregon, so they took a team and a light wagon loaded with camping gear and went over into the Deschutes River country to look for a suitable location. James went along for the trip.

The boys spent several weeks before they found a spot they felt would do. By the time they were ready to start back to Brownsville, it was getting late in the year and the possibility of snow closing the pass was a threat. Their camping equipment was packed rather hurriedly and they drove their team hard that day of October 17, 1871 to get over the mountains and down to the shelter of the Big Prairie, as it was called then. There they could camp overnight, and the next day they would be home.

The team was unhitched, watered and staked out to feed. A cooking fire was started. One of the brothers called to young James to bring something from the wagon; he reached in, and as he did so, a carelessly placed rifle was dislodged. Tumbling down, it discharged as it fell and James was killed where he stood.

Shocked and horrified, the brothers wrapped the body of their brother in blankets and, as soon as it was light, made their way down the valley to Brownsville.

James is not buried beneath the tombstone on the prairie. He lies in the little cemetery in Brownsville and another stone is over his grave there. His mother was quite inconsolable over his death. In her grief, she felt that the spot where he died should also be marked, perhaps as a warning to others who might be careless with firearms.

So the white marble slab was commissioned, to ease, if it could, a mother's grief. As soon as the snows were gone in the spring, James' father and brothers made a trip back to the Big Prairie. There they set up the tombstone and planted three fir saplings in a triangle around it. Then they turned away and, so far as anyone knows, never returned.

The tombstone stood long enough to give its name to the lovely quiet meadow, but as the years passed, the winter snows and growing trees pushed it over and it lay under the accumulating debris until another accident helped to solve the secret of Tombstone Prairie.

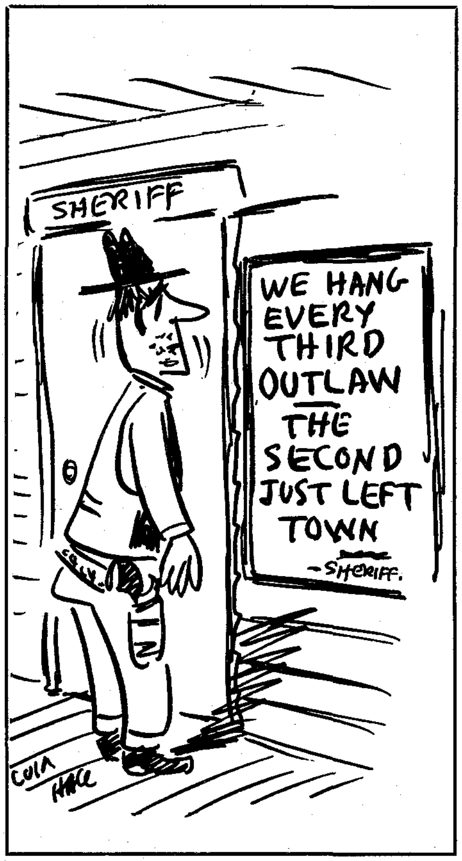
THE BEST ONE GOT AWAY

By LUTHER M. LONG

IN THE fall of 1920, just before the beef round-up in Johnson County, Wyoming, I found one of our best cow ponies was missing. I knew this horse had been raised on 17-Mile and could usually be found in that vicinity. I started after him one Saturday morning and about noon located him in a bunch of a dozen horses.

The easiest way to get him was to take the whole bunch to the ranch and corral them. So I worked the bunch toward the ranch easy like without any trouble until I got to the Powder River, where I had to cross a bridge to get to the ranch. There was a planked approach on the south side of the main span of the bridge.

In the bunch was a jug-headed black with collar marks on him. He was the first to start on the approach to the bridge. He stepped on a loose plank and it spooked him. Snorting, he whirled and came right back by me, with the rest of the bunch after him. I had to let my horse out for all he had and even then I covered 200 yards before heading that bunch.


SHERIFF
WE HANG EVERY THIRD OUTLAW THE SECOND JUST LEFT TOWN -SHERIFF.
COLA HALL

I got them all back to the bridge and pulled out about three coils on the end of my rope, then let out one of my best cowboy yells to try to force that bunch onto the bridge. By now they were all spooked and that black broke back by me again despite my whaling him with my rope. The others were right on his heels. I had to make an even longer run that time to head them.

BY THEN I was using terms that aren't taught in Sunday School and my saddlehorse was pretty well winded. I decided that black hadn't been properly "fetched up" and it was high time he learned to have a decent amount of respect for a mounted horseman. So I took two half-hitches over my saddle horn and shook out a loop.

The jug-head probably weighed 1,300 pounds. My saddlehorse wouldn't have tipped 1,000 pounds soaking wet, but he knew how to act when something was on the other end of a thirty-five-foot rope. I was riding a double-rawhide N. Porter saddle, ¾ rigged with a single cinch. My rope was a 7/16 inch manila yacht line, so I figured the combination was equal to the job at hand.

The third time that black broke back by me, I made a backhanded cast at him—and was unlucky enough to catch him. My horse was headed north and the black was headed south. I didn't have time to jerk the slack before I felt the jar as he came to the end of my rope. Quicker than a cat could lick himself, I hit the hard gumbo back first. The saddle was still between my legs, but not for long. That black was leaving the country and my saddle was going with him.

I made it to my feet just in time to see him turn right and jump the four-wire fence that formed one side of the lane. I thought, "That's the finish of my saddle." The top wire snapped and the black picked up speed through the sagebrush. Every time the front of my saddle and that rope connected with a big sagebrush, the brush would be yanked out of the ground and the saddle would bounce into the air.

A little over a quarter-mile from the lane someone had cut a "school-marm" cottonwood and left a forked stump made to order. About the time the black was even with it, the saddle grubbed another sagebrush and the rope flipped over into the crotch of that stump. The saddle stopped plenty pronto and so did the black horse.

The rest of the bunch, including my cowpony, were then well on their way back to 17-Mile. I got on my saddlehorse bareback, went through a nearby gate in the lane and headed for my saddle. By the time I got to it I was hurting all over. The black was facing the stump with plenty of slack in the rope and acting very docile. I looked my saddle over; it was scarred up and had a broken short latigo, but was still plenty serviceable. The black led up fine so I turned him loose.

There was a dance that very night at the schoolhouse (the first one that fall), and a new teacher was in from Sheridan. I made it up there but by the time the music started, I was so sore and beat up I couldn't walk, much less dance. That teacher looked good to me, too.

I didn't find my cow pony until the next spring. The bunch he had run with split up, scattered, and changed locations. And I never did get to dance with that schoolmarm. By the time I got back from the round-ups she had quit her job, married some Pilgrim and left the country. I sometimes wonder what might have happened if that short latigo hadn't busted.

LOST IN THE FOG

By J. J. BALLARD

HUNDREDS, if not thousands, of cattle used to die with fever along the various trails where cattle from East Texas were driven to northern ranges. People didn't know just how, but were sure that the disease was communicated in some way by these trail herds. Some cowmen sought to protect their cattle by using line riders to keep the range cattle back from the trail.

When it was learned that there was no disease in winter time, a quarantine line was established to hold these cattle back until cold weather made it safe for them to travel over western ranges. Ticks dropping off the eastern cattle were the offending parasites and carriers of the disease. At the time I am writing about, the quarantine was still in force—1890. This fact governed the route we took.

We gathered about 1,000 one- and two-year-old steers, in both King and Haskell Counties. They were subject to quarantine. When we left Haskell none of us knew our destination. We were just supposed to stay with the cattle. And this we would do, come what may. We traveled off-trail and for a time without roads. Our course led us somewhere west of Quanah, Texas. When the owner, A. H. Tandy, left us, our instructions were to cross Red River into Greer County, Oklahoma.

There were four riders and a cook.

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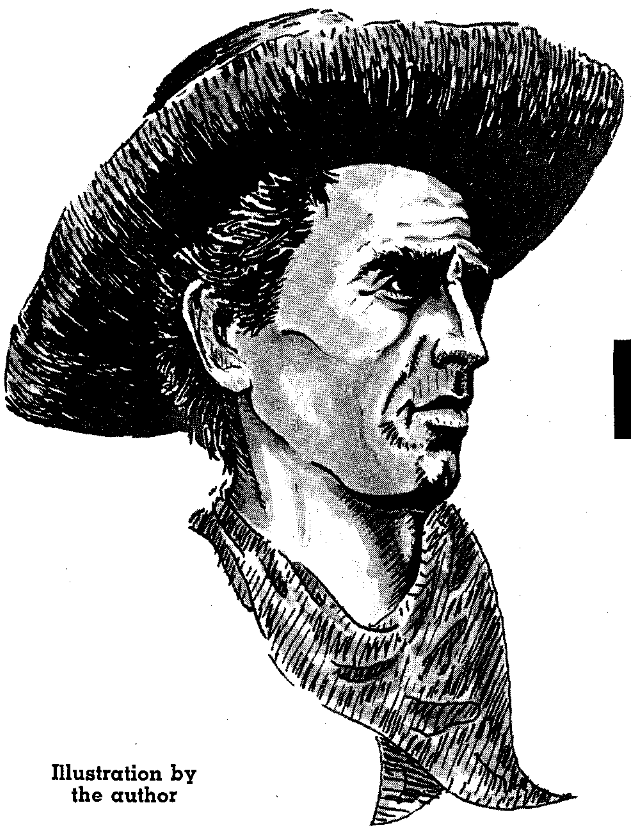


Illustration by
the author

THE BANDANA

"Flag" of the range country

By WILLIAM D. WITTLIFF

IT HAS been said that necessity is the mother of all invention; it was certainly necessity which created the bandana handkerchief. As was most of the cowhand's regalia, the bandana was strictly functional and was considered standard equipment. The old-time cowhand just wasn't "bibbed and tuckered" for a day's work until his neckerchief hung securely around his neck.

It was folded diagonally, wrapped loosely around the throat, then tied with a square knot which was swung to the rear. This permitted the fold to dangle over the chest within easy reach for a wipe of sweating hands and forehead—in fact, the name "wipes" became a synonym for the neckerchief. Favorite colors were dark red, dark blue, or black; white or brightly colored bandanas were rarely seen on the trail as they showed dirt easily (inconsequential!) and reflected light which tended to spook the cattle (very important!). Most cowhands wore scarfs made of cotton or linen while a few sported those woven from the highly prized silk.

To enumerate the uses which were found for this functional piece of range haberdashery during the course of just one day is almost impossible. It was used as a towel, cup towel, or drying rag both for wiping the stinging sweat out of a cowhand's eyes and for "cleanin' up" after chuck. During branding time, the bandana often substituted for a "piggin' string," a short piece of rope used to tie down the animal to be branded; it also functioned as a hot pad with which to hold the branding iron.

It was used as a bronc blind to settle an unruly horse until the vaquero could saddle and mount and frequently served to hobble the same horse at night so the cowhand wouldn't find himself afoot the next morning. The cowhand fortunate enough to ride a gentle horse could make an Indian-style bridle by tying one end of the neckerchief to the lower jaw of his mount. It's a fact that the bandana could be converted to just about anything in a pinch.

The ever changing weather had considerable bearing on the use of the neckerchief. If the sun were hot-poppin' at the nape of his neck, the cowhand turned the fold to the back to protect that area; then when he was riding into the sun, he swung the fold to the front over the exposed neck and chest or pulled it up over the bridge of his nose, outlaw fashion, to keep the searing rays from his face. In the sweltering heat of a day's work, he would often wet his scarf and wear it under his hat.

When a blue norther hit, the neckerchief made a satisfactory earmuff or again it could be pulled up under the eyes to ward off the biting wind and sleet. Pulled up closer under the eyes it was adequate protection against snow blindness. In a strong wind, unless his sombrero was equipped with bonnet strings, he'd usually tie it down with his bandana.

THE USES of the wipes were limitless. It was used as a tourniquet, a bandage, and as a sling for broken arms. Spread over the top of water and sipped through, it served as a handy strainer when the only refreshment available was a muddy waterhole. When an unfortunate drover was riding drag on a drive, he'd usually pull it up outlaw fashion to act as a respirator against the suffocating dust the herd kicked up.

Cowhands "off to hear the owl hoot" wiped the dust off their boots with their bandanas—and at the same gathering the fiddler often tucked his own scarf under his chin before he fiddled. Tied on the end of a stick or rifle, it was used to "flag" antelope and buffalo. Mexican vaqueros tied it around their foreheads Apache style to keep hair and sweat out of their eyes when they were working in the pens. It even made a fair crap table when a blanket wasn't handy—and many a cowhand killed on the trail was buried with his bandana spread over his face to keep dirt from touching it.

The neckerchief pulled up under the eyes was the most common disguise employed by bandits, fence cutters, road agents, outlaws, and the like. They also used it to "wave off" approaching riders as a warning not to risk coming any closer. Many after being captured were handcuffed with their own bandanas and a few were even hanged with two or more tied together. It seemed a fitting end for those who "made their living behind the scarf."

Like the "fish" or slicker, the bandana seems to be going out of style with modern day cowhands; today if one is carried, it's most often stuffed in the hip pocket rather than worn around the neck as in the past.

In his book, *A Vaquero of the Brush Country*, Mr. J. Frank Dobie says that the bandana deserves to be called the flag of the range country. Indeed it does!

Forty Times A Killer!

(Continued from page 12)

in a field. At dawn, he sneaked out into a nearby pasture, stole a horse grazing there, and rode hard for his camp and a rendezvous with Clements.

A group of Hickok's deputies spotted the ludicrous figure riding a horse bareback in his underwear, and whooped in laughter, believing him to be a drunk heading home after a rough night. By the time they recognized Hardin and took out after him, Wes' mount was out in front, and he got clear away and into camp.

"I was a sorry spectacle when I got to that camp," he admitted later. "I was bareheaded, unarmed, red-faced, and in my nightclothes. I went to work at once to meet my pursuers and got two six-shooters and a Winchester. The cook had prepared dinner, and as I had eaten nothing since the evening before, I certainly relished it. The camp was on the north bank of North Cottonwood (Creek), and I dropped down under the bank while my pursuers rode on.

"Tom Carson and two others inquired where I was. He told them I had gone to the herd, and asked them to get down and have dinner. When they were eating, I stepped up near them, but not near enough for them to grab me. I covered Tom Carson with my Winchester and told them, 'All hands up or I'll shoot.' All their hands went up, and I told the cook to relieve those gentlemen of their arms and told them any resistance on their part would mean certain death.

"The cook did his work well, and I told them to finish their dinner, while I sat on a dry-goods box with my Winchester in my hands. When they were through I made Tom Carson and his two men pull off their clothes, pants and boots, and sent them back in this condition to face a July sun for thirty-five miles on a bald prairie."

On this fantastic note ended Hardin's Kansas adventure. He never got a chance to settle matters with Wild Bill Hickok.

AFTER Wes left Abilene with his trail outfit bound down the Chisholm Trail for Texas, Wild Bill got into a terrific fist fight with gambler Phil Coe over Jessie Hazel, a pretty dancing girl. Drunk and ugly, Hickok slapped the girl around like a heel until the powerful Coe jumped him and beat him up. If Jessie hadn't interceded in the battered marshal's behalf, Phil would probably have killed him. Anyhow, Coe sealed his own doom by making a punching bag out of Hickok. Bill sobered up the next day and came around to the Bull's Head to apologize to Coe. The two men shook hands, and Phil figured that was an end to it. He couldn't have made a worse guess.

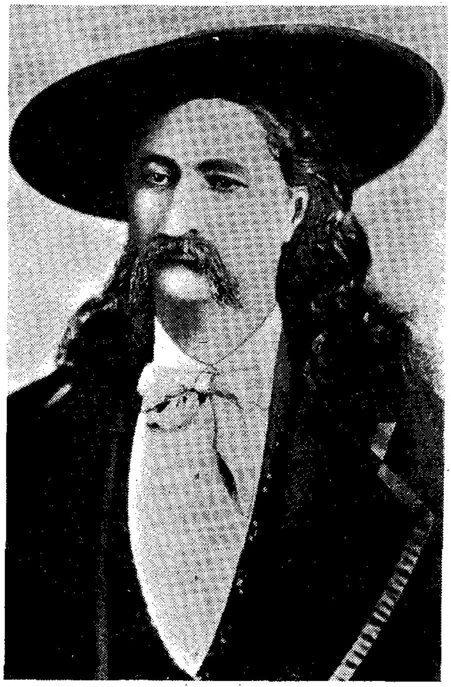
Several days later, Coe used his six-gun to kill a vicious dog in the street. Hickok heard the shot and came running, his long hair flying, and demanded to know why Phil had fired. Coe had started to explain, when Wild Bill drew two derringers and shot Phil in the chest at a range of six feet. Coe went down, gasping "Hickok, you bastard!" before a gush of blood from his mouth drowned his voice forever.

Out of the corner of his eye, Hickok saw a man running toward him from across the street. In a flash, he dropped his empty derringers, whipped out a six-gun and killed him. The second murdered man was Mike Williams, one of Hickok's deputies, who had heard the shots and was coming to investigate and back Bill when he saw him involved in a gunfight. Hickok dropped to his knees, took Williams' head in his hands and sobbed wildly. "He was my *friend*! I never meant to kill *him*!" The spectators said nothing. While this tragic drama was taking place in Abilene, Wes Hardin was heading back down the Trail for Texas and Gonzales County where he had a girl, Jane Bowen.

Governor Davis was trying to establish control of the state by the use of Negro policemen. The Texas Rangers, under Captain McNelly, were also attempting to curb lawlessness in the state. Various towns and localities, infuriated by Davis' use of Negroes as officers of the law, formed Vigilante groups to protect their rights. Such was the whirlpool of seething human emotions that engulfed Hardin upon his return to his home country.

Two prominent lawmen during Hardin's day: Captain Lee McNelly of the Texas Rangers (left) and Wild Bill Hickok, Marshal of Abilene, Kansas.

Photos from Rose Collection Oklahoma University Library



It was Wes' fond hope to marry Jane Bowen and settle down to raising cattle, but he figured without the law—or, at least, that portion of it represented by Governor Davis. The Governor quickly heard of Hardin's return to Texas, and sent two Negro policemen to arrest him.

The two Negroes caught up with Wes in a bar at Pilgrim's. One man drew a six-gun and entered the bar; the other sat his horse outside and awaited developments.

The Negro who had entered the bar walked up to Wes, announced that he was a policeman, and ordered the boy to turn over his guns. Grinning, Hardin drew his pistols and held them out butt-first. The policeman reached for the weapons—and Wes twirled them deftly in the border roll and drilled the man through the heart.

Outside, the second policeman saw the shooting through the open door and raised his rifle to his shoulder to fire. Hardin snapped a shot at him without aiming; the bullet clipped him in the mouth and knocked him from his horse. Wes walked through the door and past the wounded Negro writhing in the dust on his way to his horse. For some reason he failed to finish off this victim with another blast of lead; perhaps he felt that he was pressed for time to make a getaway.

Governor Davis, in Austin, promptly sent a posse of Negro policemen to arrest Hardin for the double shooting. Friends warned Wes of their coming. Furiously angry, he rode to meet them single-handed.

Yelling the Rebel yell, Hardin raced his horse into the band in a wild charge; the reins hanging loosely and both six-guns blazing. In the swirling fight that followed, Wes killed three of the policemen without catching a slug himself. After the third man went down, the remainder of the posse took flight. Hardin chased them for three miles before his horse played out.

Wes was praised and applauded for this exploit, which proved to be just about the last time Negro policemen attempted to arrest a white man in Gonzales County.

Hardin married Jane Bowen in the spring of 1872, and went into horse-trading and selling as a means of making a living for himself and his wife. Working out of Hemphill, in Sabine County, Wes rapidly acquired a fine string of animals. He started them to market in Hemphill in June of 1872, hiring Jesse and John Harper as drivers. Riding ahead to arrange the sale, Wes promptly ran afoul of one of Governor Davis' special officers. Again, by his own admission, Hardin was blameless in the shooting scrape that followed. Here's his written version of the affair:

"A MAN named O'Connor, returning to Louisiana, was going back to Austin and stayed one night in Hemphill. A state policeman arrested him because he had on a pistol and brought him into Hemphill, where on the policeman's bare statement the magistrate fined him $25 and costs, beside confiscating his pistol. I heard of the outrage and explained the case to the justice, who granted O'Connor a new trial and acquitted him.

"In the meantime, the policeman had taken possession of O'Connor's horse and saddle and was trying to sell them to pay the fine and costs, O'Connor being broke. I was in front of the courthouse talking matters over with him and some others, when a small boy about ten years old began abusing Spites (the policeman) for arresting O'Connor at his father's house. Spites . . . finally told the boy if he did not shut up, he would arrest him. The boy ridiculed him and defied him to do it, telling him that nobody but a coward would arrest a poor traveler. Spites told him to shut up or he would whip him. The boy told him not to be afraid, just go ahead and whip and arrest him.

"Spites got up and slapped the boy; then I told him to hold on—that if he was in earnest, to slap a man. He told me that he would arrest me for interfering with him in the discharge of his duty. I told him he could not arrest one side of me, and the boy laughed. Spites started to draw a pistol. I pulled a derringer with my left (hand) and my six-shooter with my right and instantly fired the derringer. The dauntless policeman ran to the courthouse and asked the judge to protect him."

Hardin's typically dry-as-dust account of the incident is notable for but one fact—for the first time in his short, lurid career, Wes deliberately withheld from killing a man when he had the drop on him. He must have been mighty sure of his man to risk merely scaring him to death—or else his recent marriage to his "lovely Janie" had had a softening influence upon him. In any event, Wes' new-found scruples didn't last long.

It was shortly after this amusing bit of horse-play that Hardin received his first grave wound. Trouble flared over a game of ten-pins in a Trinity City saloon. Wes and a local "bravo" named Phil Sublet started out playing for small stakes and wound up rolling for $5 a ball. Hardin, who excelled at anything requiring keenness of eye and dexterity of hand, beat Sublet six straight games and won $30 before Phil started to squawk.

"The hell with this! I'm going to take down my stake."

Wes smiled his easy, dangerous smile. "We agreed to play this game until one man wins $50. You'll have to ask my consent before you quit."

"No, you're wrong!" swore Sublet, "I'm quitting *now*."

Hardin's smile faded. "No man can welsh a bet on *me*. Play out the game."

Sublet cursed Hardin and reached for his pistol. Wes flipped a derringer from his waistband and leveled it between Sublet's eyes. Phil's right hand stopped in mid-draw.

The game continued, with Hardin winning another round. Having stood up for his rights, Wes collected $35 and let Sublet take down the balance of his stake. The two youths went into the barroom, where Hardin bought drinks for both. Acquiring a pleasant glow from the whiskey, Wes became jovial and friendly. Sublet remained sullen, and presently disappeared.

Sensing that Sublet had gone for a gun, Hardin went behind the bar and got his six-shooters from his saddle-bags. Barely had he buckled them on when he heard Sublet shouting outside, "Hardin! Come out and fight!"

Swiftly Wes drew his six-guns and strode to the door. He stood just inside the doorway, looking out into the darkness. The street was silent; there was no sign of Sublet. Suddenly a shotgun roared from somewhere near at hand, and buckshot sprayed the wall near the door. The flash of the discharge revealed Sublet crouching in the street ten yards away.

Wes fired both his pistols into the darkness. The shotgun blasted again, and Hardin took part of the load in his belly. He bent double at the sudden, searing stab of pain and staggered drunkenly into the street, daring Sublet to show himself.

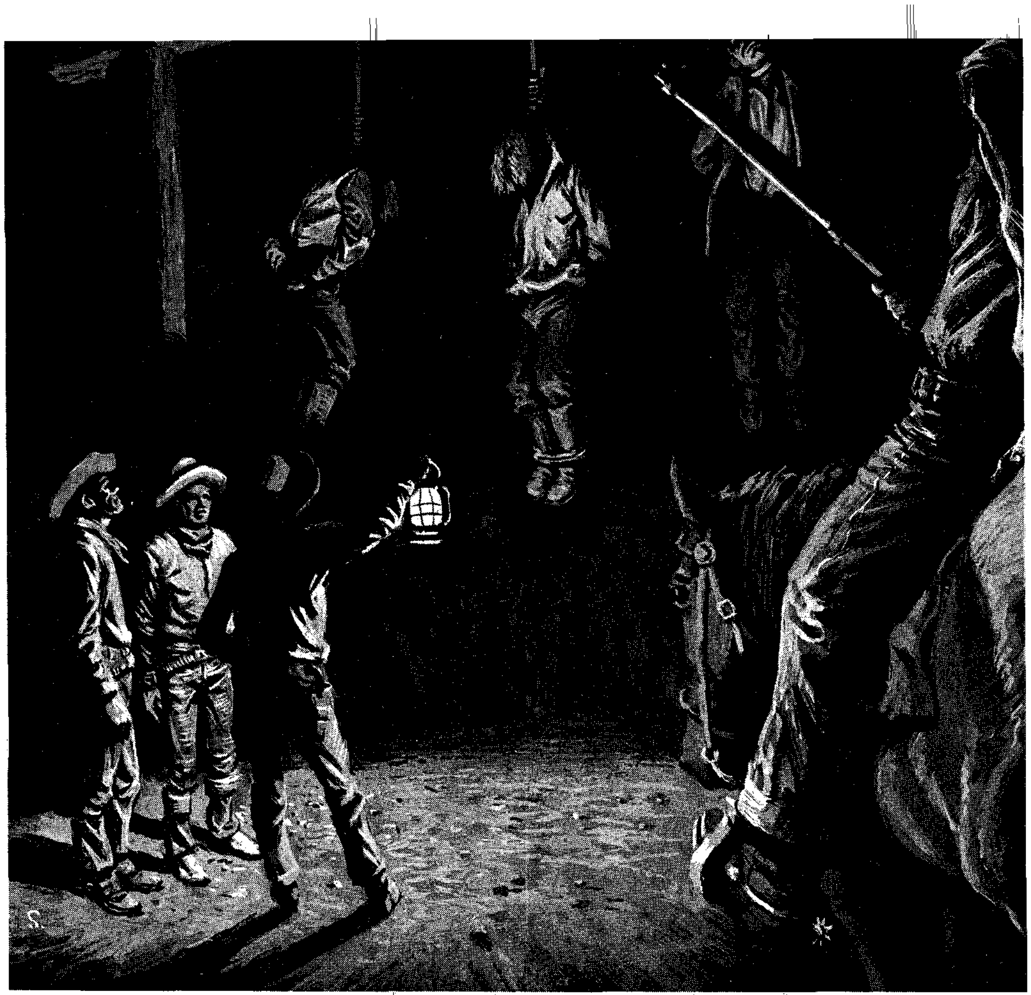


Illustration by Gene Shortridge

Wes learned of the fate of his friends and kin while he was hiding out in the cedar brakes northwest of Austin.

PHIL screamed in terror, dropped his empty shotgun and fled, with Hardin reeling after him in a grotesque stumbling run. The terrified assassin ran into a store, through it, and out the open rear door. A bullet clipped him in the shoulder, inflicting a superficial wound, but not stopping him. He got clean away as Wes sank to the floor, a pistol gripped tight in each hand. Friends, following him from the saloon, rushed to his side.

"Barnett," whispered the wounded man to Barnett Jones, "I'm hit bad—I might die. I got more than a thousand dollars' worth of gold here in my belt, and there's more in my saddle-bags at the saloon. Take it to Janie."

"Sure, Wes, sure," replied Jones. "But you ain't goin' to die. Doc Carrington—he'll fix you up fine."

Barnett and another man lifted the semi-conscious Hardin to his feet. He couldn't walk and was carried across the street to Doctor Carrington's office. Alerted by the gunfire, Carrington was ready when they arrived.

Wes came to with Carrington bending over him, probe in hand, about to remove the buckshot from his stomach, and demanded to know what chance he had to live.

"I don't know, son," replied the doctor quietly. "I'll do the very best I can for you. I'd say you have a fifty-fifty chance."

Hardin's sweat-streaming face twisted in a ghastly caricature of a grin. "That's good enough odds for any gambler, Doc!"

The doctor worked fast and deftly, yet it was a full hour before the last of half a dozen buckshot were removed from Hardin's intestines and back. The wounded man became conscious in the final stages of the operation, but bore the pain stoically until the last pellet had been located and withdrawn.

"Thanks, Doc," he said faintly. "Take your fee out of that money belt there—and take enough."

Carrington shook his head in wonder. "I'll say this for you, boy—you're game as they come. Lucky too. If you hadn't had all that gold in your belt, you'd have caught that whole load of buckshot. You'd been needin' an undertaker—not a doctor!"

Hardin's friends carried him to a hotel bed, where, on Doctor Carrington's orders, he was to remain quietly for at least ten days. Exhausted from his agonizing ordeal, Wes clung to consciousness long enough to warn Barnett Jones to send a man to cut the telegraph wires around the town so that lawmen in Austin could not send a warrant for him. "And guard the hotel, Barnett—you know how many men are trying to get me. Now's their chance, when I'm shot up and helpless."

"I'll take care of it, Wes," Jones promised.

Eight days of rest were all that Hardin's enemies allowed him. Tipped off that a "posse" of armed citizens were coming to the hotel to arrest the stricken gunfighter, Jones moved him by wagon to the home of a mutual friend in Sulphur Springs. Here he rested two days before

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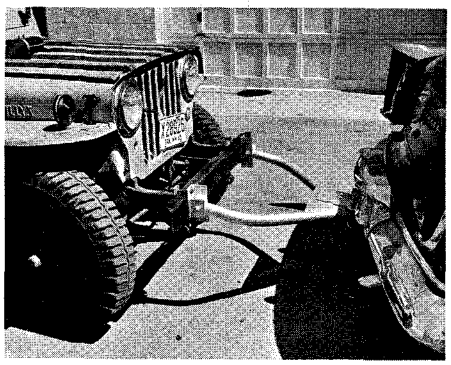

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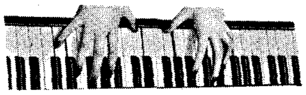

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Seems like when we get them in the hands of a new person, we've got another reader.

moving on to Sumter, where he was examined by Doctor William Teagarden. By this time Wes was delirious and running a high fever. "He'll have to stay here for two weeks, come what will," said the doctor firmly. "One more move will kill him!"

Three days later, the ever-vigilant Barnett Jones learned that Hardin's hiding place had been discovered and the mob was on the way.

Again the nightmare journey across country; this time with Wes swaying drunkenly in the saddle, supported on both sides by loyal comrades. Through wild country, by a little used trail, they rode to the Harrell Ranch in Angelina County, eluding their pursuers by a scant half-hour.

DAVE HARRELL nodded grimly when Barnett Jones explained the situation. "Take him to the cabin behind the house," he said. "There's a cot there he can have as long as he wants it. Or, leastwise, as long as that damned wolf-pack will let him use it!"

Jones nodded somberly. "This thing can't go on much longer. The boys and I figure that this is Wes' last chance. If we clear out and let him lay low here alone, he might pull through yet."

Police arrived within the week, yet incredibly, with the superhuman strength that comes to men in dire extremity, Hardin killed both officers with a shotgun and mounted his horse to escape. He got as far as Till Watson's ranch before he played out. Drooping over the saddle-horn, but stubbornly fighting off a total blackout, he rode up to the ranch-house door and called feebly for help. Watson came running out just in time to break his fall as he slid to the ground.

Wes slept for sixteen hours as one already dead. Waking, he sipped a cup of steaming beef broth and admitted to Watson that he was through. Dave Harrell had ridden over to find out how Wes was doing, and now the three men conferred as to Hardin's best course.

"The only chance I've got is to surrender to a square lawman," said Hardin finally. "I've heard that Sheriff Dick Reagan over at Rusk in Cherokee County is a man that'll keep a promise. Ride over there, Dave, and tell him I'm ready to surrender if he'll protect me against mobs until I'm safe in jail."

Harrell nodded wordlessly. He gripped Wes' hand for a moment, then left. Hardin grinned at Watson. "Well, that's it! The lobo wolf caged at last!"

Sheriff Reagan, with a strong force of deputies, arrived at the Watson Ranch on September 4, 1872. Hardin was still in bed, but—as Reagan later remarked—still as "dangerous as a wounded grizzly." The tense situation came close to exploding into tragedy when one of Reagan's deputies lost his head and fired a shot that wounded Wes in the knee, as the outlaw reached for his guns to turn them over to the sheriff.

"I first thought, on the impulse of the moment, that I would kill the sheriff," wrote Hardin, "but it flashed across me at once that it was a mistake and that in him was my only protection. The sheriff and posse were all very sorry that this happened, and each seemed to vie with the other in making me as comfortable as possible. They got a hack and put pillows and bed quilts in it, trying to make my journey easy."

Transported to Rusk, Hardin was placed in a room at the hotel. Sheriff Reagan owned the hotel, and gave orders that Wes was to be guarded well while he was recuperating. Doctor Jimson treated him, and Mrs. Reagan personally prepared the prisoner's food.

Early in October, Doctor Jimson pronounced Hardin well enough to travel on horseback. Four state policemen escorted Wes to Gonzales and turned him over to Sheriff W. E. Jones, who locked him in a cell and told him to take it easy.

Citizens of Gonzales made bets among themselves as to how soon Hardin would escape. Wes himself openly hinted that some kind of a deal had been made when describing his escape in his book:

"W. E. Jones was sheriff of Gonzales County and told me that my friends would soon be in to see me and to keep quiet and patient. As well as I can recollect, on or about the 10th of October, 1872, I cut into open daylight with a big saw, cutting through iron bars on the south side. The guards on duty posted me when to work, as the saw made a big fuss. I got through late in the evening and waited until dark to leave the jail."

That's Hardin's version; Sheriff Jones told it differently. Badgered by a political opponent in later years, Jones hotly denied any complicity in Hardin's escape.

In any event, Wes was soon back home in the Guadalupe River Valley, modestly accepting the plaudits of kinfolk, friends and neighbors. He gave a big party on Christmas Day and personally thanked everybody for their loyalty and well wishes. Standing with an arm around his wife, Wes declared earnestly, "I'm going to settle down now, raise cattle and maybe be a big family as well, and quit looking for adventure. I figure I've had all the excitement a man needs in one lifetime."

His guests applauded vigorously, and Jane—starry-eyed with joy—kissed her handsome young husband. The last two months, since Wes had returned, had been the happiest months of her fear-haunted marriage. Now, for the first time since their wedding, Jane felt that she and Wes could plan for a bright and peaceful future. At midnight, when she bade the last lingering guest farewell, Jane was the happiest girl in Texas.

OF ALL the bloody feuds of the Southwest, none was more savage than the Taylor-Sutton feud. The Taylors had a family creed: "Who sheds a Taylor's blood, by a Taylor's hand must fall!" Every member of the Taylor clan, to the second and third cousins, lived by that solemn pledge. Wes Hardin's cousins, Gip and Manning Clements, were Taylor kinsmen and that fact automatically made Wes a Taylor partisan.

The feud had alternately smoldered and flared for seven years through Gonzales, Wilson and DeWitt Counties ever since the day in the summer of 1866 when Charlie Taylor, an ex-Confederate soldier, was arrested on a cattle stealing charge.

Indignantly, Taylor contended that he had only picked up a few unbranded mavericks. He felt so strongly the injustice of his arrest that he broke jail before trial and rode for home. A posse, headed by young Billy Sutton, overtook him. Sutton yelled to Taylor to halt, but Charlie bent low in his saddle and dug in his spurs. Sutton, a crack shot, fired one bullet that drilled Taylor through the back. Charlie fell from his horse and died in ten minutes. The feud was on.

Buck Taylor, with a half-dozen friends, tried to get Billy Sutton. The pair met in a saloon and the guns began blasting. When the fog of black powder smoke lifted, Taylor was dead and Sutton wounded.

The battle lines were sharply drawn now: Billy Sutton and his Vigilantes on one side; the Taylors, the Clements, the Tenniles, the Pridgens and the Kellys on the other. Hardin sided with the Taylor faction, but took no active part in the feud until he ran afoul of Sheriff Jack Helms, an ally of Billy Sutton.

At his home, Wes kept hearing reports that Helms was planning to get him dead or alive. Hardin had never met Helms, so he was understandably jumpy when he encountered a heavily armed stranger on the trail between Cuero and Gonzales. Both riders swung wide of each other and stopped their horses.

The stranger, a big man, heavily bearded and dressed all in black, called out cheerily, "Howdy! Live around here?"

"Howdy!" replied Wes. "I'm riding from Santone to Cuero. Can you tell me how far I have to go?"

Helms rode closer. "About seven miles," he said smoothly. "My name is Jack Helms—I'm sheriff of this county. Glad to know you, Mister —"

"John Wesley Hardin!" snapped Wes. "I understand you're hunting me."

The big man shrugged. "You've been misinformed, Hardin. I'm your friend. Why, I have the Governor's proclamation offering $500 for your arrest in my pocket right now, and I don't aim to execute it."

"You're armed," said Hardin softly, "and you belong to a legalized band of murderers. Draw, damn you!"

Nervously, Helms dropped his right hand at his side. At the motion, Wes drew his six-gun with the speed of a striking snake.

"Wesley, I won't fight you, and I know you're too brave a man to shoot me," said Helms hoarsely.

Hardin dropped his pistol back in the holster. "You won't draw and you won't arrest me! Ride ahead of me to Cuero, then."

They rode on to Cuero—the sheriff to his office, Wes to hunt a poker game. This was on April 9, 1873. On the afternoon of the 10th, Helms' chief deputy, J. B. Morgan, tried to arrest Wes in front of a Cuero barroom. Hardin beat Morgan to the draw, shooting him through the head. Nobody lifted a hand to stop him as he left town.

The killing of Morgan placed Hardin irrevocably on the side of the Taylors. Wes rode next with the clan to their meeting with the Sutton faction at the Tomlinson Ranch near Yorktown in DeWitt County. This had been scheduled to be a "peace meeting" for the purpose of signing a "treaty," but turned into a gunfight instead.

Jim Cox and Jake Christman were killed by the Taylor gunmen, and several men were wounded on both sides. Wes Hardin was credited with killing both Cox and Christman, but grinningly denied having fired a shot during the battle. "I can't go around wastin' bullets on just anybody," declared Wes. "I got to save ammunition for Jack Helms."

THE INEVITABLE showdown between Hardin and the black-bearded sheriff was not long in coming. Again the meeting between the hostile clans was slated to be a peace meeting, this time at Albuquerque, a small cowtown in Wilson County adjoining Gonzales County on the southwest. Hardin, Jim Taylor, and five or six others rode in to Albuquerque to find Helms had taken over the town. Wes glanced along the single dusty street and knew it was a death-trap, with Helms' men posted in twos and threes every hundred feet. "Act like you saw nothin'," he told Jim Taylor. "We'll split up so they can't bag us all in one bunch. I'll go meet Helms and see what the hell he's up to. Go to the blacksmith shop and wait for me there."

The sheriff was waiting for Wes in a saloon. He sat at a table fiddling with a glass of whiskey, flanked by two deputies.

"Well, lawman," greeted Hardin sarcastically, "you figure you got our tails in a crack, don't you?"

The big man's knuckles whitened as he gripped his glass. "You got me all wrong, Wesley. I just want to get all this feudin' and killin' finished once and for all."

Hardin's pistols flashed out, covering the three officers.

"So you aim to finish it by slaughterin' us all! Well, try it!"

Wes backed from the room, whirled, and sprinted down the street to the blacksmith shop. None of Helms' men made a move to stop him.

"Get going!" he told Jim Taylor. "We'll clear out slow and easy, and maybe they won't start anything until we're out of town. Then we'll outride 'em."

Taylor shook his head stubbornly. "I'm gettin' a drink before I leave." Boldly, Jim stalked into the saloon and up to the bar.

"Whiskey," he told the bartender. At that instant, Sheriff Helms stepped from the back room, pistol in hand. "Hands up, Taylor!" he barked. "You're under arrest!"

Slowly, Taylor raised his hands. "What for, Sheriff?" he asked mildly.

"Put your pistol on the bar and turn around real slow, Helms," came Hardin's voice from the doorway. "Put up that pistol!"

Helms hesitated a fraction of a second, then twisted suddenly toward Hardin in a reckless attempt to throw a slug. Hardin shot him twice before turning his guns toward the paralyzed crowd. Taylor, his dark face aflame with rage, whipped out his Colt and poured three more bullets into Helms' twitching body.

Cowed by the sudden violence, the Sheriff's men stood and watched with stony faces as the Taylor clansmen rode out of town. "The news soon spread that I had killed Jack Helms," wrote Wes, "and I received many letters of thanks from the widows of the men he had cruelly put to death. Many of the best citizens of Gonzales and DeWitt Counties patted me on the back and told me that was the best act of my life."

Was this merely another attempt at self-justification on Hardin's part? Probably. And yet, no indictment was ever returned against Wes for the killing of Sheriff Helms. Evidently others in Texas beside Hardin were of the opinion that Jack Helms needed killing.

THE TAYLOR-SUTTON feud came to a bloody climax in March of 1874 at Indianola on the Gulf Coast of Texas. Wes Hardin, after enjoying a pleasant domestic interlude at home with Jane and their small son, Johnny, had gone to Gonzales to gather cattle to ship from Indianola. Word came to him that Billy Sutton and Gabe Slaughter were also planning to ship cattle from the Gulf Coast port that spring. Conferring hurriedly with the Taylors and the Clements, Hardin decided that the moment had come to kill Billy Sutton and deprive the Sutton clan of their fast-shooting leader.

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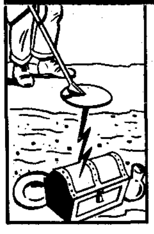

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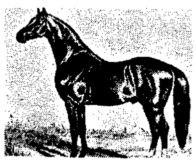

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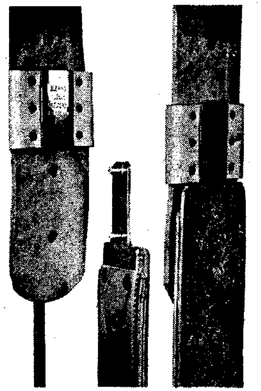

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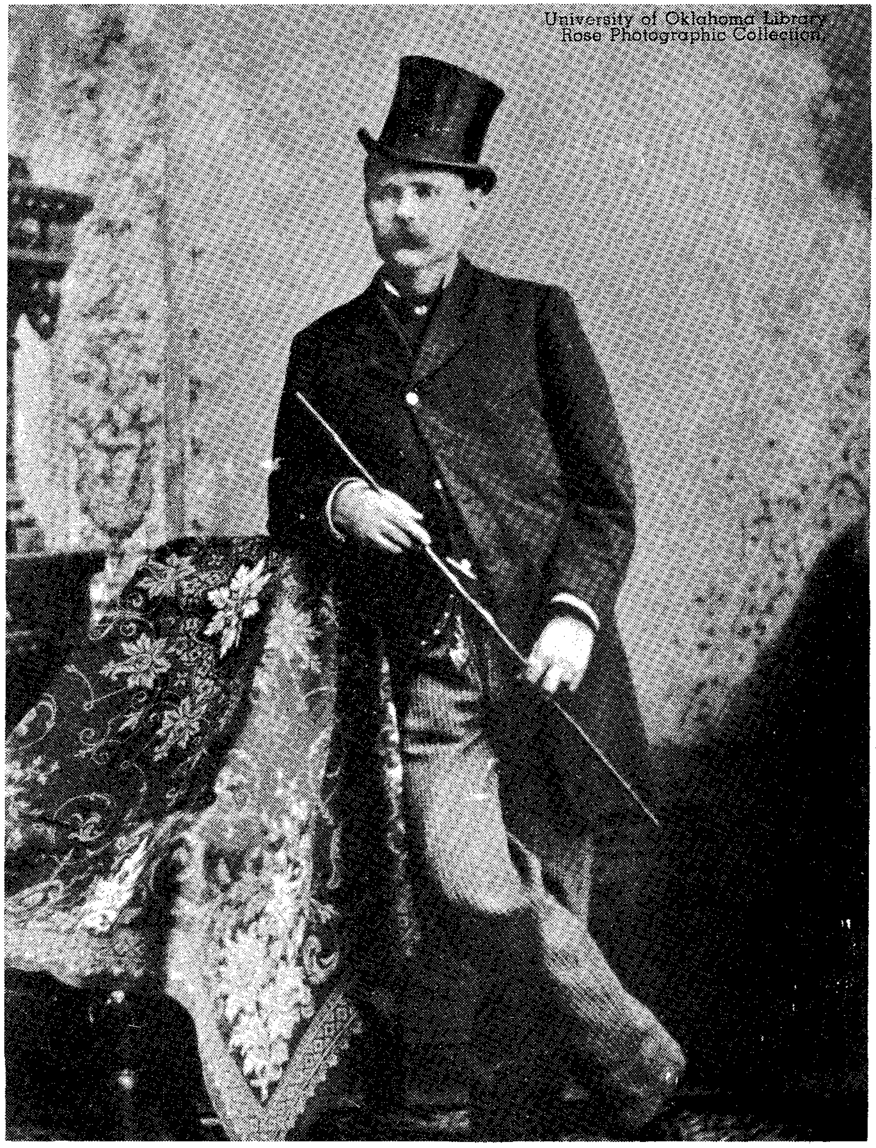

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Ben Thompson who was killed while his friend Hardin was in prison.

It was agreed that the Taylor boys, Billy and Jim, were to have the "honor of executing" Sutton.

Careful sleuthing enabled the Taylors to time their coup to perfection. Observing Sutton's men driving cattle aboard the steamship *Clinton*, Billy and Jim moved quickly through the throng of passengers to the upper deck and on to the main salon and into the dining hall.

At that moment, Billy Sutton, accompanied by his wife and Gabe Slaughter, approached the entrance to the dining hall. Billy Taylor spotted them first and called to Jim, "Here they come!"

Sutton heard the hoarse whisper, yelled a warning to Slaughter, and dashed for the dining hall drawing his pistol as he ran. Just inside the entrance, with his wife safely out of the line of fire, Sutton whirled gamely to do battle. It was too late—Jim Taylor's first bullet drilled into his breast. Sutton fell, his pistol blasting into the polished floor. Jim fired again into his sprawling body, then spun about to face Slaughter.

Billy Taylor, shooting from the side, pumped two slugs into Slaughter before he could draw. Gabe fell across Sutton's body; Mrs. Sutton screamed and fainted as the two killers raced past her. Both men escaped by leaping from the stern deck to the wharf and losing themselves in the maze of stockyard pens lining the waterfront.

Neither Jim nor Billy Taylor ever paid the penalty for this double murder. Billy was arrested by Sheriff Rube Brown of Waco, but broke jail at Indianola during the great flood of September, 1875. Jim was never arrested, although Mrs. Taylor put up $1,000 as a reward for his capture.

Wes Hardin jointly celebrated his twenty-first birthday and the virtual end of the Taylor-Sutton feud, by sweeping a horse-race meet at the booming frontier town of Comanche. Life was rich and exciting to Hardin in this May of 1874. His crack horses, Shiloh, Rondo, and Doc, won their races and more than $3,000 for him. Side bets brought in fifteen good saddle horses, two wagons, and fifty head of steers. In high good humor, accompanied by friends, Wes toured the saloons after his big win, spending gold eagles as though he owned a private mint.

At Wright's Saloon, on the north end of the town square, Wes and his comrades got a little boisterous. Deputy Frank Wilson brought word that Sheriff John Karnes wanted them to quiet down and go on home. Wilson also reminded Wes that it was against a town ordinance to carry pistols.

"I'm not packin' a pistol," laughed Hardin. "Mine's safe behind the bar." He opened his coat to prove that he was unarmed. No pistol showed, but Wilson could see the bulge of a shoulder holster under Hardin's unbuttoned vest.

"All right, Wes," said Wilson hurriedly, backing away. "Just take it easy and don't make us any trouble."

Trouble was not long in arriving. Charley Webb, a deputy sheriff of neighboring Brown County, walked into Wright's Saloon shortly after Wilson's hasty departure. At the bar, flanked by his pals, Jim Taylor and Bud Dixon, Hardin gloweringly watched Webb's approach.

"Are you the sheriff of Brown County?" demanded Wes.

Webb stopped, his hands behind his back. "No, I'm the deputy sheriff," he said softly. Webb was wearing two Colts, and had the reputation of being a dangerous gunfighter.

"Have you any papers for me?" rasped Hardin.

"I don't even know you," replied Webb quietly.

Wes bowed mockingly. "Allow me to present myself, then. I'm John Wesley Hardin."

The deputy studied Hardin a moment, then said tonelessly, "I don't know what you're up to, Hardin, but I don't want you and I don't have any papers for you. Is that clear?"

Hardin ignored the question. "What are you holding behind your back?" he snapped.

"A cigar," said Webb, smiling faintly and bringing his hands slowly forward. His right hand held a black cigar stub. The two gunfighters stared at each other in hypnotic silence.

A FRIEND of Webb, down the bar, called suddenly, "Charley, come here." The voice, sounding suddenly in the screaming silence, triggered the taut nerves of Hardin and Webb into instant action. Drawing with incredible speed, the deputy got off a shot a fraction of a second ahead of Hardin. The bullet creased Wes' side, but Hardin's slug struck Webb in the face and passed upward through the roof of his mouth. The deputy staggered, trying to pull the trigger again, but by then both Dixon and Taylor were shooting at him. Webb went to his knees facing Hardin, wavered there a moment grimly trying to fire his Colt, then slumped forward on his face—dead.

Sheriff Karnes, shotgun at the ready, arrived within the minute and pushed his way through the angry crowd to where Hardin, Dixon and Taylor, backs against the wall, held off the mob with drawn guns. Shouts of "Hang him!" and "How long are we going to let Wes Hardin go around killing?" rose from the crowd as Karnes moved in.

"Hello, Sheriff," said Wes easily. His left hand held a bloody handkerchief to his creased side; his right held a cocked six-gun. "I dunno what all the excitement's about," went on Hardin. "It was an even break. Fact is, Webb fired first."

"I believe you, Wes," said Karnes. "I'd take you into custody, but I can't control this mob. We've got to make a run for it."

All of Hardin's supporters, including his brother Joe, had now reached the scene of the shooting. With Wes in the center of the compact group of nearly a dozen men, a rush for the horses was begun. Hardin was in the lead and they started a mad dash for the Hardin Ranch a few miles from town. Bud Dixon and Bud and Ham Anderson, riding drag, slowed down the pursuing mob with rifle fire. The leader of the hastily formed posse toppled from his saddle, and the

(Continued on page 68)

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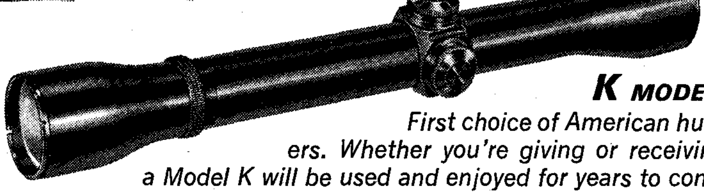

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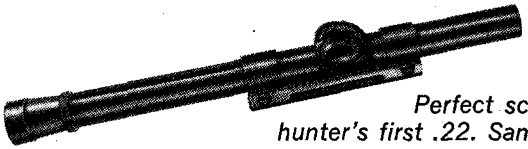

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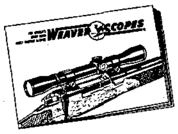

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What Brought About Jesse James' Death?

(Continued from page 31)

agency there. Having known the Jameses, Ed Miller and Dick Liddil, he was hired to track down these men. Bob Ford was the one who opened negotiations for the surrender of Dick Liddil to the authorities several weeks after Hite's death.

Later, on February 22, 1882, he had a secret interview with Governor T. T. Crittenden at the St. James Hotel in Kansas City, to formulate plans to destroy Jesse James. After Liddil surrendered to Sheriff Timberlake of Clay County, Missouri, he was taken to Kansas City, where he and Bob Ford worked secretly with the officials.

A second incident occurred to strengthen the Fords' hatred and fear of Jesse James. One Jim Cummins, though never proven to have been a member of the select company, knew a lot of details of its operations. When Jim became too talkative, Jesse chased him into Arkansas, trying to shoot him. This was before Dick Liddil's surrender, and he was Jesse's riding partner at that time.

Jim dodged, however, and backtracked into Missouri stopping at the home of Bill Ford for several days. One day for some reason he began to fear that Jesse was close by, so he saddled his horse and rode away. His hunch proved correct, for he had just ridden off when Jesse and Liddil rounded a bend leading to the Ford home. Bill Ford was not at home, but his wife and fourteen-year-old son, Albert, were there. The boy was Cummins' nephew, for Jim's sister, Artella, had married Bill Ford. Jesse inquired about Jim but was informed that he had not been there for some time.

Not at all satisfied that the woman and boy were telling the truth, Jesse and Dick took young Albert Ford into the woods and tried to force the truth from him. They were unsuccessful, however, and before Jesse could again catch up with him, that fatal day in St. Joe arrived. Thus we have another reason for the Fords' desire to destroy Jesse—revenge for his torture of their nephew. And, of course, the third reason was greed, the promise of the reward money.

Sheriff Timberlake placed great faith in Bob Ford's willingness to do away with Jesse James. He knew that Bob and Charley both had been with Jesse on several occasions, and guessed that Bob was secretly waiting his chances all along. Charley knew nothing about the plans until the day of the actual killing.

On the night of April 1, 1882, Jesse James rode up to the home of Captain Ford in Ray County and called Bob outside. He told him he had work for him to do, and the two rode off. The next day Captain Ford notified Sheriff Timberlake that Bob had gone to St. Joseph with Jesse James, and the sheriff held a posse in readiness to march, with Liddil to act as leader of the sheriff's men.

Jesse told Bob that he planned to rob the Platte City Bank. Upon reaching the suburbs of St. Joe, Jesse became suspicious of Bob Ford for some reason and never allowed him out of his sight for even a moment. He had Ford sleep in the same room with him and even followed him when he went to the barn. Charley Ford also was present, as Jesse had stated it would take three men to pull the job.

The outlaw paid no attention to Charley, but kept a careful watch on Bob so that the latter was unable to communicate with Sheriff Timberlake. Each morning before breakfast Jesse would take Bob with him downtown to get the morning papers. Bob, of course, was ill at ease, for even though the news of Liddil's surrender thus far had been kept out of the papers, the sheriff had informed Ford that some of the reporters knew something was afoot and headlines might appear at any moment. In fact, Jesse had questioned Bob about Liddil, but had been told that no news had been heard of him for some time.

Ford made it his business to scan the papers as quickly as possible for he well knew what it meant to have Jesse learn of Liddil's surrender. On April 3, Bob and Jesse went downtown for the papers, as usual. It was planned for the outlaws to leave St. Joe that evening for Platte City. The two returned to the James home at Thirteenth and Lafayette Streets about eight o'clock and sat down to examine the papers. Jesse sat in front of Ford, reading the St. Louis *Republican*. Ford hastily scanned the Kansas City *Journal* and saw nothing there but the headlines of the Kansas City *Times* blurted out Dick Liddil's surrender.

Unseen by Jesse, Ford placed the paper under a shawl on the chair, but on his way to the kitchen for breakfast, Jesse picked up the shawl and threw it on the bed, and, taking the paper, walked into the other room.

Mrs. James poured coffee and then sat down at one end of the table. Charley was at the other end and the two children sat one on each side of their mother. Jesse spread the paper on the table in front of him and began to search the headlines. We can well imagine Bob Ford's feeling at that time. He later stated that he saw in Jesse's eyes a glare that he had seen there before.

"Hello. What have we here? The surrender of Dick Liddil."

"That's news to me," gulped Bob Ford.

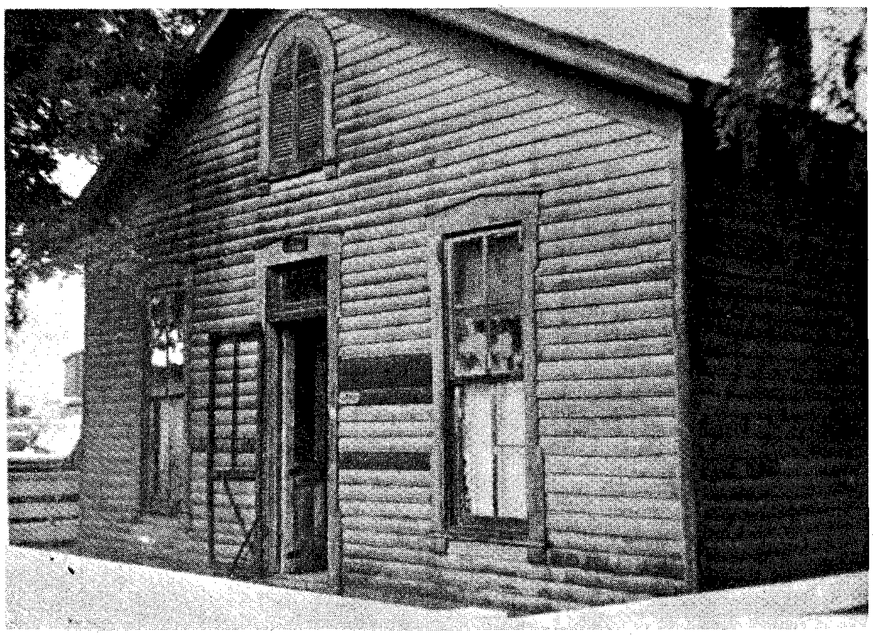
"Very fishy, if you ask me," said James. "You right here in the vicinity these three weeks and you knew nothing of it. I wonder why they kept it a secret so long. I've an idea."

Bob Ford could stand no more. He pushed back his chair, arose and walked into the front room. A few moments later Jesse appeared in the room and said with a smile, "Well, Bob, it's all right, anyhow."

Bob knew that he had not fooled the cunning bandit. He knew that plans were being made to waylay him as they rode toward Platte City that very evening. Ford could tell that Jesse was now aware that he was there to betray him. The only reason he was not already dead was that apparently the outlaw did not wish to kill Ford in the presence of his own wife and children.

Jesse also appeared willing to risk a test of Bob, for he deliberately unbuckled his belt with its weapon and threw it on the bed. The revolver in the holster was a .45 calibre Smith & Wesson Schofield model, but he also removed a pocket revolver, which was a .45 calibre 2¼″ barrel derringer type, and also placed it on the bed. Jesse's supposing that Ford would not kill him in his own house was a fatal miscalculation of character.

THE OUTLAW then busied himself to impress on Ford's mind that he had



Courtesy the author

The house where Jesse James was killed as it appears today.

forgotten the breakfast table incident. He picked up a feather duster, remarking, "That picture is awful dusty."

Ford later stated there wasn't a spot of dust on the picture, but that Jesse placed a chair beneath it and then got upon it and started to dust the motto picture. He also stated that up to that time the thought of killing Jesse had never occurred to him, but as the outlaw stood there with his back to him and unarmed, he decided it "was now or never."

Without hesitation Bob drew his Smith & Wesson .44 calibre and sent a slug crashing through Jesse's head. This nickel-plated revolver, Serial No. 3766, Model No. 3, was the same weapon which the noted bandit had given Bob as a present some days before. At the sound of the shot Charley Ford ran into the room and right behind him was Mrs. James.

Bob Ford asked a passerby to notify the police that Jesse James had been killed, and in a little while Marshal Craig came to the house and placed them under arrest. At ten o'clock that morning telegrams were sent to Sheriff James R. Timberlake, of Clay Countyt; H. H. Craig, Police Commissioner of Kansas City; and to the executive mansion at Jefferson City, which read, "I have killed Jesse James." They were all signed, "Bob Ford, St. Joseph."

Another version of the killing of James was given in later years by Joe McKee, Bob Ford's bartender at Jimtown (Creede), Colorado. In substance his story agrees quite a bit with what has been stated in the preceding account, although no mention was made that Ford was working with the law officers.

If McKee's story is true, then not much credit was given to Bob Ford for ridding Missouri of Jesse. It was well known that no one could have taken the outlaw face to face. No one, of course, condones a cowardly act, but according to McKee's version, Bob Ford was far from being the coward he is credited with being. This is McKee's version:

IT WAS well known that anyone who incurred Jesse's displeasure "went for a ride," and young Bob Ford was not unaware of that term. Jesse and the Fords were not related in any manner as some writers have stated. Bob remained around the St. Joe residence for a few days, posing as a Mr. Johnston, a cousin of Mr. Howard's.

According to McKee it was Bob Ford's duty to go downtown to get Jesse's mail and newspapers, as the outlaw wished to remain completely out of sight. There were no mail deliveries in those days and everyone had to go to the post office to pick up his mail. All papers and mail were received under the name of Thomas Howard. He sent for young Ford to take care of this chore.

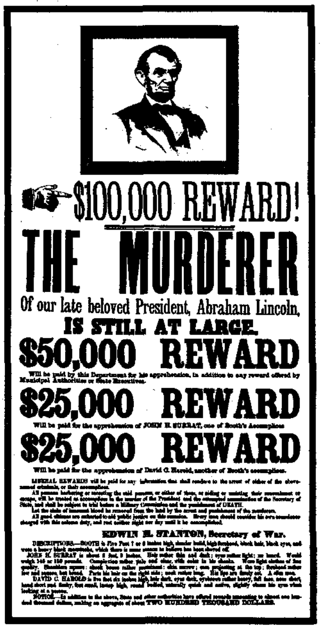
There were no secrets between them concerning the reason for Jesse's being holed up, and so all went well. Ford never opened the brown wrapping around the newspapers, so he seldom knew the headlines. Jesse was very jittery around that time, knowing that it was but a matter of time until he would be all through and done. On this particular day when Ford delivered the Kansas City papers, headlines in bold type stated that the Ford brothers were in a deal to capture Jesse and when Jesse read that, he started to act like a crazy person.

He told Ford that he had received bad news and that they would have to ride out that very night. Ford, being no fool, suspected what that meant, and hoped to beat Jesse to the draw. Jesse usually took his guns off only when going to bed, but in order to throw Ford off, removed his guns to get upon a chair to straighten a motto picture.

Now the seat of an ordinary chair is but eighteen inches from the floor and in this case there was no need to remove his guns. There was hardly any reason to get upon a chair, since Jesse was not a short man and could easily have reached up and touched the picture while he was standing on the floor.

There the Kid, as Jesse James called him, took full advantage of the situation and let Jesse have it in the forehead, killing him instantly. (This confirms my findings that Jesse was not shot in the back of the head.)

The reward was completely an afterthought, according to McKee, who says Bob gave him this story and swore it was true. In fact, the Fords saw very little of the reward money. Ford also told McKee that he never intended to kill Jesse until the outlaw spoke of "going



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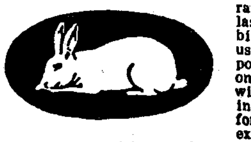

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for a ride." The Kid knew what that meant. Yes, the story sounds most logical indeed.

At ten o'clock, the morning of Jesse's death, Coroner Heddens was notified and Undertaker Sidenfaden instructed to remove the remains to his establishment. While the body lay in a remote room of the building various comparisons were made by reporters to determine the authenticity of the dead man's identity.

An inspection of the body revealed two large bullet wounds on the right side of the breast within three inches of the nipple, a bullet wound in the leg and the absence of the tip of the middle finger of the left hand. Jesse lost the first joint of this finger when he was a boy. He was playing with a pistol when it discharged and tore off the first joint. The lung wounds were received during the Civil War, one at the fight at Flat Rock Ford, August 13, 1864, and the other at Lexington, Missouri, May 15, 1865, when he was shot by Pvt. John L. Jones, 3rd Wisconsin Cavalry. The leg wound was the result of a Federal ambush shortly after the Centralia battle.

There were three other distinct marks of identification which have never been mentioned before, but were seen on the corpse by those who knew where to look. Jesse had a severe case of granulated eyelids which never completely healed and which caused his eyes never to be at rest. While a young boy, he had an abcess in his right groin, and it was lanced in 1862 by the Sallee physician, Dr. Glen E. Bishop, at St. Joe. This left an identifying scar.

Another prominent disfigurement was the result of getting his left foot caught in the stirrup of his saddle shortly after the war ended. The inside ankle bone was pushed inward and never healed properly, leaving a deep impression there instead of the bones' normal position. Was this the injury sustained by the bank robber at Gallatin, Missouri, when his horse threw him and dragged him by his left foot?

INQUEST records show that the gun used by Bob Ford was a Smith & Wesson and not a Colt's as generally believed. Charley Ford said, "Bob had a Smith & Wesson, and it was easier for him to get it out of his pocket."

Bob Ford admitted, in part: "I could see that it was all over with Jesse when that Smith .44 slug tore through his forehead."

It is not our intention to give a complete resume of the coroner's inquest and the testimony given by various persons, as most of this is not new. After that inquest, however, the two Ford boys were at once committed to jail charged with murder, under a warrant sworn out by Mrs. Jesse James. They pleaded guilty to the killing and on April 17, 1882, were sentenced to be hanged on May 19, and to be held in the Buchanan County jail until that time.

On the same day, Governor Crittenden issued unconditional pardons to Charles and Robert Ford. But their fame, if such it was, was short-lived, for Charley committed suicide at Richmond, Ray County, Missouri, just two years later, and Bob Ford was shot to death by Edward O'Kelley, in the Creede, Colorado, mining area in 1892.

The body of Jesse James was given over to his widow for interment, and, in accordance with the wishes of his mother, it was arranged for the outlaw to be buried at the old homestead at Kearney. Frank James arrived in St. Joe Tuesday morning following the shooting on Monday, and registered at the World's Hotel, where he occupied Room 27. Wednesday morning Frank left St. Joe and went to the homestead at Kearney. There he remained in the house while the last rites took place. If anyone knew of his presence there, nothing was said.

At 4:30 p.m. on the sixth, the funeral cortege arrived at the James-Samuel homestead, where the casket was lowered into an extra deep grave. Mrs. Samuel screamed that someone had cut off Jesse's right hand. She made them bring the casket back up and open it. After that, she calmed down and Jesse was buried.

The fabulous Jesse James had been feared and hated as a robber and a killer, yet to some he came to be revered as an American Robin Hood. Perhaps this is partly due to his devotion to his mother, and to the persecution heaped on his family and friends. At any rate, he has gone into folklore as a hero, and his memory is kept alive by the famed murals painted by Thomas Hart Benton for the State Capitol at Jefferson City.

The popular folk song mentioning Jesse has perpetuated this image. As long as the ballads are sung they will continue to denounce Ford as a "dirty little coward" for firing the shot which killed Jesse—not taking time to listen to Bob's side of the story, and caring even less about such an explanation. Most folks were overwhelmed by the outlaw's death, and the way he died. They made him a martyr and Ford a yellow-livered coward of the lowest type.

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Place of Evil Spirits

(Continued from page 38)

the redskins to disperse instantly, and gave me safe passage through this celebrated Gibraltar of Navajodom."

Pfeiffer reached the west entrance of the canyon and reported to Carson. On the 16th of January, Captain Asa B. Carey marched back up Canyon de Chelly, past its junction with Canyon del Muerto, and to its eastern end. Canyon de Chelly had been conquered, and the Navajo Indians came in great groups to surrender.

As a result of the Navajo Campaign, around 7,000 Navajos surrendered to the United States Army. They were marched from Fort Canby to Bosque Redondo, New Mexico — The Navajo "long walk." Many there were who never finished the walk; and many there were who died at Bosque Redondo before the Navajos were finally allowed to return to their own land.

The Navajos weren't good farmers, and they didn't get along with the Mescalero Apaches. They continued to die off from disease and lack of proper food. After four years it was decided best to place them on a reservation of their own.

Back in their own land the Navajos not only survived but started increasing, until they are the largest and fastest growing tribe of Indians in the United States. At the present time there are around 80,000 of them, far more than their rugged, dry, desert land will support.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

THE AMERICAN INDIANS AND THEIR WARS

Donald J. Berthrong's *The Southern Cheyennes* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) is Volume 66 in the Civilization of the American Indian Series and a worthy addition, indeed. George Bird Grinnell's *The Fighting Cheyennes* (New York, 1915) and reprinted (Norman, 1956) and his two volumes, *The Cheyenne Indians: Their History and Ways of Life* (New Haven, 1923) have long been the primary source books on the Cheyennes. Dr. Berthrong points out that Grinnell gathered much of the material for his books from personal interviews with the aged survivors of the tribe. While Berthrong made use of Grinnell's research he had access to many other records and supplemented and corrected Grinnell's accounts. The author has wisely limited this book to the Cheyennes who occupied the Central and Southern Plains and to the events that occurred before 1875. At least two other books are needed, one on the Northern Cheyennes and one on the reservation life of the tribe, to adequately document their history. The limitations have permitted the author to do a thorough job on the chosen segment—the research was doubtlessly tedious but the writing is clear and objective. Customs, treaties made and broken, and the constant fighting with other tribes and with soldiers as these Indians resisted the influx of settlers, highlight the book. A lengthy bibliography, an index and some good illustrations add a great deal.

Strangers on the Land (Yakima Tribe, Box 632, Yakima Indian Agency, Toppenish, Washington, $2.25) is by Yakima newspaperman, Click Relander, an adopted Yakima. In this booklet of 100 pages Click has packed a tremendous amount of knowledge of the tribe, its lore and customs. His deep feelings for and understanding of his adopted brothers is apparent but he is never maudlin about the plight of Indians. "Hoofbeats on the Land" is a fine chapter on Yakima horse lore and other chapters of present-day significance deal with "The Allotment Act," "Homesteading and Irrigation" and "Tribal Government." The booklet is illustrated with some good photos. A bargain.

It's a real pleasure to find a history book that's as entertaining as a fairy tale. Such a book is *The Osages—Children of the Middle Waters* (University of Oklahoma Press, $7.95) by John Joseph Mathews.

This enormous book, over 800 pages, is the history of the Osage Indians. One of the Siouan tribes, these Indians formerly dwelled in the area surrounding St. Louis and as they were knocked about by white invasion, the Osages settled in southwestern Kansas and at last came to live in Oklahoma, their final home.

The author, an Osage, is a gifted writer who has produced an elegant book which should rank in the ten best for any year in the Western Americana competition.

King Philip's War, a particularly interesting phase of American colonial history, is the subject of Milton A. Traver's new book, *The Last of the Great Wampanoag Indian Sachems* (The Christopher Pub. House, $2.75). The book covers the last few days of the two years of Philip's revolt and exhausting attempt to rout the whites and regain the Indian homeland. Philip's father, the friendly Massasoit, had helped the hungry Pilgrims, fed them for awhile after landing, and taught them to hunt, grow corn and fend for themselves in the wilderness. However, the expanding white population repaid Massasoit's generosity by invading Indian territory, dispossessing the Wampanoags, and subjecting them to white man's rule.

In 1662, after the death of his brother, Wamsutte, the belligerent Philip became chief of the Wampanoag Federation. By this time strife between red and whites had intensified until Philip started his hit-and-run war of liberation which ended in defeat for the Indians. Using the medium of historical fiction, Travers has written an entertaining and sympathetic history of the last of the Wampanoag chieftains.

Merril D. Beal, history professor at Idaho State University, has written a highly creditable history about Chief Joseph and the Nez Percé War in *I Will Fight No More Forever* (University of Washington Press, $6). Access to unpublished letters and diaries of eyewitnesses, interviews with descendants of Indian and white participants, and personal visits to the flight route have made it possible for Beal to write a realistic account of five battles, Indian surrender, and the character of leaders on both sides.

Details of war strategy and action are the strong points of this book. It was with almost miraculous cunning that Chief Joseph whipsawed his small band of warriors, old people, and women and children over the treacherous Bitterroot and Lolo Trails, crossed rivers, and fought off Howard's and Miles' superior forces before he dejectedly surrendered after the battle at Bear Paw Mountains, Montana. The gritty Nez Percé were stopped before they were able to join the Sioux who had fled to southern Canada after the Custer Massacre.

The U. S. Government settled the Nez Percé at Nespelem, Washington, where the Indians pined to be returned to their home in the Wallowa Valley in Oregon. On September 29, 1904, Chief Joseph died of a broken heart while sitting before his tepee fire.

AND FINAL DEFEAT

The Military Conquest of the Southern Plains (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by William H. Leckie is a good roundup of the events leading up to the final subjugation of the Comanches, Kiowas and Southern Cheyennes. The outbreaks of 1868 and 1874 and the so-called Cheyenne War are covered in the essential details. The hostile acts in the spring and summer of 1874 led to a full-scale campaign that fall and winter. When the raiding bands failed to return to the reservation near Ft. Sill by August 1, the Army took the offense. General Miles led his troops south from Fort Dodge and Colonel Mackenzie his north from Fort Concho. To complete the pincer movement, Major Price drove east from Fort Union, New Mexico and two columns, one from Fort Richardson under Colonel Buell and one from Fort Sill under Colonel Davidson, drove west to meet Price. Each command had the same orders—find the hostiles, defeat them, take their arms and animals, and send or escort them back to their reservations.

Colonel Mackenzie struck a particularly crippling blow to the Indian allies late in September—he found a big winter camp in Palo Duro Canyon. Many of the raiding bands of Comanches, Kiowas and Cheyennes were camped on the floor of the canyon protected from the winter winds and their enemies by the steep walls. However, Mackenzie's scouts found a game trail leading from the rim into the canyon and the attack was a complete surprise. The troopers burned the tepees, the buffalo robes and the winter meat supply and shot the captured horse herd of over a thousand animals. The Indians had no choice—they hurried back to the reservation. It was that or starve and freeze. There were many sharp fights between the converging columns and small bands of the hostiles but the affair at Palo Duro all but ended resistance on the Southern Plains. The illustrations include one each by Leigh, Remington and Sharp plus some good photos and there is a lengthy bibliography and a good index.

Fort McPherson, Nebraska (Johnson Publishing Company, $7.50) by Louis A. Holmes, presents in a limited signed edition, a well-documented account of the old fort, one of the many whose understaffed fighters tried to protect travelers and residents from Indian raids during the Civil War. The fort, known progressively as Cantonment McKean, Post Cottonwood, Fort Cottonwood and Fort McPherson was located on the Oregon Trail about 20 miles east of North Platte.

The book has much about Indian raids and army action plus post correspondence and details about the notable figures who operated near and around the fort including Chiefs Spotted Tail and Two Lance; Generals Phil Sheridan and George A. Custer; the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, and buffalo hunters Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack.

The text is backed up with an appendix, bibliography and index. There are two Remington and several other illustrations, some of which are smudged and dim from age.

INDIAN FIGHTING ARMY

Forty Miles a Day on Beans and Hay (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by Ron Rickey, Jr. is a surprisingly good summary of the life of the enlisted men in the Indian Fighting Army, 1865-1890. Much has been written about the Indian Wars, the generals, the strategy, the actual fighting and the post-mortems—most of it by the officers. Dr. Rickey utilized the published records, provided primarily by the officers, but he was not

(Continued on page 67)

In The Sierra Madre With The Punchers

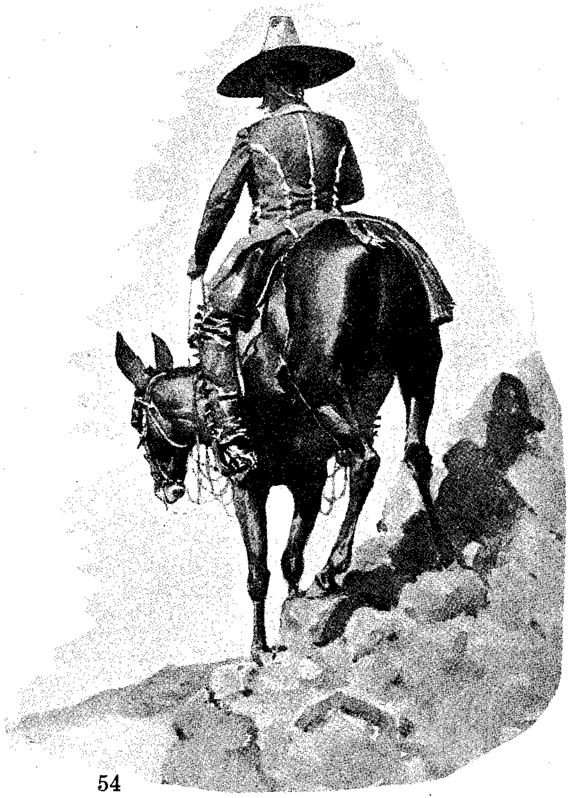
(Continued from page 17)

a lot of riding and yelling they are herded into the enclosure where they huddled while seven punchers sat on their ponies at the gate. I was standing at one corner near the men when, from the midst of the steers, walked a big black bull which raised its head and gazed directly at me.

The bull had never before in his stupid life seen a man on foot and I comprehended immediately what he would do next so I lit out for the casa at a rate of speed which the boys afterwards never grew weary of commending. No spangled torero of the bull ring ever put more heart and soul into his running than I did in my greatcoat and long hunting spurs. The bull made a "fo'lorn hope" for the gate, and the gallant punchers melted away before the charge. The diversion of the punchers made the retreat of the infantry impossible, and from an entrenched position I saw the bulls tear over the hills, with the punchers "rolling their tails" behind.

After an hour of swearing and hauling, and bellowing, the six cattle were lugged back to the pen and the bars put up. The punchers came around to congratulate me on my rapid recovery from a sprained ankle, when they happened to see the cattle again "souring off" for the open country. Then there was a general grunting of ponies as the spurs went in, some hoarse oaths, and for the third time they tore away after the "gentle work oxen." The steers had taken the bars in their stride.

Another hour's chase, and this time the animals were thrown down, trussed up like turkeys for the baking, and tied to posts where they lay to kick and bellow the night through in impotent rage. The punchers coiled their ropes, lit their cigarettes, and rode off into the gathering gloom. The following morning the steers were let up and, though wet and chilled, they still roared defiance. For agricultural purposes a Mexican stag would be as valuable as a rhinoceros or Bengal tiger, and I await with interest the report of the death rate at the Casa Camadra during spring plowing.



In the handling of these savage animals the punchers are brave to recklessness, but this only seems so. In reality, they have a thorough knowledge of bull nature and can tell when and where he is going to strike as quickly as a boxer who knows by the "skim on the eye" of his opponent. But still they go boldly into the corral with the maddened brutes, seeming to pay no heed to the imminent possibilities of a trip to the moon. They toss their ropes and catch the bull's feet, they skillfully avoid his rush, and in a spirit of bravado they touch the horns, pat him on the back, or twist his tail.

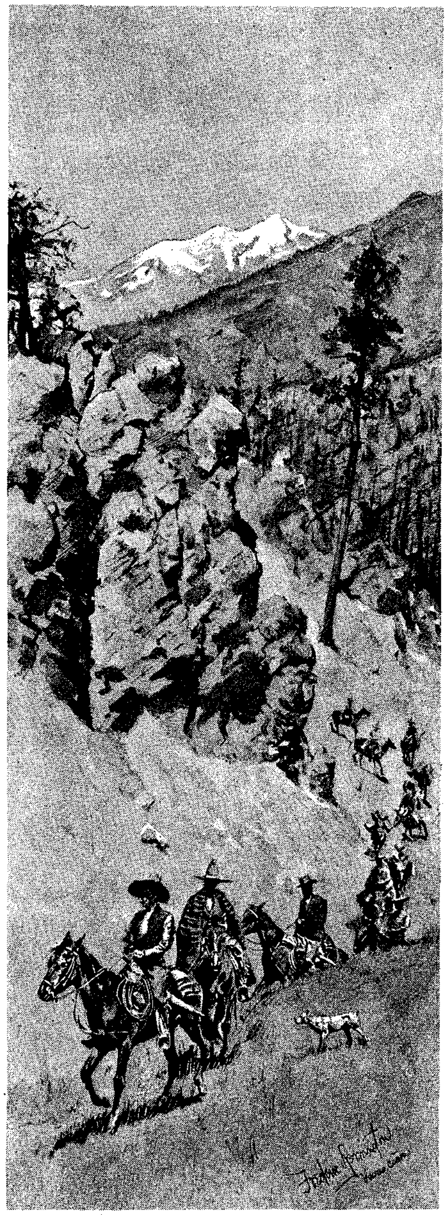
AFTER hunting for another day with more success we packed up and pulled out up the Varras Creek toward the mountains, leaving the last house behind us. Beyond was the unknown country. For many miles it had been ridden by some of the punchers, but the country is large, covered with vast mountains, with wastes of stony foothills at the bases, while barrancas yawn at your feet, and for a great many years the policy of the Apaches has not been to encourage immigration.

In 1860 a heavy band of Mexican prospectors undertook to penetrate this part in the quest of Tiopa, but they were driven out. It is now possible for strong outfits to travel its wilds with only a small chance of encountering Apache renegades, but very few have attempted it as yet. It is so remote that prospectors for silver or gold could hardly work a mine if they found one, and for other purposes it has little value. The most magnificient pine timber covers the slopes, but it would take a syndicate to deliver a single log at the railroad. As we wound our way up Varras Creek we passed beetling crags and hugh pillars of porphyry rock cut into fantastic shapes by water and frost, resplendent in color.

In a dell in the forest we espied some "mavericks" or unbranded stock. The punchers are ever alert for a beef without half its ears gone and a big HF burned in its flank. Immediately when they perceive one, they tighten their cincha, slip the rope from the pommel, put their hats on the backs of their heads and light out. A cow was soon caught after desperate riding over rocks and fallen timbers, and thrown down and hog-tied, which means all four feet together. A little fire is built, and one side of a cincha ring is heated red hot and a rawhide artist paints HF in the sizzling flesh while the cow kicks and bawls.

She is then unbound and when she gets back on her feet the vaqueros stand about, serape in hand after the bull-fighter method, and provoke her to charge. She charges while they avoid her with agile springs and a flaunting of their rags. They laugh and cry "Bravo Toro!" until she, having overcome her indignation at their rudeness, sets off down the canyon with her tail in the air.

Thus we journeyed day by day over the hills and up the canyons camping by night under the pines in the mountain glades or deep ravines where the sun sets at four o'clock while it is light above. The moon was full and the nights frosty, and many times we awoke to think it morning when only our heads had been uncovered and the big white



moon shone fair upon us. Getting up in the night to poke the fire and thaw the stiffening out of one's legs is called by the boys "playing freeze out," and we all participate in the game.

A cigarette at two o'clock in the morning, with your back to the fire while the moon looks down on you, your comrades breathing about you, a wolf howling mournfully from a neighboring hill, the mountains towering on every side, and the tall pines painting inky shadows across the ghostly grass is a mild sensation and rather pleasant. Some of the men are on foot, from soring their horses backs, and their buckskin boots are wearing out, so they sit about the fire and stitch.

We are all very dirty, and I no longer take comfort in watching the cook make bread, for fear I may be tempted to ask him if he will not wash his hands, whereat the boys may indicate that I am a dude, and will look down on me. The flour is nearly gone and shortly it will not matter whether the cook's hands are rusty or not. The coffee and sugar promise to hold out. When William can no longer serve bull gravy with his fried meat I shall have regrets. But these are swamped by the probabilities of a tobacco famine, which is imminent.

We get deer every day, but to one not strictly used to a meat diet, it begins to pall. The Indian hunter takes the stomach of a deer, fills it with meat, and deposits it under the coals. We roast it in slices and chunks, but I like it better when "jerked" brown, as it then affords somewhat more mystery to a taste already jaded with venison.

In traveling with pack animals it is the custom to make a day's march before halting, and a day's marching ends about four o'clock or when water is found. Ten hours' march will loosen one's cartridge belt five or six holes, for venison and coffee is not a strong food. By midnight we acquire a wolfish yearning for the fleshpots but that shortly is relieved by the contraction of the stomach, or three or four quarts of mountain water will afford some relief. By nightfall one can fly into a venison steak, while cigarettes, coffee, and a desire to lie down restore one's equanimity.

WE HAVE passed some small ranges and wormed our way down bottomless pits, but at last there rises ahead the main range of the Sierra Madre. From the depths of a great barranca we begin the climb. Never have I seen hills as sideling as these. It is terrible work for one not used to mountain climbing and the short allowance of air one finds to subsist on. The feeling of exhaustion is almost impossible to overcome. The horses are thin, and old Jim is developing more ribs than good condition calls for, so I walk to ease the old fellow.

There are snow fields to cross which intensifies the action. The journey is enlivened at times by shots at deer, and the rifles echo around the mountainsides, but being long shots they are misses. We passed the cordon of the mountains and stopped on a knife-like ridge where the melting snows under one's foot ran east and west to the two great oceans. The climb from here over the main ridge was a bellows-bursting affair, but as we pulled onto the high mesa, our drooping nerves were stiffened by shots, and presently deer came bounding down the ravine to our left.

Jack had made a bully flying shot, and the stricken deer had rolled many yards until caught by a fallen log. My companion who was in advance had fired into some deer, and had shot a buck which was lying down, and he was much puffed up with pride over this achievement. From there on we passed through the most wonderful natural deer park. The animals did not fear man, and stood to be fired at, though the open timber and absence of underbrush made the shots long-range ones. After killing all we could carry we sat down to wait for the burro train.

That night we camped on a jutting crag, with the water running in the barranca 200 feet below us. For 100 miles the mountain and plain lay at our feet—a place more for an eagle's eyrie than a camp for a caravan. The night set very cold, and from out in space the moon threw its mellow light down upon us. Before the campfire our Indian hunter told the story of the killing of Victorio's band, where he had been among the victors. As he threw his serape down and standing forth with the firelight playing on his harsh features, he swayed his body and waved his hands, while with hoarse voice and in a strange language, he gave the movement of the fight.

The legend of the lost mine of Tiopa was narrated by a vaquero in the quiet manner of one whose memory goes far back, and to whom it is all real—about

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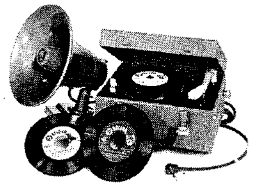

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the Jesuits, the great iron door over the mouth of the mine, its richness, the secrecy enjoined by the Fathers on the people when they fled before the Apache, and how there is always a light to be kept burning at its entrance to guide them back. It was a grand theatre and an eerie scene.

ON THE other side of the mountain we found the trail most difficult. I would never have believed a horse could traverse it. To say that it is steep is commonplace, and yet I cannot be believed if I say that it was perpendicular; but a man could toss his hat a mile any moment he pleased. Then, underfoot, it was all loose lava rock and the little ponies had to jump and dance over the boulders.

When we finally arrived on a grassy mesa, I concluded that if I ever again did the like of that it would most certainly be the result of a tremendous error in my calculations. The packtrain was here detached and sent to water, but we followed Jack to see his discovery. After miles of travel through the dry yellow grass we came out on a high bluff, with a barranca at its foot the bottom of which we could not see. On the opposite overhanging wall were Jack's cliff dwellings, perched like dovecotes against the precipice. It was only a quarter of a mile to them, but it took two days to get there so we did not go.

There are also holes in the cliffs and underground passages. The paths up to them are washed away, but Jack and some of his men have invaded the silent village. They climbed up with lariats, and he was let down over the cliff, but they found nothing but dust and cobwebs. We could not get down to water, and as our horses were thirsty and footsore, we "mogged along." On our ride we cut the trail of a big band of mustangs, or wild horses, but we did not see them and by late afternoon we found the camp and William busy above his fire. After hunting down the valley for a few days for "burro deer" and wild turkey we found that the tobacco was giving out, and being all inveterate smokers we "made trail fast" for the Neuearachie Ranch.

Our ponies were jaded and sore, but having roped a stray pony two days before, the lightest vaquero was put on his back and sent hot-foot in the night for tobacco. He made the long ride and returned at noon the next day on a fresh mount, having been thirty-six hours in the saddle. This fellow was a rather remarkable man, as it was he who at the beginning of the trip had brought some important mail to us some 170 miles, and after riding down two ponies he followed our trail on foot through the mountains and overtook us as we sat resting on a log in the woods.

How we at last pulled into the ranch at Neuearachie, with its log buildings and irrigated fields, and how we swooped down on Mr. John Bailey and ate up all his eggs and bread and butter, I will not weary you with, but I believe that a man should for one month of the year live on the roots of the grass in order *to understand for the eleven following* that so-called "necessities" are really luxuries. Not that I would indiscriminately recommend such a dietary abasement as ours, yet I will insist that it has killed less men than gluttony, and should you ever make the Sierra trails with the punchers you will get rather less than more.

Greatest Horse Race In History

(Continued from page 28)

Enid filed a suit against him, charging willful abandonment of the 160 acres. After dragging through the courts for some time Cook finally was dispossessed.

Here was a "character" if there ever was one. Being a man of small earning power, Cook very early in the history of Enid took to illicitly dealing in liquor. From time to time he was required to serve rather lengthy stretches in the county jail for having violated Prohibition laws which, by the way, were not until 1959 repealed. Among his customers was said to have been an eminent lawyer who had defended Cook's homestead case and likewise defended *him against many liquor charges, and a* judge who is alleged to have seen to it that his jail stretches were brief in order that he personally might have easy access to his supply of whiskey.

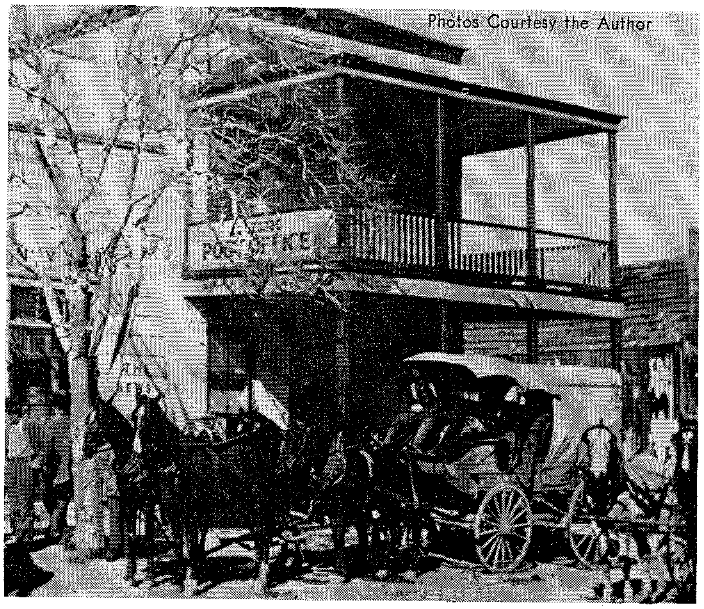
AROUND THE town there seemed always more sympathy with Walter Cook in his loss of the homestead than censure of him because of his frequent infractions of the liquor laws. On the street he was a congenial fellow, apparently more sinned against than sinning, and always recognized and credited as the little cowpoke from the Chickasaw who ran everybody else off the map in the great Land Rush to the Cherokee Strip.

Within two years he enlisted in the Spanish-American War and went to Cuba with Roosevelt's Rough Riders, where he served in many engagements. Thereby, many believe, he paid his debt to society with interest. Returning to Oklahoma he finally married at Kingfisher, and fathered two children. He ran a steak restaurant there for a time.

Walter passed away at Enid some years ago. No bronze figure of his racing to victory over prairie dog holes and thorny agaves graces the public square at Enid, but every year, on the anniversary of the Cherokee Strip Land Rush, the community turns out to celebrate the historic event with a religious program under the sponsorship of the Cherokee Strip Association and the Sons and Daughters of the Pioneers, at which the memory of Walter Cook and his memorable victory — if not his financial triumph—seventy years ago is touchingly recalled.

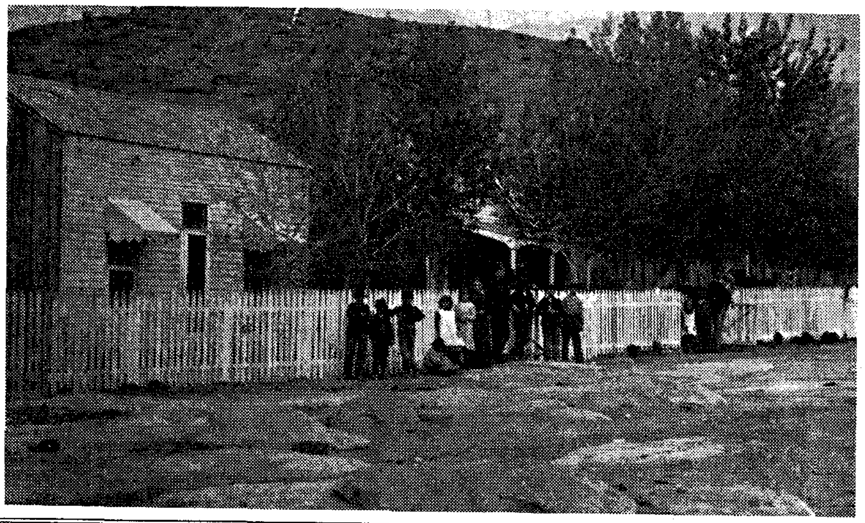
One letter only, from the Pettingers, reached our rural mailbox. In it Joe Pettinger informed Father that the roan gelding had been traded while he was enroute, and that the horse which made the Run gave a good account of itself until it stumbled in a gopher hole and broke a leg. He had driven his stake where it had fallen. The parcel of land turned out to be a corner of one of the *oilfields now bordering Enid on all four* sides. It was fall again, and many years after. Indian Summer breezes stirred the rusty blades of corn in the shock. Father slipped the letter back into the envelope with a weary sigh which seemed to rise above the rustle of the corn.

He always took things philosophically. "England, France and Spain all owned that land at different times," he remarked. "Thomas Jefferson got it with the Louisiana Purchase, for two and one-half cents an acre, so it couldn't have been much!"



Photos Courtesy the Author

Above, the arrival of the Pony Express with mail. Below, a residential street in Silver Reef as it appeared in the spring of 1885.



Silver Reef

(Continued from page 39)

his countrymen. They had a cemetery of their own and would make up a procession, scattering torn bits of paper to confuse evil spirits. Later all of the bodies buried there were shipped back to their native land.

Roman Catholics and Protestants had their own burial grounds. One lonely cross describes the fate of a man who spoke when silence would have been golden.

Most of the food for this bustling community was grown or provided by Mormon pioneers who were settling in the nearby towns. Dairy goods, fruits, vegetables, home made bread, pies, cakes and cookies all found ready sale. Grapes grew profusely in the warm sandy soil and wine became a specialty. This sweet wine was pleasant to the taste, and brought high prices in spite of its violent after-effects.

One evening a drunken woman in the dance hall argued with the proprietor and killed him with a little silver pistol she carried. The woman left town the next day, and no one claimed the body of the man who operated the dance hall. Many people looked in vain for his money cache. Later the building was used as a store, and still later Peter Anderson bought it and began wrecking operations. In one of the walls he found a leather bag containing a large sum of money. With this big windfall Mr. Anderson improved his ranch a few miles north of the town of Leeds. Anderson's Ranch on Highway 91, is still a community landmark.

The supply of ore was dwindling by the early 1900s when the price of silver dropped. Both of these factors influenced the mining town and soon most of the buildings were torn down or moved away. In 1908 a disastrous fire finished the job.

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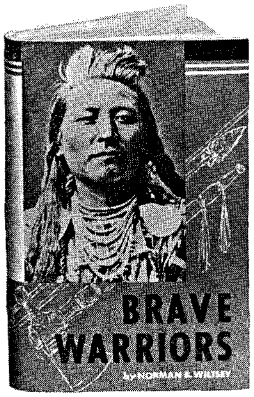
by Norman B. Wiltsey



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Nuggets

(Continued from page 42)

Newt Milhollan was in charge. We moved slowly and soon were just about out of something to eat, because we had avoided all towns where provisions were to be had. We were down to sourdough biscuits, Arbuckle coffee and onions. Someone had sure been thoughtful of our welfare. He saw to it that we had plenty of onions. I had never liked them before and I sure have never liked them since.

After some days we struck a farmer who sold us some sweet potatoes, then we were OK—hard times were over. Now sweet potatoes are nothing to brag on but when placed alongside of fried onions, we thought they were simply delectable.

So here we were with little to eat and lost—well, not exactly lost—we knew we were in Oklahoma—we had crossed the Red River. We were on our way, and still had our cattle, but where to go from there, we just didn't know.

WHILE CAMPED at noon one day, a man rode up on a big dun horse leading another and in his hand he held a large ladle. He later said that he had picked it up at a deserted camp. Before speaking or dismounting he pitched the ladle over on the cook table and said, "I want to throw in with you." This was the man we had been told would meet us and was to be our guide from there on, and were we glad to see him! We now headed directly west until we topped out onto the plains, and escaped the quarantine line by simply going around the end of it. We had gone through a country where no herds had gone and no one was looking for us. We now felt safe and were ready to re-enter Texas, which we did when we climbed the escarpment onto the Staked Plains.

The real bane of the cowboy was the pea soup fog that sometimes lay like a wet blanket over this area. Many a cowhand has spent a night and day and even longer lost in one of them with vision limited to a few yards. When we topped out onto the plains we ran into this thick heavy fog. We had following a road that ran in a generally southwesterly direction. Our guide took the wagon and left the road headed northwest. We simply followed the wagon tracks with the herd.

After a time I noticed—or thought I did—that the tracks were bearing to the left. This fact later became important. Just before noon we came upon the wagon camped for dinner. Two of us always stayed with the herd while the other two ate. It was my time to go first this day. When I got to camp our guide had just finished eating; he remarked that he had got off course a little—that we should have struck a fence with a gate in it. He said he would ride over north a way and try to locate the gate.

As he left I remarked that if he thought that was north, I was sure turned around, for it looked to me like he rode southwest. While we were still eating he rode back into camp. His horse had circled and come back. He was greatly surprised and admitted he was lost. Soon it developed that no two in the outfit had the same idea of directions.

It is no small matter to be lost with a thousand head of cattle. They move slowly, and off-course moves cannot be quickly corrected. In the meantime, your herd is likely to suffer for water.

UNTIL THEN I had said nothing to him, but when I asked him the direction the fence ran and he said east and west, I remarked that if we had in fact circled to the right as he supposed, we would have come to it quicker. Since we were headed northwest and the fence ran east and west, to turn to the right would simply shorten the distance, but if we had circled to the left as I thought, this would account for our missing it altogether. Further, I asked him if the road we had left that morning continued in a southwest direction. He said it did.

I thought then we must be nearly back to the road we had left in the early morning. I did not know the country; I was simply trying to put two and two together.

"Get on your horse and let's go see." he said. "I might not get back alone."

We rode northeast and, sure enough, after about a mile-and-a-half we came to the road. He stood for a while and pondered. "I just don't know what road this could be. It couldn't be the road we left—it just couldn't."

I have seen a good many lost men, but he was the worst befuddled one I had ever seen. I held out that it had to be the same road, since he knew of no other in the whole country.

Back at camp he said, "You seem to have the best idea of this thing; which way do we go?"

"I beleive up this draw from camp is north," I told him, "and if we go that way we will finally hit that fence and we can then hunt for the gate."

This we did and late in the evening came to the fence. We had missed the gate by less than half-a-mile. Had I had the responsibility on my hands as he did, I might have become just as confused, but I did feel rather proud I had called the turn, being a stranger in a strange land.

We pulled through the gate and camped for the night. And what a night! The fog got heavier instead of lighter. It would have been better had we simply bedded our cattle down and left them without standing guard. We could see nothing and often found ourselves inside the herd. Often a steer would walk against my horse and then jump, showing that he could see no better than a rider.

When daylight finally came, a man went to find the horses, and then could not find camp again. He drove them around hunting camp until about nine o'clock when the fog began to break up. We got straightened out and were able to resume our journey about mid-morning. Goldarn a fog anyhow!

The rest of the trip was without incident; we counted out at point of delivery without a single loss. It was pretty good for a bunch of boys, I thought.

Returning to Haskell by way of Clarendon, we didn't care who saw us. We had been gone about one month. All is well that ends well—so I believe and so I reason.

About the author, contributed by M. L. Roberson, 424 Reinharte Street, Winnemucca, Nevada:

J. J. Ballard was born in Missouri in January, 1872. He grew up in west Texas cow country where he learned to ride, rope and do everything else connected with cowboy life.

He states modestly that he never went in for gun play and that he never amounted to much as a cowhand—but was always able to deliver his herd at its destination! J. J. drove longhorns over the old National Trail before the railroad came, when water holes were scarce as hen's teeth and so welcome to a dusty rider.

He is still strong both mentally and physically and is taken for a lawyer or statesman when he branches out into oratory. He is considered a good artist, a good carpenter and a fair blacksmith. If he wants anything made, he builds it himself. When he turned to writing he concentrated on the Old West of the cattle country before wire fences—when the cowboy and his pony were kings of the frontier.

The Night The Bridge Went Out

(Continued from page 29)

to the west. As the evening wore on, the western sky was slashed with vivid streaks of lightning, and the ominous rumble of thunder increased to a continuous roar. By 10 o'clock the deluge was splashing into the dust of the streets and the dust turned to a quagmire of mud.

A warning from a railroad way station back in the Hills requested the hotel clerk to get word to the professor that a wall of flood water was coming down Rapid Creek, and might isolate Coney Island. By the time a messenger was secured, it was too late. The crest of the flood arrived with a roar, and as it passed Coney Island it wore for a cap the bridge that was the only access to the bordellos. The bridge was gone and the water continued to roar and rumble.

In many Rapid City homes there was growing concern over the absence of the man of the house. As wives got in touch with wives, lodge brothers' history was in the making!

Along the south bank of Rapid Creek, opposite the Coney Island establishments, there began to congregate a group of women. During the wee hours of the morning the number swelled to a crowd of nearly fifty. About half of the ladies were only spectators looking for a morsel of gossip, but the rest were there strictly on business. Armament was a matter of personal choice, but umbrellas and walking sticks predominated, with a smattering of high-button shoes held by the tops, tennis rackets, handbags, buggy whips, even one bull whip!

As the water receded down the slippery creek banks a shadow occasionally detached itself from the front of one of the houses of ill fame, and a venturesome male made his way to the stream to estimate the possibility of wading across. The eastern sky was beginning to brighten and visibility was improving when the first man got up enough courage to wade into the now rapidly dropping stream. Floundering up the muddy south bank he was identified as one of the town's prominent doctors. He was met by his pint-sized wife, who pushed him back into the water with the skillful thrust of an umbrella point; she must have had fencing lessons, for she showed amazing skill as her nimble footwork and lightning thrusts drove the poor doctor back into the stream every time he attempted to scramble up the bank.

Some self-appointed tactician on the far bank decided that the plight of the doctor would provide cover for a concerted rush across the creek. However, the women most concerned with the male occupants of the far bank were masters of the art of deception. While seemingly intent upon the chastisement of the doctor each woman was covertly singling out her unlucky spouse. When the men crossed the creek, pandemonium broke loose—above the dull thud of canes and umbrellas on unprotected heads could be heard the sharp snaps of a bull whip and yelps of anguish each time the whip popped.

Couples departed from the creek bank in all directions, with some of the more fleet of foot males as much as two jumps ahead of their weapon-swinging wives. A few husbands managed to escape in the general shuffle; maybe they weren't so fortunate after all, for they were delaying an encounter that was certain. The one advantage of delayed punishment was that it might occur in the privacy of the home instead of the arena of the creek bank.

For several days numerous business men were conspicuous by their absence from their usual haunts, and social gatherings were sharply curtailed.

The subject of equal rights for women was not a fitting topic of conversation around Rapid City until after 1920. There was a noticeable decrease in business on Coney Island for a long time after the flood. If there is a moral to this short chapter in the history of Rapid City it must be—"Never get caught with your bridges down!"

ANSWERS FOR CROSSWORD PUZZLE

(on page 64)

HORIZ.	VERT.
1. Baby Beef	1. Bodie
7. Alt	2. Arena
9. Ore	3. Bent
10. IV	4. Bier
11. Of	5. Every man
13. Denver	6. Fort
15. Red	8. True West
17. Interest	12. F.e.
18. Age	14. Veal
20. E.A.S.A.	16. Dacon
21. Scow	19. Gondola
22. Limestone	21. Storey
26. Ass	23. Isolate
29. Salponds	24. El Paso
30. Common par	25. Spat
32. O.T. (old-timer)	26. Acts
33. Trail	27. Sore
34. Ate	28. Small
35. Sellars	31. Miles
37. Year	36. "Rit"
40. Letiox	38. Ely
42. Ho	39. Rig
43. Set	41. XX

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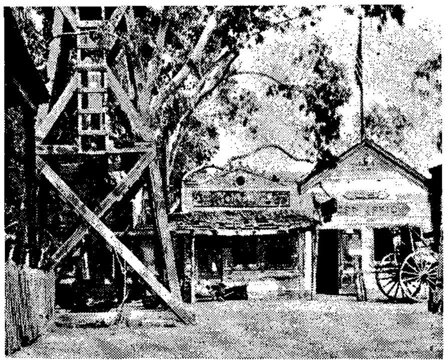

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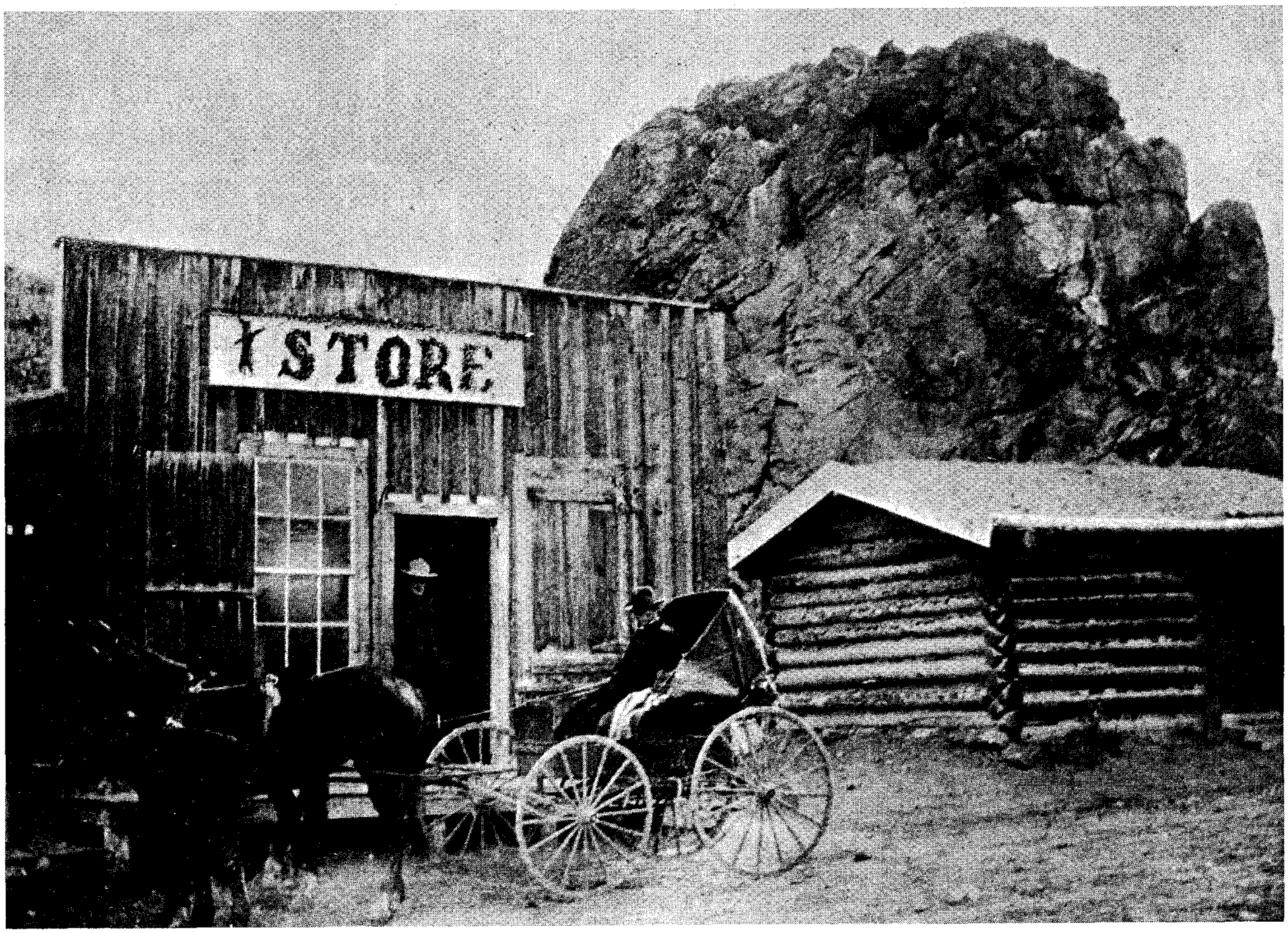

J. A. Herrington Photos

The Indian store of R. E. Rees at Tendoy, Idaho Territory, most likely the spot where Scout Cruikshank met Colonel Shoup en route to Birch Creek.

The Story of "Two Others"

(Continued from page 35)

now that the Nez Percé were nearby. Some settlers were eager to go on, others were ready to turn back. A scout had reported finding the body of an old Indian squaw who had been shot in the head. Evidently she had been wounded in the Battle of Big Hole or Horse Prairie. The Nez Percé, unable to care for her, had killed her. One of Tendoy's braves scalped her.

Chief Tendoy sent his scouts ahead to size up the situation. One soon returned reporting that the Nez Percé had camped near the trail quite recently.

Lemhi warriors began their rigorous, frenzied war dance. All were stripped to the breechcloth, their bodies covered with clay and war paint. They were ready!

The settlers, after much debate, let Colonel Shoup decide whether to attack or return for more help. The Colonel, who was Idaho's last territorial governor, first governor of Idaho, and the first United States senator from Idaho, sized up the situation and said, "Gentlemen, there are too many of us for a scouting party and not enough to make a fight. Most of us are armed with muzzle loaders and six-shooters—mostly cap and ball at that." The answer was obvious, they were to turn back.

Cruikshank, being a United States army scout and, as he said, "having more ginger than discretion," asked for volunteers to go to Birch Creek that night. He wanted to locate the Nez Percé and see if any freighters survived. When he asked for volunteers, Chief Tendoy said, "Me go too—me gett'um horses."

Colonel Shoup again defended his stand saying that his men had left the decision to him. They all had families and none were experienced in warfare.

"If Joseph and his men turn those Henrys loose on us, they will have our hides before we know what has happened. According to General Howard, the Nez Percé have Henry and needle guns. These repeaters are equal to fifteen of our own."

Rising, Chief Tendoy began to speak in a manner that had earned him the leadership of the Lemhi and Bannock tribes, saying he would help the white men. Colonel Shoup had helped his people secure the Lemhi reservation. Tendoy was anxious to mix with his traditional rivals, the Nez Percé, feeling sure that they could secure several horses.

After dark, Cruikshank, Falkner, Chief Tendoy and fifteen braves headed for the Nez Percé camp. They had not gone far when they were startled by a shrill whistle. Riding to the top of a hill, Falkner and Cruikshank listened. They heard chanting, then another whistle. Chief Tendoy decided it was time to get horses, so he sent six braves with his sons, Jack and Tedium, to stampede the Nez Percé herd.

The others proceeded to Birch Creek single file, and crossed over the eighteen-mile divide to the head of Birch Creek. Approaching the Nez Percé camp area, they listened. A short shrill whistle sounded; they froze. There was an answering whistle from a distance. "It seemed that we were surrounded," said Cruikshank later. "Luckily for us, the whistle was the Nez Percé retreat signal. It was almost dark and they were unable to see us."

Suddenly a clatter of rocks, as if a thousand horses were passing over the rocky slide, was heard. The Nez Percé had gathered all the horses they could find and were making their getaway.

"Chief Tendoy joshed me many times after that," related Cruikshank. "He would whistle and make some Indian signs and then laugh and laugh at our expense."

Sure enough, Jack, Tedium, and the Lemhi braves had rounded up seventy-five horses and brought them back. Among these were several of Cruikshank's which had been driven off in the Horse Prairie attack."

"The Lemhis back-tracked their animals to Salmon while the rest of the party pushed on to Birch Creek. Here we found the camp and the remains of Colonel Shoup's wagons burned to ashes. Merchandise was scattered about as if a storm had struck."

Two of the freighters' bodies were found by Cruikshank. They were Jim Hayden and Dan Coombs, who evidently had put up a terrific fight. Later, Colonel Shoup, Dave Woods, and Billy Price arrived with a pack horse, some grub and shovels. They joined in the search. Dave Woods found the body of Al Green; another freighter was found in the creek where he had evidently been shot. Colonel Shoup saw magpies flying farther up the creek. A fourth freighter's body was found beside that of a dead mule and was never identified.

Hayden's gun was broken, its barrel bent, and he in death was gripping it. There were three rounds of ammunition left out of his forty rounds. Dan Coombs had his mule whip wrapped around his hand, and the shot-loaded butt was covered with blood and hair, showing he had done some effective work with it.

"One freighter, Al Lyons, was unaccounted for. We assumed that he had escaped. As we were leaving we found the body of a white man within ten feet of where Green lay. He died fighting with an axe—it was still gripped in his hands with blood dried on its bit. He was, no doubt, a stranger, who was working his way with the freight outfit, although he had $50 in greenbacks in his watch pocket."

After the men were buried near Birch Creek, the settlers returned to Salmon. By this time the Chinamen had recovered enough to speak more coherently about the massacre. They told about the sixty Nez Percé warriors who held up the wagon train. The Indians put the Chinamen to work cooking grub. Demanding whiskey, they were given only a portion of a keg. They insisted on more but had been refused. Finally, Lyons told them that there was another covered up in the wagon.

They found the keg, emptied many cans of food to make cups and the party got rough. The Indians abused the two Chinese, making one get down on his hands and knees while a drunken companion rode him with spurs, using his queue for reins. Squaws prodded the freighters in the neck with burning sticks.

Finally Dan Coombs said, "The next squaw that touches me is going to get this bull whip over her ears." Just then one poked him with a hot coal. He let her have the loaded butt end of the whip over her head. "She went down like a beef," and that started the fight.

Firing his gun once, Hayden had then used it as a club. Everyone but the Chinese ducked for the willows. All of the whites, excluding Lyons, were soon killed. Lyons lay in the stream until dark and then escaped, probably by way of Birch Creek.

The Chinamen lay in the creek with their noses sticking out until nightfall. After getting over their drunk, the Indians finished burning the freight outfit, mutilated the body of Hayden, and left.

It was learned that Lyons, dressed in buckskin clothing, escaped to Little Lost River, later going on to Challis. He arrived in such a state of shock that people would not believe his story, and considered him demented. He told how he had hidden for a day in a cow's skeleton, it being his only cover. He had been without water for three days and without food for seven days. Much evidence seems to bear out his story, yet few believed him.

Cruikshank reported to General Howard at Henry's Lake, August 21, and remained in the Colonel's service until after Chief Joseph surrendered in October, 1877 in the Bear Paws.

And so Alex Cruikshank's tale unfolds —and solves the mystery of "Two Others" on the monument at Birch Creek.

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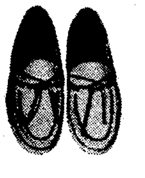

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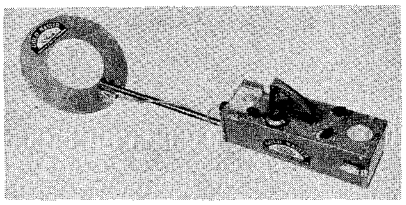

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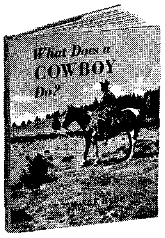

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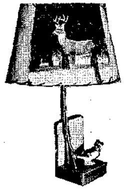

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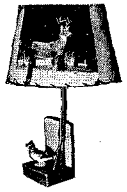

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Crazy Horse, the Enigmatic Sioux

(Continued from page 15)

engaged in some fights with the troops, and then learned that the agency chiefs had disposed of the Black Hills by an agreement so faulty that to this day the Sioux have an official claim against the Government for the entire area.

On May 6, 1877, the saddened war chief surrendered with hundreds of his followers at Fort Robinson, Nebraska. The coffee coolers at Fort Robinson were suspicious and jealous of the young leader. It was said that it was only a matter of time before he broke out to join the still-free Sitting Bull. In fact, he did journey to the Spotted Tail Agency, possibly to discuss a hunting trip to find the few buffalo left in that part of the country.

Worried officials persuaded him to return to Fort Robinson and upon reaching the fort he was led to the guardhouse by soldiers and Indians, among them a Sioux known as Little Big Man. The sight of barred windows proved to be too much for a warrior who had never been imprisoned, and he drew a knife. As Little Big Man held his arms, a Captain Kennington bayonetted him in the back, perforating a kidney. At midnight on September 5, 1877, a great wail rose up from the Sioux lodges. Crazy Horse was dead and a way of life died with him.

MUCH IS KNOWN about his ability as a fighter and as something of a tactician, yet Crazy Horse remains an enigma for one good reason. He didn't live long enough. Unlike Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, and Geronimo who were finally herded onto reservations to languish for years, Crazy Horse was in the company of his conquerers for a comparatively short time. While many other Indian leaders lasted long enough to satisfy countless interviewers, photographers and portrait painters, the young Oglala was visited by none of these after his surrender.

His battle prowess is unchallenged but hardly a recorded word of his remains. Worse, considering the unjustified honors given to chiefs of less ability, we have not one authentic photograph of him and the location of his grave is unknown.

When I first visited the Oglala Sioux on Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota I made a point of viewing Red Cloud's tombstone in the Catholic mission's cemetery. A likeable young Indian offered me a ride and casually asked why I wished to go to Holy Rosary Mission. I explained and, to my great surprise, he said that he had no idea that Red Cloud was buried there. As we approached the cemetery I pointed out the stone which I immediately recognized from photos seen in far away New York. My compainion laughed at his own ignorance and then jokingly asked, "You don't know where Crazy Horse is, too, do you?" I joined in the laughter and replied that I certainly would like to know.

Many people, both Indian and white, have tried to find Crazy Horse's remains. The case is now completely hopeless as I soon learned during that summer of 1954. The Pine Ridge Sioux are accustomed to inquisitive visitors and are usually genuinely helpful when information about "old-timers" is required. Several Indians told me to see old John Y.

"He knows all about Crazy Horse. John Y. is as old as the hills."

John Y. looked old all right. I visited him in his one-room log cabin in Pine Ridge on the night of June 25, the seventy-eighth anniversary of the battle of the Little Big Horn. The date was especially meaningful to me since I had been told that John had fought beside Crazy Horse on that memorable day.

The old Sioux dearly love their native tongue even though they may speak English quite well. Accordingly, I brought along Jimmy Broken Leg to interpret and Jimmy brought two six-packs of beer. He explained that old John would welcome us with great joy if a little "mini piha" (foamy water) could be provided. I, who have always despised the policy of prohibiting alcohol to Indians, readily agreed.

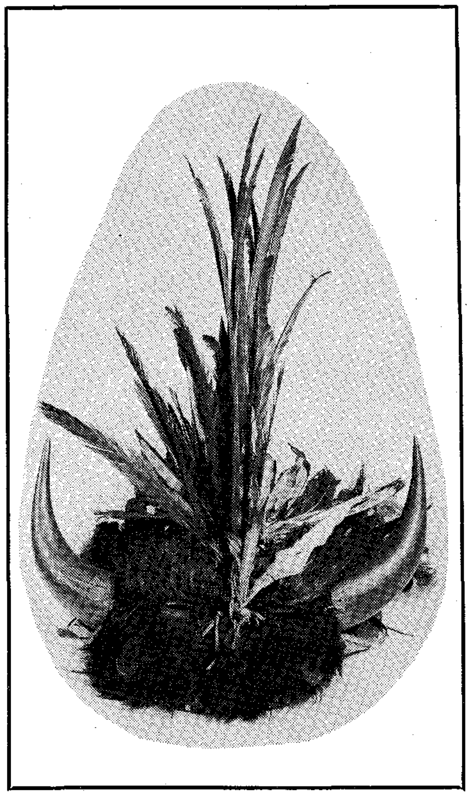
John was alone in his cabin. He was in his undershirt, sitting on his cot, and when we entered, he peered at us with eyes befogged with cataracts. My interpreter punched open a beer and handed the can to the fantastically wrinkled old man. "Hou," said John in a surprisingly strong voice, "My name is John Y. Nelson, but everybody calls me John Y."

He explained in Lakota that he was a half-breed and that his Indian name was Yellow Plume. My disappointment at learning that John was over ninety but too young to have participated in the Custer battle was quickly overcome by intense interest in what this craggy old man had to say about Crazy Horse.

JOHN SPAT into a sand box, accepted another can, and warmed up to his favorite subject, the whereabouts of Crazy Horse. He vehemently cursed Little Big Man who had held the struggling chief while he was bayonetted. John Y. claims that the stabbing took place in the cellar of the Fort Robinson jail. He searched for the cellar many years ago but was unable to find it. According to John the grave is near Wounded Knee, the site of the massacre of hundreds of Ghost Dancers in 1890. The war chief's body was supposedly wrapped in blankets, lashed to a travois, and dragged to a creek bank where his widow and parents cut out a grave. John Y. mournfully contends that the body was probably washed away.

John and another man once were commissioned by the Government to find the remains. They approached Black Medicine, commonly known by the nickname of "Coffee." Coffee did not deny that he was present at the burial but was suspicious of the commission from the start. He declared that he would reveal the location of the grave only if the Black Hills claims were granted by Washington. Coffee further stipulated that Crazy Horse was to be reburied under the flag pole in Pine Ridge. Chances of recovering the remains looked good for a while until it became clear that the Black Hills claims would not be fulfilled. Coffee died with his secret. He had no faith in that vague and distant power the Indians refer to simply as "Washington."

Our informant wandered to accounts of other prominent figures of the Old West such as Buffalo Bill and Calamity Jane. With some difficulty we steered him to the subject of the possibility of the existence of a picture of Crazy Horse. John Y. was definite on that score. No pictures! The only photo known to him was that taken by Doctor McGillicuddy who attended the war



Museum of The American Indian

Headdress of Chief Crazy Horse

chief as he lay dying in the jailhouse. Crazy Horse, says old John, turned to the wall as the picture was being taken and the resulting photo or tintype was worthless.

Other present-day Sioux, both young and old, have their own ideas about the location of Crazy Horse's grave. Near Manderson, in the northwestern part of the reservation, can be found Crazy Horse Butte, so named because most Oglalas believe the chief was buried on or near it.

Dick Bergen, part Sioux and a grand-nephew of Crazy Horse's widow, has long been a student of tribal history. He told me that an old woman, related to the war chief, unaccountably moved to a remote section of the reservation near Manderson. Dick thinks that this woman knew the location of the grave and wished to live nearby. And so it goes, one story after another; and the Sioux watch with glee when a hopeful Washicu (white man) starts to dig in what he considers a likely place.

If someone does claim to have found Crazy Horse's remains in any one of the more logical spots, a problem will still exist in proving the identity of the skeleton. Unlike Sitting Bull's case, there were no official accounts at the time of burial describing the exact condition of the body. Sitting Bull's jaw was broken with an ox goad by a member of his own band after he was shot while resisting Indian police. The terse comment in a newspaper to the effect that a badly damaged jawbone was recovered was enough to convince me that that actually was Sitting Bull who was recently exhumed and reburied.

A small number of Pine Ridge Sioux sincerely believe that they possess tintypes or other pictures of Crazy Horse. None of these pictures look alike. Jake Herman, a mixed blood and former publicity man for the tribe, will show any interested party a tintype of a good-looking young warrior with typical Sioux features. Crazy Horse is said to have had a scar on one cheek as a result of a bullet wound. Just which cheek was scarred is a matter of much disagreement, but Jake's warrior has no scar at all. Jake says the scar was slight and probably wouldn't show.

Tourists and other curiosity seekers have been sold what were purported to be pictures of Crazy Horse by Indians who very often acted in good faith. On the other hand, enterprising Caucasians have knowingly sold thousands of fakes. Race Horse or Wild Horse, who was a cousin of Crazy Horse, long outlived his famous kinsman. For years after the Indian wars the public was still clamoring for a likeness of the man who whipped Custer. Since the Sioux agreed that Race Horse looked like his cousin many pictures of him were sold. Sometimes the relationship was admitted but this was by no means always so. What is comical about this situation is that many of the Race Horse pictures were taken when the subject was an old man. Since Crazy Horse died in his early thirties such pictures, at best, could accurately depict him only if he had attained the same age.

JAKE HERMAN and other Sioux maintain that Crazy Horse's somewhat legendary white wife persuaded him to pose while at Fort Robinson. There is some reason to believe that the Sioux hero was attracted to, and perhaps married, a white woman during his short confinement in the Nebraska fort. This woman's sisters and Crazy Horse's "son" by her are reported to be still living in the Black Hills, and all are said to possess likenesses of the chief.

His first and probably only wife, Black Shawl by name, later remarried and her new husband was listed on the agency rolls as Crazy Horse. Pictures of this man have also been offered as that of the war chief.

The potanka became a legend in his own lifetime. If Custer epitomized the dashing young officer of his day, Crazy Horse, to the various Teton Sioux tribes, was a living culture hero. The Sioux were and still are a fighting people. A returned veteran is lauded and feasted. His womenfolk dance in his honor while brandishing such modern trophies as captured Nazi flags. In days gone by a figure like Crazy Horse was pointed out to young aspiring warriors as all that a virtuous Sioux male should be. He must be courageous to a fault, generous to the old and poor, and a leader who returned from the battlefield with few or no casualties among his young men.

The Sioux conception of history lacks a true sense of chronology. Garbled accounts of battles and anecdotes so often found among today's reservation Indians facilitate the birth of legends. Historical anachronisms are rampant, such as that stated by a noted medicine man who told me that the practices of the Yuwipi cult were originated by Crazy Horse. Even if Crazy Horse were a shaman, which he was not, we know that these practices far preceded his birth.

Bob Fast Horse, an educated and well spoken full-blood, delights in relating stories about Crazy Horse. (By the way, he also has a picture.) One of these stories concerns a rawhide-wrapped warclub with a football shaped stone head which is supposed to have belonged to the war chief. An old Sioux keeps

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this weapon in a trunk and swears that every once in a while it disappears. As you might suspect, the old man believes that when not in the trunk, the club is with its former owner.

The movie version of Crazy Horse's career attributed his death to Little Big Man who was shown stabbing him. The older people on Pine Ridge were furious at this, and since the film was made on the reservation the same summer that I interviewed John Y., little good was said of the director, et al. The Sioux agree that several chiefs, among them Little Big Man and Woman Dress, betrayed Crazy Horse; but they rightly insist that a white soldier bayonetted him.

Descendants of warriors who surrendered with Crazy Horse speak of one segment of the reservation population as "the Indians who killed Crazy Horse." The group so named are those whose grandparents were the first Oglalas to quit the warpath and accept agency life with its miserable dole. Little Big Man and Woman Dress were among these and, in turn, some of their descendants speak of men like Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull as troublemakers.

All things considered, most Teton Sioux throughout the Dakotas and Montana regard Crazy Horse as a hero whose counsel is still useful in these troubled times. Land is slipping away from under the feet of the Sioux. Few celebrations such as the annual Pine Ridge Sun Dance are held without including songs recalling the words and deeds of the potanka. One of these songs, roughly translated, goes something like this: "Friends, take courage. This land of ours must not be sold. So Crazy Horse has said."

A new day is dawning for the Oglalas and their brethren. At last, the Sioux can look ahead to a future in which they can retain their identity as Indians. The old dances and songs have been revived, and many young women now ply their awls in beautiful, traditional beaded patterns. When an old, braided full-blood gazes westward and, with simple Sioux faith, tells you that Crazy Horse still rides through the Black Hills, you can well believe him.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

stranger rode up to the cabin and asked permission to remain overnight. The next morning as he was preparing to leave, the daughter brought out her collection of rocks to show to him.

After he had ridden away, the girl noticed that her favorite rock was missing. Her father mounted a horse in double fast time and followed and overtook the traveler. He demanded the return of the stone from the business end of an old squirrel rifle. The man admitted taking it but explained that the "pretty rock" was a madstone and very valuable.

It was about three inches long and two wide, was oval-shaped and tapered at each end. I remember thinking that it resembled a bar of Grandpa's Tar Soap after it had about been used up. It was bluish gray and somewhat porous. Tom Patton eventually died with an infected leg—a direct result of the dog bites. For a number of years Joe had blood boils around the area of the bites each spring about the time of the attack. My stepfather learned later that the madstone in Gainesville had been used on a race horse for a rattlesnake bite and it seems that snake venom cannot be removed and renders the stone useless for treatment of rabies.

My honest opinion is that had Brother not received treatment by the madstone that he would have gone raving mad within a few days. As it is, he is still living at 545 N. Pottiger, Shawnee, Oklahoma. I am enclosing a picture of Grandfather on the same pony that he chased the mad dog on. This picture was taken on the old homestead in 1905 at Jim Town. The boy on the burro is my half-brother, Allen Tucker.

Grandfather was very lame and walked with difficulty but could ride a horse with the best of them. He is carrying a double barreled twelve-gauge muzzle loading shotgun across the pommel, with a powderhorn and shot pouch swung over his shoulder. He was a very good marksman and always came home with a string of squirrels. The dog is Old Watch, our farm dog. He was half bloodhound and half bulldog and was the best all-around stock and hunting dog anywhere in the country. He wasn't afraid of anything that wore hide or hair and all one had to do was say, "Gittem, Watch!" and he was got.

I have ridden many miles behind Grandfather on this pony and our hunting procedure was that when Old Watch would tree a squirrel (usually up a post oak or hickory nut tree) we would ride up and the squirrel would turn to the opposite side of the tree from us. I would dismount and go on the opposite side and shake a bush. When the squirrel would whirl to the other side, Grandfather would fire from his pony. So we had Mr. Fuzzy Tail in the bag. Grandfather would dismount and reload his old shotgun and we would proceed with our hunt. Many times Old Watch would have another squirrel treed before Grandfather could get his gun loaded and remount. In those days there were no game laws, no bag limit, no closed season.

My father, Coleman Crockett, was a fourth generation descendant of Davy Crockett of Alamo fame.—W. H. Crockett, 721 Olive, El Centro, California.

A True Pioneer

Dear Editor:

Last December, an old-timer passed away who should be remembered. He was William F. Haenke of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He was born in 1869 and got his education in a German school three miles from his home, to which he had to walk. At age fourteen, he could cradle grain, bind bundles and do any kind of work on his dad's rented farm.

Duluth in 1890 was a wild lumberjack town and Mr. Haenke went there as a first step to acquiring a homestead. The next year he walked all the way from Duluth to the Meraba Range and became probably the first farmer in the area. It was wild unspoiled wilderness and the only way to get to his claim was by walking. His first building was a log cabin twelve by sixteen feet, and his first planting was five potatoes and a handful of oats. The whole crop was eaten one night by a bull moose!

The first railroad came in that year and Bill had many unpleasant experiences with claim jumpers, gun-toters and contestants, but he managed to get a patent on his homestead in 1894. The

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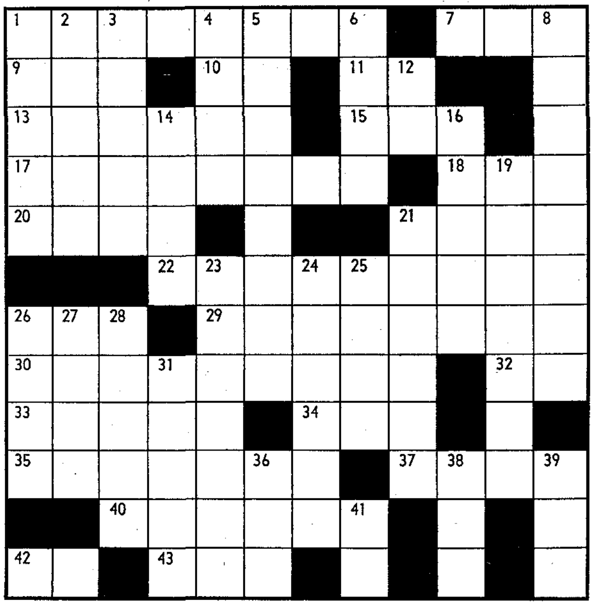
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By LESTER DENT

(Answers on page 59)



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42		■	43			■		■		■	

HORIZONTAL

1. Type of meat (two words)
7. Famous Ore. Trail family
9. Miner's delight
10. Horsemen
11. A preposition
13. Queen City of the West
15. Pioneers, bulls & modern man had trouble with this river.
17. Part ownership
18. Rings on horses' teeth
20. Claim notice, abbr.
21. Carrier on Ranch, Ship, Mine
22. County in Texas
26. Desert Nightingale
29. Evaporation pools for salt
30. Mediocre or base price
32. Pioneer, abbr.
33. Indians & game follow this
34. Enjoyed the chow
35. Noted Westerner
37. 1870 was one
40. A Hudson Bay Trapper
42. Westward
43. Onion Plant

VERTICAL

1. Calif. ghost town
2. Place of "let'er buck"
3. Adobe Wall resident
4. Funeral set
5. Who likes the West? (two words)
6. A place of safety
8. Austin 709 W. 19th St. (two words)
12. Iron content of ore
14. Calf meat
16. Noted outlaw
19. Carrier in mines, Italy & RR
21. County in Nevada
23. To cut off
24. A Texas city
25. Small quarrel
26. Impersonates
27. Inflamed
28. Publisher of true tales
31. Famous Gen. USA
36. Wrote, Colloquial
38. Nevada town
39 Saddle, wagon outfit
41. Two marked spots

Meraba Range was discovered by the seven "Iron Men," the Merritt brothers, in 1878, but Bill was the first farmer there. He won many honors as livestock judge and civic leader. He was president of the St. Louis County Fair for twenty-eight years—truly a man of the soil.—Albert Enzmann, Box 161, Forbestown, California.

Smokey Felts

Campfire Talk

Howdy:

This is the first time I ever wrote to an editor. I like FRONTIER TIMES better than any book I ever read. I am sixty-nine years old and have worked on a good many of the ranches you write about. I worked on the Slaughter place during the Mexican trouble on the border. I knew John Slaughter and have slept on the porch of his headquarters ranch house. You have a picture of it in the September issue. It is just a short way from that porch to Old Mexico. I was there when they had the fight at Columbus and I put in several years up and down the Mexican border.

I have ridden a horse ever since I was nine and still do. I am sending my picture. If you can put it in your magazine, maybe some old cowboy will see it who knows me. I sure would like to hear from some of them.

From a reader of the best magazine that was ever printed.—Smokey Felts, General Delivery, Hasty, Colorado.

Charbonneau

Dear Sir:

It has long been a mystery what became of Baptiste Jean Charbonneau, the son of Sacajawea who guided Lewis and Clark to the Pacific. Old records at St. Louis indicate that at her untimely death at the age of twenty-five, the boy and his little sister were brought to St. Louis and turned over to Captain Clark. The boy was given a good education and was later sent to Europe for further training and travel.

Upon his return to America he hired out as a guide on the frontier and eventually guided a party to California by the southern route. He also served as an official in the Indian Service for the Mexican Government in southern California but quit the job after a few years, as he did not approve of the way the Indians were being treated.

From 1848 to 1866 Charbonneau was successful in mining activities but in that year on a trip to Idaho, he became ill of mountain fever and died. For nearly a hundred years he has occupied an unmarked grave at Inskip's Ranch, about twelve miles from Jordan Valley, Oregon. I am going there on my vacation and try to locate the grave.

As usual FRONTIER TIMES is filled with fine stories—from cover to cover. I was particularly interested in "Celilo on the Columbia."—Raymond Cutter, #324 The Villa, 1106½ Pike Street, Seattle 1, Washington.

Notice to Open Range Cowboys

Howdy, Joe:

I need help! The Open Range Cowboy Club now numbers more than 650 members whose names and addresses are entered in a booklet mailed out to thirty-two states, Canada and Old Mexico. Members are kept informed of meeting places, dates and any changes—like when one is called to the Home Range. I have been out close to $1,000 more or less which I cheerfully donate to the success of the cause but I am snowed under and it is going to take a long time to get all of the booklets mailed as it is necessary to correct all errors and line each one before mailing to members. If it is not asking too much, printing this letter will be a great help to me so people will understand the delay.—John A. "Rusty" Tulk, Route 1, Box 113, Deming, New Mexico.

The Measure of a Man

Dear Joe:

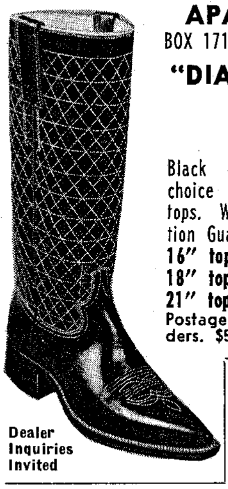
One of our most colorful western characters, Doughbelly Price, has gone to his Long Home—old-time cowpuncher, professional rodeo performer, writer, philosopher, business man, friend.

I remember when I first met him twenty or more years ago. Coach F. M. Wilson and I were taking a trip down through the Gila Wilderness early in the spring. We got stuck fifteen miles southeast of Apache Creek and I hiked out for help. I walked wearily into a sawmill camp late in the afternoon. There I contacted a couple of young cowpunchers who had just driven up in a logging truck. I asked if they would drive out and extricate my bogged automobile. Sure, they agreed, but they would have to ask the camp boss if they might use his truck.

One of them called out, "Hey, Doughbelly, can we use this truck to snake this guy out of the mud?" A short, burly, middle-aged gent told them, "Go ahead."

The two men drove the fifteen miles, attached their winch to the car and pulled it back on the road. Then the truck had to back up almost a mile before it could be turned around. When we got back to the logging camp the hands were just sitting down to chow. Doughbelly called to us to light and eat. Wilson and I, out all day without food, were really ready. I had asked the two cowpunchers how much I owed them for their services. They told me nothing—though I could ask the boss about it if I wanted to. So right after supper I got him aside and said, "Sir, your men were very kind to us in their rescue job. I would like to settle up with you for this service."

I do not believe I ever saw a man fire up quite so fast. "Did my men try to charge you anything for that?" I assured him that they had not. "Well, then that's all right! Glad to help folks! Pass it on



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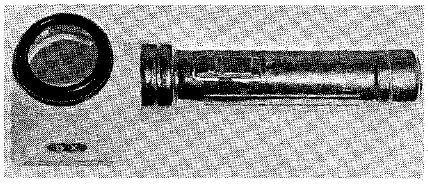

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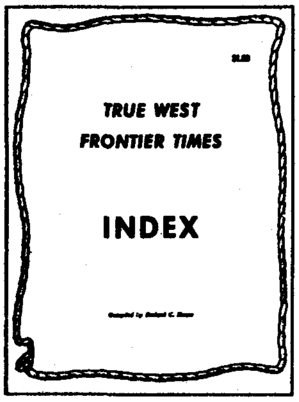

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to somebody else when you get the chance!" That was my first meeting with Doughbelly Price. As we rode away, Wilson, an Easterner, said, "It couldn't happen anyplace except in the West!"

Doughbelly died in Taos June 11, 1963. Appropriately, he made the last ride in a horse-drawn hearse. His saddle horse walked behind on a lead rope. The citizens turned out to bid farewell to a citizen of the Old West — honest, industrious, kind and as durable as rawhide and steel wire. I am sure glad that I knew him.—Dr. E. R. Harrington, 233 Cedar Street, NE., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Our Popular Indian Story

Dear Cathy:

Republishing Herman Lehmann's fine book takes me back to an evening in San Antonio when the Texas Folklore Society was meeting. I rode out to the meeting on a streetcar with John A. Lomax, and Alan Lomax had a group of dust bowl singers down from Oklahoma to take part in the program.

The high point of the meeting came for me when an old-timer named Oscar S. Brown got up to give a demonstration of turkey calling as practiced by the Comanches. He had lived with them and knew how they operated. He had what he called a homemade corncob caller and you would have thought a young turkey was right under a front seat.

About the time we took that in, we heard another young turkey sounding off away at the back of the auditorium, another perfect imitation. The man with the corncob first looked puzzled and then looked happy and hollered for whoever it was to come on down front. So here came Herman down the aisle. He didn't need a piece of corncob to call a turkey. He did it with his mouth!

The two old gentlemen knew each other and had a fine reunion and we all enjoyed it. I have always wished I could have known Lehmann better. Publishing his story is a constructive act and I'm glad FRONTIER TIMES did it.—C. L. Sonnichsen, Texas Western College, El Paso, Texas.

Rough and Roaring

Dear Sir:

In your September FRONTIER TIMES in the article "Rough and Roaring" by Milt Hinkle, the rider on the bucking horse is myself. The picture was taken in Cananea, Sonora, Mexico in 1906 and I won first place on this horse, which was a bad one. In those days we had to ride them out. There was no ten-second gun. There has been a lot of water under the bridge since then and I am crowding eighty years, but I still ride—but not the buckers if I can help it!

In that same two-day rodeo, Pickett threw his steers with his teeth and I have a good picture of him doing it. I enjoyed Milt's story about a cowboy's life in those days, as I did a lot of it myself. It was very well written.—Harold T. Mapes, Triangle X Ranch, Moose Post Office, Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

Deadwood Dick

Dear Sir:

As a subscriber and avid reader of both FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST, I have been enthusiastic of the policy of presenting factual material. A very good story, "Freighting into Deadwood" in the July issue was marred by one thing.

As a resident of the Black Hills from 1887 to 1917 and of Deadwood from 1911 to 1917, I am familiar with much of the history from 1877 to the above date. The part having to do with the main theme of the story, Fred Evans' bullwhacking to the Hills from Pierre, is true. I knew Fred and Fred, Jr., as builders of Hot Springs, South Dakota—both were friends of my family. The departure from realism was the Deadwood Dick phase.

Richard or "Dick" Clarke was an old-timer in Deadwood, a banjo player around such resorts as the Gem Theatre, the Bella Union, the Green Front and other haunts of those days. He was a mild little bachelor with a cockney accent who lived near Boulder Park. In 1916 while chief of a field party for the U. S. Forest Service doing land classification a few miles south of Deadwood, I requisitioned a horse wrangler through the supervisor. Dick Clarke was sent to me. His job was to care for the horses, hitch up, and make himself generally useful around camp—do a little driving, etc. I knew something of his background and was dubious about his ability to handle the job. He had a crippled hand which handicapped him somewhat, but his main trouble was his inability to hitch either of the two teams either abreast or four in hand without getting tugs twisted, reins crossed, or other trouble. I had to take a good look before driving off.

Several years later in the Twenties, I was amazed to read of Dick Clarke's elevation to the role of "Deadwood Dick"—knowing no such character existed except in fiction. I was living in California then, but a Deadwood friend enlightened me.

Deadwood acquired a publicity man who persuaded the citizens that they needed someone colorful for tourists. The graves of Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane and Potato Creek Johnny were not enough! So Dick was attired in a buckskin jacket, Frontier Colt, a proper Stetson, and let his hair grow down on his shoulders. He was coached in bloody tales of early Indian raids of which he had some second-hand knowledge and soon became the local tourist attraction. The build-up continued for several years until his death and interment. Now he lies beneath a monument more imposing than either Calamity Jane's or Wild Bill's modest headstones.—Rufus J. Pilcher, Lt. Col. Air Force Retired, P. O. Box 430, Camino, California.

Hats Off!

Dear Editor:

In the past year, ever since running across a copy of FRONTIER TIMES on a drugstore newsstand, I have got my hooks into half the copies of FRONTIER TIMES you've put out and nearly a fourth of TRUE WEST—mostly via the back copy route.

I know you get a lot of ball-bats swung your way when you make a mistake—mainly because you've bitten off such a big chunk with your vow to write the truth about the West. I just want to say, hats off to you! You are a very unique organization. Even though you could sure use the money a spiced-up sexy magazine would draw in, you still work at printing the good old hard-won facts. Don't ever stop, even if you have to put out copies of TW and FT on tissue paper. What you're printing now are better examples of American history than any textbook I've ever seen. (And, being a student, I've seen a few.)

I want to add another two cents worth and vote definitely yes to the plan for more stories on Indian lore and customs. I've been an earnest student of Indian life ever since I could say the word, "Geronimo."

My great-grandfather Zadock Bowen lived in Kansas during the time of Quantrill's Raiders. Since he was too old for active duty during the Civil War, he helped guard the state line against Quantrill and his kind. I only wish I knew more about him since he was born in 1809 and must have seen a big hunk of our history unfold before him. I do know he had to carry a gun while plowing to guard against Indians, and that on his return from guard duty he found all his family, save one daughter, dead from sickness. He remarried, had a daughter and son; the latter became my grandfather.—Linda Bowen, RR No. 1, Hastings, Iowa.

A Cowboy And His Polecats

(Continued from page 13)

ing the fish bones out. The old cuss got perfectly well."

Deaf Smith, the scout who made himself famous at the battle of San Jacinto, had a simple remedy for consumption—now generally called tuberculosis—that he had learned from Indians. It was to eat roasted polecat meat, to gorge upon it as a diet, at the same time living out of doors. Deaf Smith recommended that the musk glands be cut out of the polecat as soon as it is killed. The animal is very clean—infinitely more so than chickens or hogs—and there is no reason why the flesh should not be palatable when properly cooked.

One of the funniest pictures in Texas literature is an illustration in Wilbarger's *Indian Depredations in Texas* showing the pious James W. Parker holding up a small skunk by the tail while famished women and children look on with mingled expressions of hunger and horror. After the Fort Parker massacre in 1836, James W. Parker wandered around with seventeen women and children for six days with scarcely a bite to eat. On the evening of the second day they came upon a skunk at the edge of a stream. Parker scared it into the water, seized it and drowned it, and then cooked it, giving the meat to the women with nursing infants.

PEOPLE sleeping out used to be afraid of being bitten by hydrophobia skunks. In Arizona there is a species of skunk that seems to be particularly susceptible to rabies, and cases of the transmission of rabies to human beings through bites are on record, but I have not come across any such records applying to human beings in Texas.

Near the mouth of Reagan Canyon on the Rio Grande, in the Big Bend of Texas, I camped once with an old-time cowboy who was a great hand for pets and whose favorite pets had been a family of polecats. His name was Rol Rutledge. For years he camped down in that vast country alone, looking after a few cattle. I asked him how far above his camp it was to the next crossing. He said it was about ten miles. And how far below to the next crossing? "There ain't none."

One evening late he was sitting out in front of his tent when he noticed a polecat eating some scraps of biscuits and meat he had thrown away. The next evening he was careful to place more scraps in the same place. The polecat's visit came to be the most welcome event of Rol's daily routine.

Then one evening the old polecat appeared with five pole kitties. Rol quickly doubled the rations. The little ones liked to gnaw on and play with bones. It got so that Rol could hardly wait for the day's close to see his family of polecats feed. He conceived the idea of adding to his harmless pleasure by tying one end of a rope to a bone with some meat left on it, and then when the pole kitties in their delicate way got to gnawing it, pulling the other end. The little fellows would hoist their tails and flirt around in high glee and excitement. Rol did not mind decreasing the population of deer in order to have bones for his polecats.

One day he had ridden off a long and was late getting in. As he approached camp in the darkness, wondering if the polecats were waiting for him, he saw a firelight. Visitors. They proved to be his brother and another cowboy from Sanderson.

After greetings had been exchanged along with comments on how dry it had been and still was, the brother broke out, "Rol, this is the dadgumdest place fer polecats a man ever saw. Why, while we was a-sitting here along about sundown waiting fer you to come in, we noticed a big old polecat coming up from the vega and then, by gum, five other polecats about half grown follering. They headed right into camp. Bill and I been practicing purty steady here lately. You won't be bothered with no more polecats. It taken just seven shots between us to put the whole family out of existence. We hit 'em so clean they never even had time to stink. Oh, we carried 'em off and threw 'em in a gully."

Rol Rutledge was a quiet man with a quiet voice. He said nothing. The laws of hospitality among old-time range people were strong laws. Besides, a sensitive man living in solitude does not like to be thought queer. The next evening, the rare visitors having ridden away and the polecats having ceased their friendly visits forever, Rol was indeed solitary. And there were many other solitary evenings.

Here's to the memory of Rol Rutledge friend of polecats.

Western Roundup

(Continued from page 53)

satisfied that he had an accurate picture of life in the ranks. As a result, he contacted more than three hundred veterans of the Indian Wars; and through correspondence, questionnaires and interviews with these old fighters was able to materially supplement the published records. He also utilized the diaries and journals of the few enlisted men who kept a written record and where he was able to find them, the letters the enlisted men wrote home.

The enlisted men in the Indian Fighting Army were a rag-tag lot at the best and many could barely sign their names so the personal records are not numerous. It seems abundantly clear that it was the non-coms, most of them veterans of the Civil War, who made it possible for the army to function as efficiently as it did in subduing the stubborn Indian warriors. The enlisted men came from all walks of life in this country and abroad and fortunately occasionally included a professional soldier to help the non-coms in welding a fighting force. This book covers all facets of life of the enlisted men and is quite informative and highly readable. The bibliography is extensive, there is an index, and the old photographs used to illustrate it reproduced quite well, indeed. Recommended.

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Forty Times A Killer!

(Continued from page 49)

others gave up the chase.

Wes Hardin's glamorous world of horse racing, gambling and unrestricted gunplay crashed about him that 26th day of May in 1874 when he felt impelled to challenge Charley Webb to a fatal gun duel. Forced to hide out in the hills, away from his home and pregnant wife, Wes began to taste for the first time the bitter dregs of an outlaw's life.

Holed up at Fancy Jim's cabin in the cedar brakes six miles northwest of Austin, Hardin broke into racking sobs when, in mid-June, three of his cowboys arrived to tell him that the mob had taken his brother Joe, and Tom and Bud Dixon from jail and lynched them. The mob had also killed Ham Anderson and Alex Barrickman.

"And Jane—and my dad . . . are they all right?" he whispered through his tears.

Alf Day, Jim Taylor's nephew, gripped his hand. "They're all right, Wes. But the baby's almost due, and Jane can't be moved. You'll have to get out of Texas until this mess blows over. Marshal Swain will bring Jane to you as soon as she can travel. We figure New Orleans will be the best place."

Hardin fumbled with the fastenings of his money belt. "Take this to Jane," he muttered, handing Day a double handful of twenty-dollar gold pieces. "I got to get going."

The reunion between Hardin and his family was carried out without a hitch. Wes and Jane and the two children traveled from New Orleans to Florida by boat. Hardin picked Gainesville for their home, bought a saloon under the name of J. H. Swain, and swore to Jane that he was through with the old wild life forever.

IT WASN'T to be that easy. On the first day, two men in Stetson hats and cowboy boots walked into his place and ordered whiskey. Wes started at the sound of their Texas drawl and tried to turn his face aside as he served their drinks. It was no go. The taller of the two stared, grinned suddenly, and bawled, "Wes Hardin! Where you been all this time, you old buzzard? You remember me—Frank Harper? And this here is Bill McCullough."

Both men were cowpunchers, friends of Hardin in the old days. He trusted them to keep silent back in Texas as to his whereabouts, yet—for the sake of Jane, Johnny, and his new infant daughter—he couldn't take a chance on their betraying him to the law. As soon as he could find a buyer, Wes sold his saloon and moved on. Eventually he worked his way north to Jacksonville and entered the cattle business there.

After six months of hard work, Hardin built up a good business reputation in Jacksonville. Jane was breathing easier again, and even Wes himself believed that he had thrown the law off his track. Then, in April, 1875, he learned from a friendly local officer that two Pinkerton detectives were in town looking for him. Wes tells of the episode laconically in his book:

"I had gotten well acquainted with the sheriff and marshal and they were my friends and put me on to the Pinkertons. I at once concluded to leave Jacksonville, and a policeman named Gus Kenedy was to go with me. We went to New Orleans, intending to go to Old Mexico, but the Pinkertons followed and came upon us near the line of Georgia and Florida. A fight was the natural result, and two of the Pinkerton gang were killed."

Pinkerton records contain no mention of this affair. Better authenticated are the accounts of a shooting scrape engaged in by Hardin and his pals in the Mobile red light district on the night of the Presidential election in 1876. Wes found enough suckers in the gambling rooms to win $4,000 before midnight, so he and his friends set out to make the rounds of the fanciest sporting places.

Some time in the small hours of the morning, a bouncer made the serious mistake of ordering Hardin and his gay companions to clear out. Wes pulled his guns and shot out the lights. He and his buddies continued throwing lead in the darkness even after a squad of policemen arrived on the double. Three of the officers were wounded, none seriously. Escaping through the windows, Hardin and his comrades were later arrested in a coffee house. They were jailed, but released after a hearing on payment of a $2,500 fine.

After the lurid Mobile incident, Hardin gave up the idea of fleeing to Mexico and returned to Jacksonville. Picking up Jane and the children, he moved on to Pollard, Alabama, where he entered the lumber business.

Back in Texas, Ranger Captain John Armstrong was still working on the Hardin case. Armstrong, called "McNelly's bulldog," because of his long association with the late Ranger Captain, enlisted the aid of Ranger Jack Duncan to bring Hardin to trial on a charge of murdering deputy sheriff Charles Webb.

If Armstrong was a bulldog, Jack Duncan could rightfully be called a bloodhound. He had served on the Chicago police force as a detective and later on the Dallas police force in the same capacity before joining the Rangers. Duncan was a man of immense patience and tenacity, coldly ruthless in his methods of obtaining information of a fugitive.

Past experience had proved to Duncan that the best way to get information on a wanted man was from or through his family. Accordingly, he went to Gonzales County and rented a farm near the home of Neal Bowen, Wes Hardin's father-in-law. Within a few weeks, Duncan had struck up a warm friendship with Bowen. Neal had a small grocery store in Gonzales, and Duncan "allowed as how he might buy it if the price was right."

Casually discussing the store, the Ranger accompanied Bowen to the post office one day and noted that he received a letter postmarked Pollard, Alabama. He rode back home with Bowen and invited himself to supper. Nervous and ill at ease, Bowen hid the letter in a trunk before going out to attend to his stock. Duncan removed the letter from the trunk, read it, and replaced it. The letter was from Brown Bowen, Hardin's brother-in-law. Carefully vague, it still contained one line which gave the trained detective all the clue he needed: "Jane joins me in sending love." Duncan's heart leaped when he spotted that telltale sentence. The Jane mentioned was obviously Hardin's wife, Neal Bowen's daughter.

EVENTS moved fast following Duncan's discovery. The Ranger talked the postmaster into letting him open a letter which Bowen had recently mailed, on the pretext that he himself had written it and wanted to add another line.

The letter was addressed to J. H. Swain in care of Neal McMellon, Sheriff of Escambia County, Pollard, Alabama. Pretending to add a line at the bottom of the letter, Duncan scanned it swiftly. His suspicions were verified: J. H. Swain was John Wesley Hardin!

Quickly, Duncan got word to Captain Armstrong in Austin. That evening, Armstrong and two Rangers rode into Gonzales, put handcuffs on Duncan and took him off to Austin on a phony murder charge to avoid tipping off Bowen. From Austin they started at once by train for Alabama. On August 20, 1877, they arrived at Pensacola Junction, the railroad station closest to Pollard.

Luck was with them; the first man they talked to in Pensacola was Will Chipley, manager of the Pensacola Railroad, stationed at the junction.

"We're looking for a fellow named J. H. Swain, who lives over at Pollard," said Duncan with his friendly smile. "Know anything about him?"

"Maybe yes, maybe no," replied Chipley guardedly. "Who wants to know?"

Duncan's smile went out like a light turned off. "Jack Duncan, Texas Ranger!" he snapped. "This is Captain Armstrong. We're here to arrest John Wesley Hardin, alias J. H. Swain."

Chipley talked—and fast. He had recently beaten up Brown Bowen in a fist fight, and Bowen had threatened to send his brother-in-law after him, boasting that J. H. Swain was really Wes Hardin.

"I'll be damn glad to see Hardin arrested," said Chipley. "I can handle most any man with my fists, but I don't hanker to tangle with a gunfighter like Hardin."

"Leave that part of it to us," smiled Duncan. "Now then, what's the quickest way to get to him?"

"Right now he's in Pensacola, Florida," replied Chipley. "I'll arrange for a special train to take us there. I'll go along and help you look him up."

Captain Armstrong, Jack Duncan and Chipley arrived in Pensacola on the night of August 22. Since the Rangers had no extradition papers with them or any official document authorizing Hardin's arrest, Armstrong went directly to the local sheriff's office to clear the matter.

Chipley and Duncan began a cautious round of the saloons and gambling joints where Hardin, an insatiable poker player, was sure to be found. They found him at the third saloon they visited, Chipley making a quick inspection while Duncan waited outside. The nervy railroad man spotted the outlaw playing poker with five men, one of whom was A. J. Purdue, a deputy sheriff. Chipley reported back to Duncan.

"Go back in and get in the game," instructed Duncan. "Learn when Hardin and his pals are heading back for Alabama. Then cash in your chips and come out. Take it easy and don't arouse Hardin's suspicions, or he'll kill you."

Chipley joined the game and played until he heard Hardin and his three companions, Jim Mann, Neal Campbell and Shep Hardie, announce that they were taking the early morning train back to Pollard. Then, yawning, Chipley said he was tired and guessed he'd cash in and go to bed. Hardin sneered but made no protest as Chipley picked up the few dollars he had coming and left.

THE STAGE was now carefully set for the capture. Moving fast, in conjunction with Sheriff Hutchinson, Captain Armstrong posted twenty deputies in hotel rooms overlooking the railroad siding where the Alabama coach awaited an engine. The plan was to let Hardin board the coach and arrest him aboard the train. The engineer, alerted by Chipley, was to start the train at once at a pre-arranged signal. Sharpshooters in the hotel were in charge of Jack Duncan; Captain Armstrong took up a post in the baggage car; Sheriff Hutchinson waited in front of the hotel; while Deputy Purdue—tipped off by Hutchinson to the scheme—watched the depot for Hardin and his pals to appear.

The engine had backed into position and coupled to the coach before Purdue flashed the signal that Hardin was approaching. Hutchinson relayed the signal to Duncan on the hotel balcony and Armstrong in the baggage car.

Wes and Jim Mann boarded the coach and walked through it to the smoker, followed by Hardie. Campbell did not show. Mann and Hardin found seats in the smoker and lit up their pipes; Hardie sat opposite.

Presently Sheriff Hutchinson walked through the smoker to the platform. Unseen by Hardin, Captain Armstrong waited on the north platform.

Deputy Purdue entered the smoker and engaged Hardin in conversation. "Sorry to see you leaving, Swain," said Purdue. "You're a good poker player and a lucky one. I'd like another chance to get even."

Wes grinned, "Sorry—I can't stop over."

Out of the corner of his eye, Purdue saw two deputies coming down the aisle to join Sheriff Hutchinson on the south platform.

"That don't seem very fair—win our money and go home," protested Purdue. "Can't your business wait another day? We'd like another game."

"Some other time," replied Hardin. He had spotted the two deputies strolling past, and his right hand moved casually to unbutton his shirt-front. Purdue could see the bulge of a shoulder-holstered gun beneath the shirt. "Sure a lot of lawmen on the prowl this morning, seems like," Wes muttered, half to himself.

Quickly, Purdue shoved out his hand to shake the outlaw's hand. Reluctantly, Hardin took Purdue's outstretched hand —and in that instant, Sheriff Hutchinson and two deputies rushed from the rear platform and sprang upon Hardin's back. Wes went down, fighting like a wildcat.

The sharpshooters across the street on the hotel balcony poured a volley of shots through the coach windows above the startled passengers and the fighting men rolling in the aisle. Outside Chipley waved a signal to the engineer and the train pulled out.

Jim Mann sprinted for the north platform past Captain Armstrong and leaped to the ground. Armstrong, thinking he was Hardin, drilled him dead center with a .45 slug. Recognizing his mistake, the Ranger rushed into the coach and put the muzzle of his smoking Colt squarely in Hardin's face.

"Surrender, Hardin, or I'll blow your head off!"

Wes glared wildly at the long-barreled Frontier Colt. "Texas! Well, blow away! I ain't afraid to die!"

An excited deputy raised his six-gun to crack the outlaw's head, but Armstrong blocked the descending blow. "Let him alone!" snapped the Ranger Captain. "I'll shoot any man that harms him."

Placing his famous prisoner in jail at Montgomery, Alabama, Captain Arm-

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strong wired Texas Governor Hubbard in Austin to send extradition papers at once. Meanwhile, Governor Houston of Alabama agreed to issue a warrant on Governor Hubbard's return telegram so that the prisoner could be started on the way to Austin the next morning.

Nine heavily armed men waited at the station to rescue Hardin by force, but the Rangers were too smart to fall into that trap. Armstrong boarded the train alone, while Duncan took the shackled prisoner by hack to a small station six miles away. Here Hardin was put aboard the train without a demonstration of any kind by the curious onlookers.

HARDIN'S return to Texas to stand trial for the killing of Deputy Charley Webb back in May of 1874 proved to be almost a triumphal hero's journey. At every railroad station—Memphis, Little Rock, Texarkana—people jammed the platforms in the hope of catching a glimpse of the legendary outlaw. At Texarkana, special guards had to be used to hold back the eager crowd. From Texarkana to Austin, the enthusiasm of the populace increased.

The Austin *Statesman* carried the story of Hardin's return to Texas' capital city. Crowds jam-packed the town, milling restlessly up and down Congress Avenue awaiting the arrival of the train bearing the prisoner. Rumors flew. In saloons and gambling rooms, in hotel lobbies and on the street corners, people talked and made predictions on what would happen. Some men said that hundreds of Hardin's friends would free the outlaw at gun-point; others believed that Wes would be taken from the Rangers by force and lynched. Feeling ran high for and against Hardin; there were several minor shooting scrapes and a number of fist-fights between Hardin sympathizers and his enemies.

Captain Armstrong and Jack Duncan fooled everybody by stopping the train just outside of Austin and putting Wes in a curtained hack surrounded by a dozen Rangers. They got him to the Travis County jail without incident, but at the jail the crowd was so thick that two Rangers had to hoist Hardin on their shoulders and carry him into the building amid mixed cheers and jeers.

A reporter for the *Statesman* was permitted to interview Wes the next morning and the outlaw's statement was published on August 29, 1877. In it, Wes did his best to clear himself of the charge of murdering Charles Webb.

"I was not acquainted with Charles Webb," stated Hardin. "I was in the back of a barroom. Webb was talking with a party to the right of the back door. He was pointed out to me, and I was told he was sheriff. I asked to be introduced to him. After finishing his talk, Webb turned to go, and I spoke to him. He turned and fired on me. My friends, Bud Dixon and Jim Taylor, seeing he had the drop on me, began to defend me with their pistols. Webb fired three shots and fell. He died instantly. The sheriff came up (Sheriff Karnes) and I handed him my pistol and demanded protection. Webb's friends came up at this time, and Jim Taylor and I ran. Dixon went too, but was arrested two days later.

"The same day that Dixon was arrested, my father and mother were arrested. My younger brother and Dixon (Tom Dixon), neither of whom had anything to do with this affair, were also arrested. The Dixons are my cousins. The two boys and Joe G. Hardin were hung by a mob in Comanche. Seeing myself in trouble and my friends suffering, I decided to leave the state rather than be mobbed."

Wes told of his capture in Florida, and closed the interview in this fashion:

"I am a prisoner and must stand trial. All I want is to be allowed to appeal to the law of the land, and I hope the officers of the law will protect me to this end. I am sick and tired of fleeing from it, and I would not go away if I could."

The *Statesman* reporter was favorably impressed with Hardin's appearance and straightforward manner. "He (Hardin) is of light complexion, wears a modest mustache, is five feet ten inches high, and weighs about 155 pounds. He is mild-featured and mild-mannered, with mild blue eyes, and talks pleasantly enough." Altogether a mild individual, according to the *Statesman*!

Not long afterward, Wes attempted to break jail and had the bars of his cell almost cut through when he was caught. In late September, 1877, Hardin was taken from jail in Austin and started on his way to trial in Comanche for the fatal shooting of Deputy Sheriff Charles Webb in May of 1874. A party of deputies and a company of Rangers under command of Lieutenant N. O. Reynolds of the famous Frontier Battalion guarded Hardin's buggy as it headed northwest across Central Texas 160 miles to Comanche.

The West has seen no stranger sight than that of Wes Hardin, a lone killer in chains, being escorted across the bleak, rolling hills of Texas by scores of armed men. Lieutenant Reynolds was grimly determined that no mob of angry citizens was going to take his prisoner away from him; the party traveled with scouts ahead, flankers on both sides, and a rear-guard.

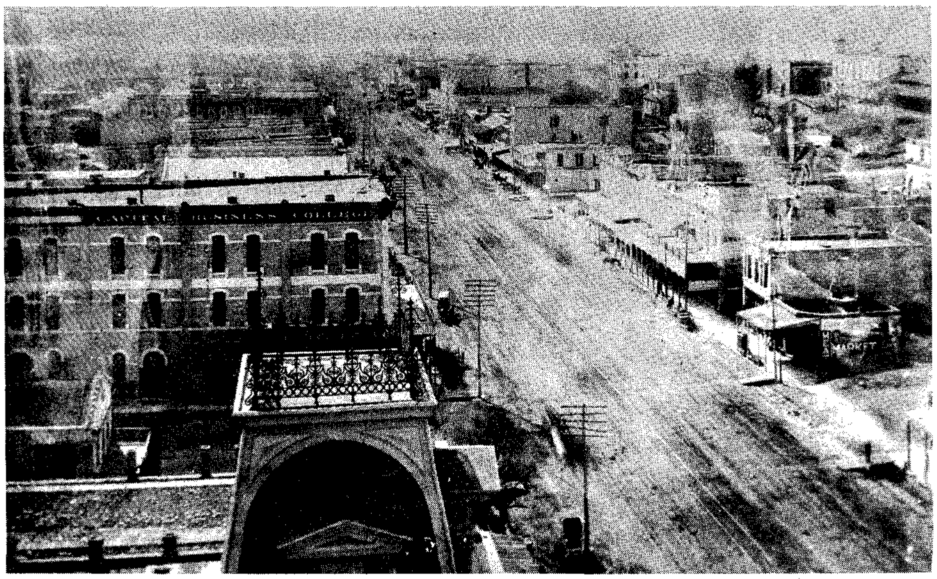
Five days on the road, the heavily armed cavalcade arrived in Comanche after dark. Hardin was lifted from the buckboard and carried inside the jail, where he was placed in the strongest cell, literally an iron cage within a small room with a heavy, double-barred door. Reynolds threw a guard around the jail and waited for developments.

THEY WERE not long in coming; by morning, 200 men had gathered just outside the town and sent word in to Reynolds that they wanted Hardin for the central figure in a necktie party. The Ranger officer sent back word that if the jail were attacked, he, personally, would arm Hardin and each man of the other ten prisoners with Winchesters and six-shooters and let them defend themselves side by side with the Rangers. Nothing further was heard from the mob.

The threat of mob violence brought quick court action in Hardin's case. Court convened the next day and Wes was called to trial. He entered the courtroom in irons, surrounded by Rangers.

Alone, without a single witness, Hardin fought the state's contention that he was guilty of cold-blooded murder. He swore on the witness stand that he had never shot a man in his life except in self-defense.

"Sheriff Webb came to Comanche for the express purpose of killing me!" he said. "He (Webb) had told people in Brown County he was going to kill me first time he saw me. He was a gunman—a fast man with a pistol. When he drew on me, I drew in self-defense. Not a man among you but who would have done the same. Webb was a noted killer—he had shot a lot of men. What was



From Austin Public Library

Austin, Texas, in the early days of 1880.

I to do—stand there like a coward and be murdered?"

It was hopeless, as Wes must have known it would be. His lawyers, T. L. Nugent of Stephenville and S. H. Renick of Waco, tried to disprove the state's contention that Wes had headed a conspiracy to kill Webb. Bill Cunningham, whom Hardin had always considered a friend, swore that Joe Hardin had declared in his presence: "We (meaning Wes and himself) will do away with Webb at the proper time."

Trial opened Friday morning, September 30, and closed Saturday night, October 1. The judge delivered his charge and the jury retired. After an hour and a half of agonizing strain for Hardin, they filed back into the courtroom. White-faced, the prisoner rose to receive the verdict.

J. L. Dodds, the foreman, read it impassively from a slip of paper: "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of murder in the second degree and assess the punishment at confinement in the penitentiary at hard labor for twenty-five years."

"When the wolf's in a trap, the coyotes become brave!" Wes Hardin remarked bitterly after his conviction. The truth of his observation was borne home to him when Brown Bowen, his brother-in-law, charged with the murder of one Tom Halderman, publicly accused Wes of the killing. Bowen stuck to his statement even on the gallows, causing Hardin to write from jail in Austin to Jane, his wife, and Brown's grieving sister:

". . . Dear, I forgive poor Bowen for his false statements, and may God forgive him. . . . May his poor soul rest in peace and may God forgive his sins."

Hardin's appeal was denied, and on October 3, 1878, Wes was taken back to Comanche for final sentence. The formalities at Comanche were quickly over, the sentence confirmed. The gray-faced prisoner was removed to Huntsville, where he entered Rusk Prison as Convict 7109.

Prison records at Huntsville reveal that Wes Hardin, in the first black, desperate years of his imprisonment, was constantly in trouble—constantly plotting to escape. Nothing seemed to break his spirit—flogging, solitary confinement in the "dungeon" on bread and water, or recurrent spells of illness. His first attempt at a break-out was an ambitious and daring scheme to tunnel from the wheelwright's shop to the armory. More than eighty convicts, long-termers, were in on the plot. The tunnel was dug over a period of a month, with the diggers working one at a time and disposing of the dirt handful by handful about the prison yard.

Unknown to Wes and his fellow conspirators, prison spies were merely waiting for the right moment to notify the superintendent. On November 20, 1878, only six weeks after Wes entered the prison, the stage was set for the breakout.

Stool-pigeons flashed the word that the tunnel was finished. Guards moved in, rounding up every suspect. Hardin was shackled with a ball and chain and put into a dark cell. Here he remained, on bread and water, for fifteen days.

RELEASED from solitary, Wes went right to planning another escape attempt. He persuaded a trusty to help him manufacture keys to fit his cell and the outer gates of the prison. This prisoner—John Williams—also slipped a loaded six-gun to Hardin. Wes hid the weapon in a crevice in his cell wall, and waited tensely for nightfall to make his break.

Guards, suspecting that Williams was up to some deviltry with Hardin, went to work on him to make him talk. Williams confessed his complicity, and Wes was dragged to the superintendent's office.

The super hefted the confiscated Colt in his hand and stared coldly at the roughed-up prisoner. "You'll never learn, will you, Hardin?"

Wes stared back defiantly and said not a word. Blood dripped down his chin from his mashed lips, where a guard had hit him as he reached for the hidden pistol.

"Take him to the punishment room and flog him!" said the superintendent harshly. "Give him the limit!" This meant thirty-nine lashes.

Hardin was stripped and spread-eagled face-down on the concrete floor of the room the inmates of Rusk Prison called the "Horror Chamber." The flogger swung the heavy lash over his head and the blow came crashing down; another guard counted aloud, "One . . ."

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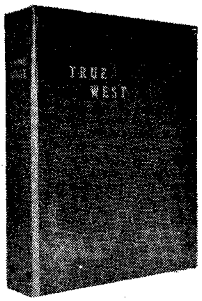

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Savagely beaten as he was, Wes did not lose consciousness. At about the tenth blow, he heard somebody say, "Don't keep hitting him in the same place." After that, he lost count.

"My back and sides were beaten into a jelly," Hardin recalled years later, "and still quivering and bleeding, they made me walk in the snow across to another building, where they put me into a dark cell and threatened to starve me to death if I did not reveal the plot. I told them I would tell them nothing; that I meant to escape and would kill them in a minute if they stood in my way. They left me there three days without anything to eat or drink, and on the fourth day I was carried to another cell in a high fever and unable to walk. I stayed there for thirty days."

Hardin's fiery spirit was unbroken by this terrible ordeal. Again and again during the first five years of his imprisonment he tried to escape. Each time his scheme was discovered by the guards through the prison "grape vine" and he was either flogged or thrown into solitary. Finally the bitter fact became clear to Wes that he could never break out of this grim stronghold of the law. He accepted the situation and began the arduous struggle to adjust to prison life that confronts every long-termer. He asked for books—particularly law books and history books—and settled down with these and the Bible for study and contemplation.

In the fall of 1883, Hardin suffered a serious illness resulting from an old gunshot wound. An abscess had formed in his side, and within a few weeks he was unable to walk. He was in bed in his cell nearly eight months before his rugged constitution threw off the infection. During this period he passed his time reading, and writing letters to friends urging them to intercede with state officials for clemency in his case.

One of these friends, his old gambling pal Ben Thompson of Austin, was killed in San Antonio in March of 1884. The news of Ben's death in a shooting scrape at Jack Harris' Variety Theater in San Antone plunged Wes into a deep depression.

Upon Hardin's recovery from invalidism, he was taken off hard labor and given a job in the prison tailor shop. He wrote his wife that he had been made a quilt sewer and was doing well at it. Nothing of his illness or recurrent spells of terrible depression ever showed in Wes' loving letters to his wife. He wrote cheerfully about his work, the many books he had read, his Sunday School teaching, and the prison debating club of which he was secretary.

And loyal Jane wrote cheerfully in reply, telling him of his son and daughter, of the everyday happenings he yearned to hear. Jane could keep a secret too, for not once during the long gray years did she reveal to her husband the fact of her own gradually failing health. Wes was prostrated with grief for several days when, in November, 1892, word came that Jane had died. The only solace he could cling to in these black hours of despair was the fact that he had been allowed to see her and the children briefly about a year before her death.

NOW, in the depths of his sorrow when he had almost lost the desire to be free, friends of Hardin all over Texas rallied to his aid. Petitions for his pardon flooded the State House in Austin. Finally, on February 17, 1894, after serving sixteen years and five months of his twenty-five year sentence, John Wesley Hardin was discharged from prison. The official proclamation of pardon was issued by Governor James Stephen Hogg on March 16, the same year.

Hardin continued the study of law after his release from prison and eventually was admitted to the bar. In the fall of 1894 he opened a law office in Gonzales. Not much legal business came Wes' way, and he entered politics to "get a little action," as he expressed it. Hardin plumped for John Coleman for sheriff against the incumbent W. E. (Bill) Jones. Political campaigns were (and still are) hard-fought with no holds barred in Texas.

Wes wrote an open letter to the newspapers, bluntly charging that Jones had aided his escape from the Gonzales jail in the fall of 1872. The sheriff hotly denied the charge. He won out at the polls, and the disappointed Hardin pulled up stakes and headed for El Paso in search of action of a different kind. He had married again, but the marriage broke up after a few weeks' duration.

Unsuccessful in law and politics, there seemed nothing left for Hardin to do but take up his old profession of gambling—and wide-open El Paso was the wildest gambling town in Texas in 1895. There, across the green-topped poker tables, he might still recoup his fortunes.

Wes took a fling at practicing law in El Paso, but only briefly. Soon he was spending every night at a card table, and found that his old-time skill at poker had not deserted him. He took to wearing his guns again, and El Paso bookmakers laid odds and accepted bets on how soon and under what circumstances those deadly six-guns would again flash into action against a human target.

The likeliest candidate for such a target appeared to be deputy constable John Selman. Though close to sixty years old, Selman was still a dangerous gunfighter. The year before, Selman had gunned down a tough little killer known as Bass Outlaw in the streets of El Paso. He had a record of twenty kills in as many gun duels. The impassive bookmakers balanced Selman's record against Hardin's score of forty-plus fatalities, and made Wes odds-on favorite to win when the two crack gunslingers clashed. Everybody took it for granted that the pair of them, sooner or later, would meet in a smoking shoot-out from which only one would emerge alive.

The clash, when it came, was indirectly caused by a woman—a Mrs. McRose, of whom Hardin was enamored. Mrs. McRose—nobody seems to recall her first name—got to flourishing a pistol during a drinking spree one night, and the police took the gun away from her and tossed her in a cell to sober up. The officer making the arrest was "Young John" Selman, son of the gun-fighting constable.

Hardin was out of town the night of the arrest, but heard the news on his return and went at once to the police station to post bail. Wes also made public his low opinion of a police officer contemptible enough to jail a woman merely for taking a few drinks and displaying a pistol.

In the weeks that followed, Hardin made more pointed remarks about John Selman's policeman son. Selman himself claimed that Wes stopped him on the street to try to pick a quarrel by insulting him and calling his son, John, a "damned, cowardly s-o-b." The showdown came on the night of August 19, 1895.

An hour before midnight, Hardin stood at the bar in the Acme Saloon, shaking dice for the drinks with a friend, Henry Brown. Wes had the dice and had just rolled them out of the cup onto the bar when Selman walked into the saloon.

"Guess I'm lucky tonight, Henry," laughed Hardin. "Four sixes to beat—"

From somewhere behind him a six-gun roared. Wes sagged against the bar and slid slowly to the floor. Selman's bullets followed him down, the fourth and last shot coming as Hardin crumpled in the dust beside the brass rail. The killer wasted his lead; the first slug had done the job, drilling Wes through the head.

At the official inquiry after the shooting, Selman swore that Hardin had "made a break for his pistol in his hip pocket." This statement went unchallenged, although everybody present knew that, on the night of his death, Hardin was wearing his calfskin vest with built-in holsters containing his two Colt .41 caliber revolvers. Of course, tense as he was, Selman could easily have interpreted the quick movement of Hardin's arm as he threw the dice as reaching for a pistol. The investigating officers preferred to believe that, anyhow, and made no charges against him.

In any case, John Selman didn't live long to enjoy his fame as "the man who killed Wes Hardin." On April 5, 1896, less than eight months later, his luck ran out. U.S. Deputy Marshal George Scarborough gunned him down outside the Wigwam Saloon in El Paso. Selman's death marked the passing of an era, as tough old John was just about the last of the old-time gunfighters to die in a shoot-out in Texas.

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